DUKE
UNIVERSITY

DIVINITY SCHOOL
LIBRARY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
Duke University Libraries

https://archive.org/details/worksofrevjohnwe32wesl

THE

WORKS

OF THE

Rev. JOHN WESLEY, M. A.

Late Fellow of *Lincoln-College*, OXFORD.

VOLUME XXXII.

BRISTOL:

Printed by WILLIAM PINE, in *Wine-Street*.
MDCCLXXIV.

DM.S. RBR
208.1 E-6B
W513WE
v.32

AN EXTRACT OF THE Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY'S JOURNAL,

From MAY 27, 1765, to MAY 18, 1768.

NUMBER XIII.

MONDAY, May 27, 1765.

I Took my leave of Londonderry. Mr. Knox sent his servant to conduct me to Sligo, being now as affectionate as Mr. K. of Sligo was the

firſt time I was there. Keeping a ſteady pace, we rode fifteen miles, ſo called, in four hours and an half, and came at noon to Ballimaſay. Here we were ſhewn into a room, where lay a young man, brought near death by a vomiting of blood. Perhaps we were brought into *this* room, at this time, to ſave a poor man's life. As we were riding through the mountains in the afternoon, we overtook one who was juſt come from Derry, and had heard me preach all the time I was there, both in the evening and the morning. I talked plainly both to her and her huſband, and they expreſſed all poſſible thankfulneſs.

At five we reached Donnegal, the county town. What a wonderful ſet of county towns are in this kingdom! Donnegal, and five more, would not altogether make up ſuch a town as Iſlington. Some have twenty houſes in them, Mayo three, and Letrim, I think, not one. Is not this owing in part to the ficklenefs of the nation, who ſeldom like any thing long, and ſo are continually ſeeking new habitations, as well as new faſhions, and new trifles of every kind?

Tueſday 28. We breakfaſted at Belliſhannon, I believe the largeſt and pleaſanteſt town in the county. Beyond it, a good-natured man overtook me, with whom I talked largely and cloſely. He ſeemed much affected; if it continues,

continues, well: if not, I am clear of his blood.

About twelve we ſtopped at a little houſe. But a cloud of ſmoke ſoon drove us out of the firſt room, into another where the landlord lay, with a grievouſly bruiſed and ſwelled leg. I directed him how to cure it, and thence took occaſion to give him ſome farther advice. Several eagerly liſtened as well as himſelf. Perhaps ſome will remember it.

In the evening I took my uſual ſtand in the market-houſe at Sligo. But here how was the ſcene changed! I have ſeen nothing like this ſince my entrance into the kingdom. Such a total want of good ſenſe, of good manners, yea, of common decency, was ſhewn by not a few of the hearers! It is good to viſit Sligo after Londonderry: honour and diſhonour balance each other. Have we done nothing here yet? Then it is high time to begin, and try if ſomething can be done now. In the two following days I ſpoke as ſtrongly as I could: and my labour was not in vain. The congregation increaſed very conſiderably, and appeared to be of another ſpirit. They behaved better the ſecond night than the firſt, and far better the third night than the ſecond. Many of them, I believe, had a freſh call from God: and at the meeting of the ſociety he was eminently preſent. So that notwithſtanding their decay, I could not but hope there would be a *bleſſing in the remnant.*

I expected one to meet me at Sligo: but none appearing, I set out alone at five in the morning, June 1, purposing to ride the new road to Castle-barr. But on second thoughts I rode strait on to Foxford. At the entrance of the town I met three gentlewomen, one of them turned and cried out, "Is not that Mr. Wesley?" I thought it odd, but rode on. At the other end of the town a gentleman met me, and taking hold of my bridle, said, "Sir, I must beg you to turn back, and dine with me at the barracks. There is a lady whom you know, and who will be very glad to see you." I went back, and found one whom I had wished to see, more than most persons in the nation, but scarce ever expected to see her more: It was Miss B——n of Sligo. And I found Mrs. S——n (now a widow) just the same amiable woman that Miss B——n was. I spent an hour or two in close, serious conversation, admiring the good providence of God! So I *could not* go the new road, which misses Foxford, because God had work for me to do there.

About seven I preached at Castle barr, on *The excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ.* I found another kind of people here than at Sligo, and was much refreshed among them. Sunday 2. Most of the gentry in the town being at the court-house in the evening, my text was, *We preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness.* I know not that ever I spake more

more plain, though I ſuppoſed many would be offended. But I was miſtaken: high and low *ſeemed* to approve. Some, I hope, profited.

Monday 3. I rode to Newport, and preached at one, to the largeſt congregation I remember to have ſeen there. And on Tueſday evening I took a ſolemn leave of the congregation at Caſtlebarr.

Wedneſday 5. At five I took horſe with a friend who undertook to bear me company to Galway. We faced the ſun all the day; but light clouds and a ſmall breeze made the heat tolerable. After reſting an hour at Hollymount, (where the gardens, water-works, and once lovely walks, ſwiftly running to ruin, give a ſtriking proof that *the faſhion of this world paſſeth away*) we rode on to Mr. Lambert's near Headford, (a plain, open, hoſpitable man) and thence to Galway, one of the largeſt towns I have ſeen ſince I left Glaſgow. Our room being ſmall, ſome of our well-meaning friends were earneſt for my preaching in the Exchange. Becauſe I would not diſoblige them, I began at ſeven; and was ſuffered to go on for a full quarter of an hour! *The beaſts of the people* (juſt as I expected) then roaring louder and louder, I walked through them without any hindrance or affront, and returned quietly to my lodgings. A large retinue attended me to the door; but it was only to gape and ſtare: none taking the pains either

to lift up an hand, or to say any thing bad or good.

Thursday 6. I was brought on my way by Lieutenant Cook, who was in all the actions at Fort-William-Henry, at Louisbourg, Quebec, Martinico, and the Havannah, and gave a more distinct account of those eminent scenes of Providence than ever I heard before. Although he was so often in the front of the battle, both against Indians, French and Spaniards, and in the hottest fire, both advancing and retreating, he never received one wound. So true is the odd saying of King William, that "every bullet has its billet." Between five and six we reached Ennis, after a warm day, which much exhausted my strength. But it was soon repaired: and the serious, well-behaved congregation (though many of them were people of fortune) made amends for the turbulent one at Galway. Such is the chequer-work of life!

Friday 7. I rested at Ennis; and it was well I did: for even in the house the heat was scarce supportable. Saturday 8. I rode to Limerick, and found the preaching-house just finished. I liked it the best of any in the kingdom, being neat, yea elegant, yet not gaudy. Sunday 9. In the evening I preached at Mardyke. The heat was violent, even at six: nevertheless there was a numerous congregation, both of protestants and papists. Some of the latter behaved with remarkable indecency, talking and laughing, as at a play.

a play. I turned and reproved them. They took it well, and neither laughed nor talked any more.

In the following week I ſpoke to each member of the ſociety, and had much ſatisfaction among them. Concerning ſeveral of them, there is all reaſonable proof, that they have given God all their heart. Many others are groaning after full ſalvation, and all the reſt are free from outward blame. Why may not every Chriſtian community come as far as this?

Wedneſday 12. In the evening I preached near Mardyke, on a ſmooth, graſſy place, to, I think, the largeſt congregation which I ever ſaw in Limerick. A ſolemn awe ſeemed to ſit on every face, while I declared in ſtrong words, *He died for all, that they who live ſhould not henceforth live unto themſelves, but unto him.* The next day the rain began, ſo that all the following days I was conſtrained to preach in the houſe.

Friday 14. About noon I preached at Ballygarane, to the ſmall remains of the poor Palatines. As they could not get food and raiment here, with all their diligence and frugality, part are ſcattered up and down the kingdom, and part gone to America. I ſtand amazed! Have landlords no common ſenſe, (whether they have common humanity or no) that they will ſuffer ſuch tenants as theſe to be *ſtarved* away from them? In the evening I preached at Newmarket, to a

larger congregation of Papiſts, as well as Proteſtants, both in the evening and morning, than I remember to have ſeen there before. For the preſent, many were full of good reſolutions: and *Why ſhould ye revolt any more?*

Sunday 16, was a ſabbath indeed. Both in the morning and afternoon, many were filled with conſolation. Few were abſent at five, Monday 17, when I chearfully recommended them to the grace of God.

Two or three of them were deſirous to bear me company, for a day's journey. Before noon we were met by a violent ſhower, which drove us into a little cabin, where were a company of children, with their mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother. They ſeemed much frighted; but one of our company, who ſpoke Iriſh, ſoon took away their fears. We then ſang an hymn, and went to prayer. They gaped and ſtared abundantly: and when we went away, after giving them a ſmall piece of money, followed us with a thouſand bleſſings.

At ſeven I preached in the market-houſe at Killfinnan. Well nigh all the town, Iriſh, Engliſh, and Germans, Proteſtants and Papiſts, preſently gathered together. At firſt, moſt of the papiſts ſtood aloof; and ſo did ſeveral of the genteeler people: but by degrees they drew in, and mixed with the congregation. And I believe all of them felt, that God was there.

When

When I went to my lodging, they crouded after me, ſo that the houſe was quickly filled. I exhorted and prayed again, till I found it was full time both for them and me to go to reſt.

* To-day I received from Prudence Nixon herſelf the ſtrange account of her late huſband. In November laſt, on a Sunday evening, he was uncommonly fervent in prayer, and found ſuch a deſire as he never had before, *to depart, and to be with Chriſt.* In the night ſhe awaked, and found him quite ſtiff, and without either ſenſe or motion. Suppoſing him to be either dying or dead, ſhe broke out into a vehement agony of prayer, and cried for half an hour together, "Lord Jeſus! Give me George! Take him not away." Soon after he opened his eyes, and ſaid earneſtly, "You had better have let me go." Preſently he was raving mad, and began to curſe and blaſpheme in the moſt horrid manner. This he continued to do for ſeveral days, appearing to be under the full power of an unclean ſpirit. At the latter end of the week, ſhe cried out, "Lord, I am willing! I am willing he ſhould go to thee." Quickly his underſtanding returned, and he again rejoiced with joy unſpeakable. He tenderly thanked her for giving him up to God, kiſſed her, lay down and died.

Tueſday 18. The town ſeemed to be all alive a little after four o'clock. So finding the congre-

gation ready, I began a little before five. A cry ſoon aroſe of young and old, on the right hand and on the left. But in many, it was not ſo much the voice of ſorrow, as of joy and triumph. A fair beginning this! But who can tell what the end will be?

About nine we rode through Doneraile, one of the pleaſanteſt towns in the kingdom. But a man came galloping after us, and ſaid, "*All the town* begs you will ſtop, and give them a ſermon." I turned back, and took my ſtand in the main ſtreet. Men, women and children flocked from all ſides. There was no diſturbance of any kind, while I declared *the grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt*. Fair bloſſoms again! And who knows but ſome of theſe may bring forth fruit unto perfection?

In the evening I came to Cork, and at ſeven was ſurprized at the unuſual largeneſs of the congregation. I had often been grieved at the ſmallneſs of the congregation here; and it could be no other, while we cooped ourſelves up in the houſe. But now the alarm is ſounded abroad, people flock from all quarters. So plain it is, that field-preaching is the moſt effectual way of overturning Satan's kingdom.

Thurſday 20. At ſeven in the evening I ſtood in a vacant place near Blackpool, famous from time immemorial for all manner of wickedneſs, for riot in particular, and cried aloud, *Why will ye die, O houſe of Iſrael!* Abundance of papiſts gathered

gathered at a diſtance; but they drew nearer and nearer, till nine parts in ten mingled with the congregation, and were all attention. Surely this is the way to ſpread religion: to publiſh it in the face of the ſun.

Frid. 21. I rode over to Bandon, and preached at ſeven in the main ſtreet. The congregation was exceeding large: ſo it was, in proportion, at five in the morning. Sunday 23. I preached at eight near the upper market-houſe. Till now I did not obſerve that all I could ſay, made any impreſſion upon the hearers. But the power of God was now eminently preſent: and all ſeemed to be ſenſible of it. About five I began in George's-ſtreet at Cork, the oppoſite corner of the town from the new room. Many of the chief of the city were of the audience, clergy as well as laity. And all but two or three, were not only quiet, but ſerious and deeply attentive. What a change! Formerly we could not walk through this ſtreet, but at the peril of our lives.

Monday and Tueſday, I ſpoke, one by one, to the members of the ſociety. They are now two hundred and ninety-five, fifty or ſixty more than they have been for ſome years. This is owing, partly to the preaching abroad, partly to the meetings for prayer in ſeveral parts of the city. Theſe have been the means of awakening many groſs ſinners, of recovering many backſliders,

fiders, of confirming many that were weak and wavering, and bringing many of all ſorts to the public preaching. At ſeven I went once more to Blackpool, where the congregation was far larger than before. Abundance of papiſts ſtole in among them, a very few ſtanding aloof. O what a day of God's power is this! May he fulfil in us all his good pleaſure!

Friday 28. After giving our brethren a ſolemn caution, not to *love the world, nor the things of the world*, I left them with more ſatisfaction than ever, as there is reaſon to hope, that they will be toſt to and fro no more, but ſteadily adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour.

About ſeven in the evening, I began in the Exchange at Youghal. Four or five noiſy men diſturbed thoſe that were near them, till I reproved them ſharply. The whole congregation then behaved with the utmoſt decency.

Saturday 29. I preached at five in a room, that would contain four or five hundred people. But the word does not yet ſink into their hearts: many are pleaſed: but few *convinced*. In the evening I went to the exchange again. The congregation was almoſt doubled, whom I exhorted to *aſk for the old path, the good way, and to walk therein*. Afterwards I met the infant ſociety conſiſting of nineteen members: all of whom are full of good deſires and ſome know in whom they have believed.

Sunday 30. At eight the congregation was both

both larger and more affected than ever. I was glad to see a large and tolerably serious congregation in the church. It was once a spacious building: but more than half of it now (a common thing in Ireland!) lies in ruins. In the evening I preached to a multitude of people in the main street. A few gentry soon walked away: but the bulk of the congregation were deeply attentive. What an harvest is ready for zealous labourers! When wilt thou thrust them out into thy harvest?

Monday July 1. I rode to Waterford, and preached in a little court, on our *Great high Priest who is passed into heaven for us.* But I soon sound, I was got above most of my hearers: I should have spoke of death or judgment. On Tuesday evening I suited my discourse to my audience, which was considerably increased: but much more the next evening. And deep attention sat on almost every face. The room was well filled on Thursday morning, and the poor people were so affectionate, that it was with difficulty we were able to break from them, amidst abundance of prayers and blessings.

At seven in the evening I preached in the assembly room at Killkenny, to many well-dress, reputable people, some of whom attended again at five in the morning. In the evening the congregation was increased in seriousness as much as in number, while I enforced those awful words, *God now commandeth all men, every where to repent.*

I never

I never ſpoke plainer. Yet I did not hear of any that were offended. What an alteration is there in this city within ſix or eight years!

Saturday 6. We rode to Portarlington. At ſeven I preached in the Market-houſe to a numerous congregation. Near as many were preſent at eight in the morning. I had great liberty of ſpeech. And the manner wherein they *ſuffered the word of exhortation*, perſuaded me it would not be in vain.

We came to Mountmelick before the church began, and were glad to find it was ſacrament Sunday. In the evening I preached on one ſide of the market-place, on our Lord's lamentation over Jeruſalem, to almoſt all the Proteſtants in the town, and not a few of the Papiſts. To thoſe I made a particular application in the concluſion of my diſcourſe. Indeed I never found ſo great a concern for them, as ſince I came laſt into the kingdom.

Monday 8. I preached in the market-place once more, and it was a ſolemn hour. I left many of the people much alive to God, and athirſt for his whole image. I preached at Tullamore in the evening. At five in the morning the houſe was near full. While I was preaching on Tueſ. evening in the market-place, we had ſeveral ſhowers: but few went away. Here likewiſe I was conſtrained to addreſs myſelf to the Papiſts in particular, and to exhort them, never to reſt, till they were partakers of *the common ſalvation*.

About

About eleven we were waked with a cry of fire, which was at the next door but one. The flame ſhone ſo that one might ſee to pick up a pin, and the ſparks flew on every ſide. So that it was much feared, the neighbouring houſes would take fire, as ſeveral of them were thatched. But the violent rain, which fell an hour before had made the thatch ſo wet that it could not catch quickly. And in leſs than two hours all the fire was quenched. So we ſlept the reſt of the night in peace.

Wedneſday 10. I preached at Clara about noon, and in the evening at Athlone. The two next evenings I preached in the market-houſe, for the ſake of the Papiſts, who durſt not come to the room. Saturday 13. I read Sir Richard Cox's hiſtory of Ireland. I ſuppoſe it is accounted as authentic as any that is extant. But ſurely never was there the like in the habitable world! Such a ſeries of robberies, murders, and burning of houſes, towns and countries, did I never hear or read of before. I do not now wonder, Ireland is thinly inhabited, but that it has any inhabitants at all! Probably it had been wholly deſolate before now, had not the Engliſh come, and prevented the implacable wretches from going on, till they had ſwept each other from the earth.

In the afternoon I rode to Aghrim, and preached about ſeven to a deeply ſerious congregation, moſt of whom were preſent again at

eight

eight in the morning. On Sunday 14. About five I began in my usual place at Athlone, on the Conaught side of the river. I believe the congregation (both of Protestants and Papists,) was never so large before. Some were displeased at this: and several pieces of turf were thrown over the houses, with some stones. But neither one nor the other could in the least interrupt the attention of the people. Then a popish miller (prompted by his betters, so called) got up to preach over against me. But some of his comrades throwing a little dirt in his face, he leaped down in haste, to fight them. This bred a fray, in which he was so roughly handled, that he was glad to get off with only a bloody nose.

Monday 15. I had the pleasure of meeting many of my friends from various parts at Cooly-lough. I preached at twelve under the shade of some spreading trees, and again at six in the evening. Tuesday 16. I preached at Tyrrels-pass, with a peculiar blessing from God, though many persons of fortune were in the congregation. But the poor and the rich are his.

Wednesday 17. I preached in the Grove at Edinderry. Many of the Quakers were there, (it being the time of their general meeting) and many of all sorts. I met here with the journal of William Edmundson, one of their preachers in the last century. If the original equalled the picture (which I see no reason to doubt) what an amiable

amiable man was this? His *opinions* I leave; but what a *ſpirit* was here? What faith, love, gentleneſs, long-ſuffering? Could *miſtakes* ſend ſuch a man as this to hell? Not ſo. I am ſo far from believing this, that I ſcruple not to ſay, "Let my ſoul be with the ſoul of William Edmundſon!"

* Thurſday 18. The wind in our face tempering the heat of the ſun, we had a pleaſant ride to Dublin. In the evening I began expounding the deepeſt part of the holy ſcripture, namely the firſt epiſtle of St. John; by which, above all other even inſpired writings, I adviſe every young preacher to form his ſtile. Here are ſublimity and ſimplicity together, the ſtrongeſt ſenſe and the plaineſt language! How can any one that would *ſpeak as the oracles of God*, uſe harder words than are found here?

Sunday 21. Between eight and nine I began preaching in the Barrack-ſquare to ſuch a congregation as I never ſaw in Dublin before. And every one was as quiet, as if we had been in the new ſquare at Briſtol. What a change ſince Mr. Whitefield a few years ago *attempted* to preach near this place!

Monday 22. I rode to Donard, a little town in the county of Wicklow. Here I met with more noiſe and ſtupid, ſenſeleſs impudence, than I have found ſince I left England. But the chief man of the town having handled one of the diſturbers roughly, and another of them being knocked

knocked down (not by a Methodiſt;) I concluded my diſcourſe without any farther hindrance.

June 23. I began, as uſual, at five. About the middle of the ſermon, the rain (which was exceedingly wanted) began, and drove us into our friend's houſe; where I found his daughters, five ſiſters, all rejoicing in God their Saviour. Hence I rode to Baltinglaſs. But I had ſcarce ſpoken five minutes when the rain drove us into the houſe here alſo. I had deſigned to preach at Carlow in the evening. But the difficulty was where to find a place? Our houſe was too ſmall: and there was little proſpect of preaching quietly in the ſtreet. While we were conſidering, one of the chief perſons in the town, ſent to deſire I would preach in her court-yard. This I did to a multitude of people rich and poor. And there was no diſturbance at all. Nor did I obſerve, that any went away, though we had a ſharp ſhower, almoſt as ſoon as I began.

Wedneſday 24. I rode, in the hotteſt day I have felt this year, to Dublin. Thurſday and Friday morning I ſpent in a conference with our preachers: in the afternoons I ſpoke to the members of the ſociety I left four hundred and forty, and find above five hundred; more than ever they were ſince my firſt landing in the kingdom. And they are not increaſed in number only; but many of them are rejoicing in the pure love of God. And many more refuſe to be comforted, till they can witneſs the ſame confeſſion.

Sunday

Sunday 28. I preached in the Barrack-ſquare, both morning and afternoon. The morning congregation was far larger than laſt week: but this was doubled in the afternoon. At both times my heart was much inlarged towards them, and my voice ſo ſtrengthened, that I ſuppoſe, ſeveral thouſands more might have diſtinctly heard every ſentence.

Monday 29. I was deſired by ſome friends to take a ride to the Dargle, ten or twelve miles from Dublin: one of the greateſt natural curioſities, they ſaid, which the kingdom afforded. It far exceeded my expectation. You have a high and ſteep mountain, covered with ſtately wood, up the ſide of which a path is cut, and ſeats placed at ſmall diſtances. A deep vale, through which a clear river runs, lies between this and another high mountain, whoſe ſides are clothed with tall trees, row above row, from the river to the very top. Near the ſummit of the firſt mountain, you have an opening on the one hand which commands the fruitful counties of Kildare, Dublin and Loth, as far in a clear ſunſhiny day, as the huge mountains of Newry: on the other hand is a fine landſcape of meadows and fields, that terminates in a ſea-proſpect. Adding this to the reſt, it exceeds any thing which I have ſeen in Great-Britain. And yet *the eye is not ſatisfied with ſeeing*! It never can, till we ſee God.

Wedneſday 31. At the earneſt deſire of a friend,

friend, I ſuffered Mr. Hunter to take my picture. I ſat only once, from about ten o'clock, to half an hour after one. And in that time he began and ended the face; and with a moſt ſtriking likeneſs.

Friday, Auguſt 2. One informed me, that the captain with whom I had agreed for my paſſage, was gone without me, but had taken my horſe. I was content, believing all was for the beſt. But we ſoon heard, he was only fallen down a few miles. So we took a boat and followed him; and about ten, we went on board the Felicity, bound for Whitehaven. In about an hour we ſet ſail. Soon after the wind turned, and was againſt us moſt part of Saturday and Sunday. On Sunday I preached to our little congregation, thirteen in all, on *The kingdom of heaven is at hand: Repent ye, and believe the goſpel.* In a ſhort time, the wind ſprung up fair, but with intervals of calm. So that we did not reach Whitehaven key, till Tueſday 6, between twelve and one in the morning. After ſleeping two or three hours, I haſtened away, and in the afternoon came to Carliſle. Some friends waited for me here. We purpoſed ſetting out early in the morning: but one of our company being taken ill, we waited ſome hours, ſo that we did not reach Newcaſtle till about one on Thurſday Morning.

I ſcarce ever ſaw the people here ſo much alive to God; particularly thoſe who believe

they

they are ſaved from ſin. I was ready to ſay, *It is good for me to be here*: but I muſt not build tabernacles. I am to be a wanderer on earth and deſire no reſt, till my ſpirit returns to God.

Sunday 11. I preached about ſeven at the Fell, to our honeſt, lively colliers: and about two in the afternoon in the ſquare at Hartly eleven miles from Newcaſtle. Thence I haſten'd back to the Gartheads, where was the largeſt congregation which has been there for many years. Afterwards ſeveral hundreds of us met at the room, and ſolemnly renewed our covenant with God. About eight I was ſo tired, I could hardly ſtand. But after ſpeaking another hour all my wearineſs was gone, and I was as lively and ſtrong as at eight in the morning.

Monday 12. I went to Sunderland: here likewiſe is a people ready prepared for the Lord. Tueſ. 13. I purpoſed to preach abroad at Durham; but the rain hindered. As many as could hear behaved well: and many felt that God was there. At Yarm, in the evening, one would have thought, the whole congregation loved or feared God: ſo much thought appeared in all their faces: ſo much deceny in their behaviour.

Wedneſday 15. I preached in the evening at Leeds, and next morning rode to Huddersfield. Mr. Venn having given notice on Sunday of my preaching, we had a numerous congregation,

tion. We had a warm ride from hence to Manchester. But as my day, so was my strength.

Friday 16. I rode over to Chester, and preached to as many as the new house would well contain. We had likewise a numerous congregation on Saturday, morning as well as evening. How the grace of God concurs with his providence? A new house not only brings a new congregation, but likewise (what we have observed again and again) a new blessing from God. And no wonder if every labour *of love*, finds even a present reward.

Sunday 18. The house contained the morning congregation. But in the evening multitudes were constrained to go away. So does truth win its way against all opposition if it be steadily declared with meekness of wisdom.

Monday 19. I preached in Northwich at ten, and at Manchester in the evening. Our conference began on Tuesday 20. and ended on Friday 23. Sunday 25, having been all the week greatly straitened for room, I preached at seven in the New-square: the congregration was exceeding large: yet generally and deeply attentive. About one I preached at Stockport on a green at the south end of the town. It was sultry hot, but few regarded it; for God *sent a gracious rain upon his inheritance.*

At six in the evening I preached at Maxfield, and setting out early in the morning, by long stages came to Birmingham, where a large congregation

gregation waited for me. I began immediately to apply thoſe comfortable words, *Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill* it. I ſoon forgot my wearineſs and the heat of the place. God was there and it was enough. On Tueſd. 27. I rode on to Stroud, and the next morning to Briſtol. After reſting three or four days, on Monday, September 2. I ſet out for Cornwall, and preached that evening at Middleſey. Tueſday 3. I rode to Tiverton, and in the evening preached near the Eaſt-end of the town to a large and quiet audience. Wedneſday 4. I rode on to North-Tauton; a village where ſeveral of our preachers had preached occaſionally. About ſix I went to the door of our inn: but I had hardly ended the pſalm, when a clergyman came, with two or three, (by the courtſey of England called) gentlemen. After I had named my text, I ſaid, "There may be ſome truths which concern ſome men only. But this concerns all mankind." The miniſter cried out, "That is falſe doctrine, that is predeſtination." Then the roar began, to ſecond which they had brought an huntſman with his hounds. But the dogs were wiſer than the men: for they could not bring them to make any noiſe at all. One of the gentlemen ſupplied their place. He aſſured us he was ſuch, or none would have ſuſpected it. For his language was as baſe, foul, and porterly, as ever was heard at Billingſgate. Dog, Raſcal, Puppy, and the like terms adorned almoſt every ſentence. Find-

ing there was no probability of a quiet hearing, I left him the field, and withdrew to my lodging.

Thurſday 5. We had a pleaſant ride to Millhouſe, where I preached at five to a deeply ſerious congregation. The next day at noon I preached in a field near Camelford, it being the fair-day, on, *Come and buy wine and milk, without money and without price.* I preached within at Port Iſaac, becauſe of the rain: but many were conſtrained to ſtand without. It was a glorious opportunity; God ſhowering down his bleſſing on many ſouls.

Saturday 7. I rode to St. Cuthbert (that is the true ſpelling) and found Mr. Hoſkius weak in body, but happy in God. He was juſt able to ride to the church-town in the evening, where a ſerious congregation ſoon aſſembled. Sunday 8. About eight I preached at St. Agnes: at one, in the main ſtreet at Redruth. But a ſtill larger congregation was at Gwenap in the evening, equal to any I have ſeen in Moorfields. Yet, I think, they all heard, while I inforced, *Why will ye die, O houſe of Iſrael?*

* After preaching I returned to Redruth: where hearing an exceeding ſtrange ſtory, I ſent for the perſon herſelf, Grace Paddy, a well-bred, ſenſible young woman. I can ſpeak of her now without reſtraint, as ſhe is ſafe in Abraham's boſom. She ſaid, "I was harmleſs, as I thought, "but quite careleſs about religion, till about "Chriſtmas

" Chriſtmas, when my brother was ſaying,
" " God has given to me all I want: I am as hap-
" py as I can live." This was about ten in the
" morning. The words went like an arrow to
" my heart. I went into my chamber and
" thought, " Why am not I ſo? O, I cannot
" be, becauſe I am not convinced of ſin." " I
" I cried out vehemently, " Lord, lay as much
" conviction upon me as my body can bear."
" Immediately I ſaw myſelf in ſuch a light, that
" I roared for the diſquietneſs of my heart. The
" maid running up, I ſaid, " Call my brother."
" He came; rejoiced over me; ſaid, " Chriſt
" is juſt ready to receive you! Only believe!"
" And went to prayer. In a ſhort time all my
" trouble was gone, and I did believe all my ſins
" were blotted out. But in the evening I was
" throughly convinced of the want of a deeper
" change. I felt the remains of ſin in my heart,
" which I longed to have taken away. I longed to
" be ſaved from all ſin, to be *cleanſed from all un-*
" *rigtheouſneſs*. And at the time Mr. Rankin was
" preaching, this deſire increaſed exceedingly.
" Afterwards he met the ſociety. During his
" laſt prayer I was quite overwhelmed with the
" power of God. I felt an inexpreſſible change,
" in the very depth of my heart And from that
" hour I have felt no anger, no pride, no wrong
" temper of any kind: nothing contrary to the
" pure love of God, which I feel continually.

" I desire nothing but Christ: and I have Christ " always reigning in my heart. I want nothing: " he is my sufficient portion in time and in " eternity."

* Such an instance I never knew before: such an instance I never read: a person convinced of sin, converted to God, and renewed in love, within twelve hours! Yet it is by no means incredible; seeing one day is with God as a thousand years.

Monday 9. The room would by no means contain the congregation at five in the morning. How is this town changed! Some years since a Methodist preacher could not safely ride through it. Now high and low, few excepted, say, *Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!*

About one I preached at Portkellis: at six in Crowan. I admire the depth of grace in the generality of this people: so simple, so humble, so teachable, so serious, so utterly dead to the world!

Tuesday 10. They filled the house at five. I preached in Breag at twelve, under a lovely shade of trees. About six I began at St. John's near Helston, once as furious a town as Redruth. Now almost all the gentry of the town were present, and heard with the deepest attention.

Wednesday 11. Perceiving my voice began to fail I resolved to preach, for a while, but twice a day. In the evening I preached in a little ground at Newlin, to a numerous congregation.

None

None behaved amiſs but a young gentleman, who ſeemed to underſtand nothing of the matter.

Thurſday 12. Coming to St. Juſt, I learned that John Bennets had died ſome hours before. He was a wiſe and a good man, who had been above twenty years as father to that ſociety. A little before his death he examined each of his children concerning their abiding in the faith. Being ſatisfied of this he told them, "Now I have no doubt but we ſhall meet again at the right hand of our Lord." He then chearfully committed his ſoul to him, and fell aſleep.

On the numerous congregation in the evening I inforced thoſe ſolemn words, *There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wiſdom in the grave, whether thou goeſt.*

Friday 13. I rode to St. Ives, and in the evening preached on the ſea-ſhore. But though there was little wind, yet the noiſe of the waves prevented many from hearing. Saturday 14. About noon I preached at the Hale, a ſmall arm of the ſea, which runs up into the land, two or three miles from St. Ives, and makes a tolerable harbour. In the evening we procured a more convenient place at St. Ives, a meadow on the ſide of the hill, where the people ſtood before me, row above row, to a conſiderable diſtance. On Sunday 15, we had nearly the ſame congregation at ſeven in the morning; to whom I explained, *Truly our fellowſhip is with the Father and with his Son Jeſus Chriſt.* At One I preached in

Lelant three miles from St. Ives : and at five in the ſame meadow, to a larger congregation than before. Indeed the whole town ſeems moved ; the truths we preach being ſo confirmed by the lives of the people.

Monday 16. We had our quarterly meeting at Redruth : and it appeared, by the accounts from all parts that the flame, which was kindled the laſt year, though abated, is not extinguiſhed. At ſix I began on the market-houſe ſteps, as uſual, to a very numerous congregation. But I had not finiſhed the hymn, when Mr. C. came, and read the act againſt riots. I ſaid, " Mr C. " I did not expect this from you : I really thought " you had more underſtanding." He anſwered not, but ſtood like one aſtoniſhed, neither moving hand nor foot. However I removed two or three hundred yards, and quietly finiſhed my diſcourſe.

Tueſday 17. I rode to Medros, near St. Awſtle, where we had the quarterly meeting for the eaſtern circuit. Here likewiſe we had an agreeable account of a ſtill increaſing work of God. This ſociety has eighty-ſix members, and *all* rejoicing in the love of God. Fifty-five or fifty-ſix of theſe believe he has ſaved them from all ſin. And their life no way contradicts their profeſſion. But how many will endure to the end ?

Wedneſday 18. I ſet out for Plymouth-Dock. In the way we called on one of our friends near Liſkard, and found his wife, once ſtrong in faith,

faith, in the very depth of deſpair. I could not but admire the providence of God, which ſent us ſo ſeaſonably thither. We cried ſtrongly to God in her behalf, and left her not a little comforted.

The ſociety at the Dock had been for ſome time in a miſerable condition. Diſputes had run ſo high, concerning a worthleſs man, that every one's ſword was ſet as it were againſt his brother. I ſhewed them how Satan *had deſired to have* them, *that he might ſift* them *as wheat:* and afterwards told them, there was but one way to take, to paſs an abſolute act of oblivion: not to mention, on any pretence whatever, any thing that had been ſaid or done on either ſide. They fully determined ſo to do: if they keep that reſolution, God will return to them.

Thurſday 19. I rode to Tiverton, and preached to a deeply ſerious congregation. Friday 20. I preached at noon in Hillſarrance, near Taunton, where I had not been for fifteen years. Saturday 21. I preached about noon at Shepton-Mallet, and then went on to Briſtol.

Wedneſday 25. About one I preached at Paulton, under a large, ſhady tree. My own ſoul, and I truſt many others were refreſhed, while I was deſcribing *our fellowſhip with the Father and the Son.*

After viſiting the other neighbouring places, on Saturday 28, at noon I preached at Bath. But I had only the poor to hear, there being ſer-

vice at the same time in Lady H.'s chapel. So I was just in my element. I have scarce ever found such liberty at Bath before.

Monday 30. and the two following days, I examined the society at Bristol, and was surprized to find fifty members fewer, than I left in it last October. One reason is, Christian Perfection has been little insisted on. And wherever this is not done, be the preachers ever so eloquent, there is little increase, either in the number or the grace of the hearers.

Saturday, October 5. I spent some time with the children at Kingswood. They are all in health. They behave well. They learn well. But alas! (Two or three excepted) there is no life in them!

About this time the oldest preacher in our connection, Alexander Coats, rested from his labours. A little account of his death, one who was in the house sent me in these words:

Newcastle, October 7, 1765.

"I had an opportunity the last evening of seeing our dear aged brother Coats. A few days before, he was sore tempted by the enemy; but near the close, he had perfect peace. His faith was clear, and he found Christ precious, his portion and his eternal all. I asked him a little before he died, if he had *followed cunningly devised fables?* He answered, "No, no, no." I then

then aſked him, whether he ſaw land? He ſaid, "Yes, I do." And after waiting a few moments at anchor, he put into the quiet harbour."

Wedneſday 9. I read Mr. Jones's ingenious eſſay on the principles of natural philoſophy. He ſeems to have totally overthrown the Newtonian principles. But whether he can eſtabliſh the Hutchinſonian, is another queſtion.

Friday 11. We obſerved as a day of faſting and prayer. Sunday 13. We met in the evening, jointly to renew our covenant with God. It was, as uſual, a time of remarkable bleſſing.

Monday 14. In the evening I preached at Shafteſbury, and on Tueſday at Wincaunton. Riding homeward we ſaw the pond, in which a great man, a few weeks ſince, put an end to a wretched life. And is death more welcome than life, even to a man that wallows in gold and ſilver?

Sunday 20. I preached a funeral ſermon at Kingſwood, over the remains of Suſanna Flook: who a few days before roſe up and ſaid, "I am dying;" and dropped down dead. So little ſecurity is there in youth or health! *Be ye therefore likewiſe ready!*

Monday 21. I went in the coach to Saliſbury, and on Thurſday 24, came to London. Monday 28. I breakfaſted with Mr. Whitefield, who

ſeemed to be an old, old man, being fairly worn out in his Maſter's ſervice, though he has hardly ſeen fifty years. And yet it pleaſes God, that I, who am now in my ſixty-third year, find no diſorder, no weakneſs, no decay, no difference from what I was at five and twenty: only that I have fewer teeth, and more grey hairs!

Thurſday, November 7. A fire broke out near the corner of Leadenhall-ſtreet, which (the wind being exceeding high) ſoon ſeized on both the corners of the ſtreet, and both the corners of Cornhill, and in a few hours deſtroyed above threeſcore houſes. Yet no lives were loſt. Even Mr. Rutland (at whoſe houſe it began) and his whole family were preſerved, part eſcaping through the chamber window, part over the top of the houſe.

* Sunday 24. I preached on thoſe words in the leſſon for the day, *The Lord our righteouſneſs.* I ſaid not one thing, which I have not ſaid, at leaſt, fifty times within this twelvemonth. Yet it appeared to many entirely new, who much importuned me to print my ſermon, ſuppoſing "it would ſtop the mouths of *all* gainſayers." Alas for their ſimplicity! In ſpite of all I can print, ſay, or do, will not thoſe who *ſeek* occaſion of offence *find* occaſion?

Monday, December 2. I went to Canterbury. I had received moſt tragical accounts, as if the ſociety were *all fallen from grace*, if ever they had any. I determined to ſearch this to the bottom.

tom. To this end I examined them one by one: and was agreeably ſurprized, to find them all (none excepted) upright and blameleſs in their behaviour.

Tueſday 3. I rode to Dover, and found a little company more united together than they have been for many years. Whilſt ſeveral of them continued to rob the king, we ſeemed to be plowing upon the ſand. But ſince they have cut off the right hand, the word of God ſinks deep into their hearts.

Wedneſday 4. I preached about noon at Sandwich, and in the evening at Margate. A few people here alſo join in helping each other, to work out their ſalvation. But the miniſter of the pariſh earneſtly oppoſes them, and *thinks* he is *doing God ſervice!*

Thurſday 5. I rode back to Feverſham. Here I was quickly informed, that the mob and the magiſtrates had agreed together to drive *methodiſm*, ſo called, out of the town. After preaching, I told them what we had been conſtrained to do, by the magiſtrate at Rolvenden; who perhaps would have been richer by ſome hundred pounds, had he never meddled with the Methodiſts: concluding, "Since we have both God and the law on our ſide, if we can have peace by fair means, we had much rather, we ſhould be exceeding glad: but if not, we *will have peace.*"

Saturday 7. I returned to London. Wednesday 11. I had much converſation with Mr. D——e, lately a Romiſh prieſt. What wonder is it, that we have ſo many converts to popery, and ſo few to proteſtantiſm; when the former are ſure to want nothing, and the latter almoſt ſure to ſtarve?

* Thurſday 12. I rode over to Latonſtone, and found one *truly Chriſtian family*. This *is*, what that at Kingſwood *ſhould be*; and *would*, if it had ſuch governors. Friday 13. I examined the children one by one. Several of them *did* find the love of God. One enjoys it ſtill, and continues to walk humbly and cloſely with God.

Sunday 15. I buried the remains of Henry Perronet, who had been a child of ſorrow from his infancy. But from the time he was taken ill, his mind was more and more compoſed. The day and night before his death, he was praying continually, till all fear being taken away, he chearfully gave up his ſpirit to God.

* Wedneſday 18. Riding through the Borough, all my mare's feet flew up, and ſhe fell with my leg under her. A gentleman ſtepping out, lifted me up, and helped me into his ſhop. I was exceeding ſick, but was preſently relieved, by a little hartſhorn and water. After reſting a few minutes, I took a coach; but when I was cold found myſelf much worſe, being bruiſed on my right arm, my breaſt, my knee, leg and ankle, which ſwelled exceedingly. However I went on

to

to Shoreham, where, by applying treacle twice a day, all the foreneſs was removed, and I recovered ſome ſtrength, ſo as to be able to walk a little on plain ground. The word of God does at length bear fruit here alſo, and Mr. P. is comforted over all his trouble. Saturday 21. Being not yet able to ride, I returned in a chariot to London.

Sunday 22. I was ill able to go through the ſervice at Weſt-ſtreet. But God provided for this alſo. Mr. Greaves, being juſt ordained, came ſtrait to the chapel, and gave me the aſſiſtance I wanted.

Thurſday 26. I ſhould have been glad of a few days reſt: but it could not be at this buſy ſeaſon. However, being electrified morning and evening, my lameneſs mended, though but ſlowly.

Wedneſday, January 1, 1766. A large congregation met in the Foundery, at four o'clock, and uſhered in the new year with the voice of praiſe and thankſgiving. In the evening we met, as uſual, at the church in Spitalfields, to renew our covenant with God. This is always a refreſhing ſeaſon, at which ſome priſoners are ſet at liberty.

Friday 3. Mr. B—— called upon me, now calm and in his right mind. God has repreſſed his furious, bitter zeal, by means of Mr. Whitefield. He *made* the breach among the

Methodiſts:

Methodiſts: O that God may empower him to *heal* it!

Sunday 5. In the evening I went to Lewiſham. Thurſday 9. I read Biſhop Lowth's anſwer to Biſhop W. If any thing human could be a cure for pride, ſurely ſuch a medicine as this would!

Monday 13. I went in the machine to Bury, and preached to a ſmall, ſerious congregation. Tueſday 14. The frozen road being exceeding rough, our machine broke down before day. However it was patched up ſo as to carry us to Budſdale; and in the evening I preached at Yarmouth. The work of God was increaſing here, when poor B. W. was converted to Calviniſm. Immediately he declared open war, tore the ſociety in pieces, took all he could to himſelf, wholly quitted the church, and raiſed ſuch a ſcandal as will not ſoon be removed. Yet doubtleſs, he who turned the young man's head, thinks, he has *done God ſervice!*

Thurſday 16. I rode to Norwich, and preached at ſeven in a large place called The Priory. The room, I ſuppoſe, was formerly the chapel; I like it the better on that account. After ſpending three days here more agreeably than I had done for many years, on Monday 20, I left a ſociety of an hundred and ſeventy members, regular and well united together. In the evening the machine put up at the White Elm. On Tueſday morning I reached Colcheſter.

I found

I found the ſociety here ſlowly recovering from the miſchief done by offence and diſputing together. I had great liberty of ſpeech both morning and evening, and God ſeemed ſtrongly to apply his word. Surely they will at length learn to *bear one anothers burdens:* then will *the wilderneſs bloſſom and bud as a roſe.*

Friday 24. I returned to London. Tueſday 28. Our brethren met together to conſider our temporal affairs. One propoſed, that we ſhould in the firſt place pay off the debt of the ſociety, which was five hundred pounds. Towards this an hundred and ſeventy were ſubſcribed immediately. At a ſecond meeting, this was enlarged to three hundred and twenty. Surely God will ſupply the reſt.

Friday 31. Mr. Whitefield called upon me. He breathes nothing but peace and love. Bigotry cannot ſtand before him, but hides its head wherever he comes.

Sunday, February 2. I dined with W. Welſh, the father of the late ſociety for reformation of manners. But that excellent deſign is at a full ſtop. They have indeed convicted the wretch, who by wilful perjury carried the cauſe againſt them in Weſtminſter hall. But they could never recover the expence of that ſuit. Lord, how long ſhall the ungodly triumph!

Wedneſday 5. One called upon me, who had been cheated out of a large fortune, and was now periſhing for want of bread. I had a deſire to cloath

cloath him and ſend him back to his own country; but was ſhort of money. However, I appointed him to call again in an hour. He did ſo; but before he came, one from whom I expected nothing leſs, put twenty guineas into my hand. So I ordered him to be cloathed from head to foot, and I ſent him ſtrait away to Dublin.

Monday 10. and the four following days I wrote a catalogue of the ſociety, now reduced from eight and twenty hundred to about two and twenty. Such is the fruit of George Bell's enthuſiaſm, and Thomas Maxfield's gratitude!

Monday 17. I preached at Sundon. And many looked, as if they underſtood ſomething of what was ſaid. Tueſday 18. I went on to Bedford, and found James Glaſbrook had juſt buried his wife, a woman of fine underſtanding and an excellent ſpirit, ſnatched away in the dawn of her uſefulneſs. *What thou doſt, we know not now!* We wonder and adore! The next day I rode over to Copley, where ſhe died, and preached her funeral ſermon. In the evening I preached at Bedford, and found God was there alſo.

And "where thy preſence is diſplay'd, is heaven."

Thurſday 20. I preached at Hertford, and in the evening at Latonſtone. Friday 20. I preached

at

at Oldford, near Bow. Part of the congregation were deeply ſerious; the other part wild and ſtupid enough. But the bridle was in their mouth, ſo that they made no noiſe; nay, and were, in a manner, attentive.

Sunday 23. In the evening I went to Lewiſham, and finiſhed the notes on the book of Job. About this time, one of Henry Jackſon's daughters gave me the following letter from her ſiſter.

Newcaſtle, February 23, 1766.

"On Thurſday, the 13th of this month, my "honoured father looked ſo beautiful and come-"ly, that we all wondered. At night, in his "firſt ſleep, he was taken very ill. On Friday "morning I aſked him, "what he could take?" "He anſwered, "I am to eat no more." His ill-"neſs increaſed: but he was ſtill calm and "compoſed, and reſigned to the will of God. "Indeed I always beheld in him ſuch faith, "love and divine reſignation, as I never ſaw in "any other. On Sunday he ſaid, "Now my ſoul "is prepared, and made ready to meet the Lord." "From this time he was filled with longing de-"ſires, to depart and to be with Chriſt; crying "out, I cannot ſtay: I muſt go to my beloved, to "be with him for ever:" Monday 17. He ſaid, "*I have fought a good fight: I have finiſhed my* "*courſe, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is* "*laid up for me a crown* of glory, *which the righ-*"*teous Judge ſhall give me at that day.* Tueſday

"18.

" 18. after receiving the bleſſed ſacrament, he " declared to the miniſter, " My anchor is caſt " within the veil, both ſure and immoveable." " And as long as he had his ſpeech, he preach- " ed Chriſt to every one that came to ſee him. " Indeed his whole life for many years was but " one dedication of his body and ſoul to God, " praying continually, and being loſt in praiſe " and thankſgiving to his adorable ſaviour. In " all the various diſpenſations of God's provi- " dence towards him and his family, he was " ſtill magnifying and praiſing his holy name, " always thankful, humble, loving, and obedient. " Nothing was able to move him one moment, " or put him out of temper: but he received " every thing from the hand of God, with faith, " patience, and reſignation. Before his ſpeech " failed, he bleſſed all his children, grand-chil- " dren and great-grand-children; and on Thurſ- " day morning, February 20, yielded up his ſoul " to God being ninety-nine years and five months " old."

Saturday, March 1. I read biſhop Lowth's ingenious lectures *de poeſi hebræa*, far more ſatisfactory than any thing on that ſubject which I ever ſaw before. He ſhews clearly, that the nobleſt poetry may ſubſiſt, without being beholden either to ryme or fixed meaſures.

Thurſday 6. Our brethren met once more, on account of the public debt. And they did not part till

till more than the whole, (which was ſix hundred and ten pounds) was ſubſcribed.

Sunday 9. In the evening I went to Knightsbridge, and in the morning, took the machine for Briſtol, where I preached (as I had appointed) on Tueſday evening, and met the ſociety. Wedneſday 12. I rode over to Kingſwood, and having told my whole mind to the maſters and ſervants, ſpoke to the children in a far ſtronger manner, than ever I did before. I will kill or cure; I will have one or the other, a Chriſtian ſchool, or none at all.

Sund. 16. I preached in Princeſs-ſtreet at eight, on *Awake thou that ſleepeſt:* and at the ſquare in the evening, to a liſtening multitude, on *Come, Lord Jeſus!* At Kingſwood we had ſuch a congregation at ten as has not been there for ſeveral years. And I had the ſatisfaction to find four of our children again rejoicing in the love of God.

Mon. 17. I rode to Stroud, the ſun ſhining as in May. Seventeen ſuch days in the beginning of March, I ſuppoſe few men have known. But on Tueſday the weather intirely changed: and the piercing north-eaſt wind, this and the two following days, was ſcarce ſupportable. At ſeven I preached in the room at Painſwick, and about ten came to Cheltenham. Here I was in a ſtrait: the houſe would not hold half the people: and the wind was keen enough. However I thought this the leſs evil of the two, and ſo preached abroad, where we were tolerably ſheltered. And

I did

I did not obſerve that any, rich or poor, went away till I concluded.

I reached Eveſham about five in the evening, and preached about ſix with tolerable quiet. But as we returned the mob, encouraged by the wretched magiſtrate were rude and noiſy enough. Yet as they neither ſaluted us with ſtones, nor dirt, we were well contented.

* Wedneſday 19. We called at a little inn, about ſixteen miles from Eveſham. But as Duncan Wright and I had our hoods on, the good woman was frighted, and did not care to take us in. So we rode a mile or two farther to another houſe, where we came in ſeaſon. After a little talk, the woman of the houſe ſaid, "I fear, it is "not ſo well with me as it was once. Before I "married, I uſed to kneel down in the cow-"houſe, to pray to God for all I wanted. But "now I am incumbered with worldly cares: and "yet God has not forgotten me. Laſt winter, "when my huſband had loſt the uſe of all his "limbs, I prayed to God for him, and he was "well." This woman knew nothing about the Methodiſts: but God is nigh to all that call upon him.

In the evening I preached at Birmingham. Towards the cloſe, the mob gathered: but they were reſtrained till I had concluded.

Thur. 20. It was as much as we could do, to bear the cold before ſun-riſe. However we came well to Burton before eleven, where I preached

to

to an exceeding ſerious congregation. In the evening I preached at Nottingham in the new houſe, thoroughly filled with ſerious hearers. Indeed there is never any diſturbance here. And there could be none any where, if the magiſtrates were lovers of peace, and exerted themſelves in the defence of it.

Sunday 23. I had thoughts of preaching in the market-place. But the ſnow which fell in the night made it impracticable. In the morning the houſe contained the congregation: but in the evening many were conſtrained to go away. There ſeems to be now, (what never was before) a general call to the town.

Monday 24. We rode to Derby. I never ſaw this houſe full before, the people in general being profoundly careleſs. I endeavoured to ſhew them their picture, by inlarging on thoſe words *Gallio cared for none of theſe things*.

Tueſday 25. At ten, I preached in their new houſe at Creitch, about twelve miles from Derby to a loving, ſimple-hearted people, many of whom *felt* what I ſpoke of *followſhip with the father and with the ſon*. Thence we rode on thro' ſeveral heavy ſhowers of ſnow to Sheffield, where at ſix we had a numerous congregation. There has been much diſturbance here this winter. But to night all was peace.

Thurſday 27. I preached in the morning at a little village near Eyam, in the High-Peak. The eagerneſs with which the poor people devoured the

the word, made me amends for the cold ride over the ſnowy mountains. The ſame earneſtneſs I obſerved in the congregation at Maxfield: and yet hardly a third part of thoſe I formerly examined, now retain the glorious liberty which they then enjoyed.

March 28. being Good-Friday, as ſoon as we came from church, I began at Stockport, on *We preach Chriſt crucified, to the Jews a ſtumbling-block, and to the Greeks fooliſhneſs.* At ſix in the evening I preached at Mancheſter, and on Saturday and Eaſter-Day. In the evening I explained to the ſociety the nature of the yearly ſubſcription. On this one ſent me the following letter.

Good Sir, March 31, 1766.

"I thought proper to ſend you a few lines, "concerning what you ſpoke of laſt night. How "good it was, that you put us all together as "one family! That each might do his utmoſt to "help all his brethren! Had you ſpoke of this "ſooner, and opened your mind freely as you "did yeſterday, where I have given one ſhil-"ling, I would have given one pound. My heart "was rejoiced at the good news, ſo as my ton-"gue cannot expreſs. I was ready to cry out "with *Zaccheus, Lo, the half of my goods I give* "*to the poor.* I have ſent you two guineas, to-"wards carrying on the work of the Lord. And "may the bleſſing of the Lord go with it; for

"I give

" I give it freely : I would rather it had been " two ſcore." W. N.

Tueſday, April 1. On a cloſe examination, out of more than fifty perſons, who two or three years ago were filled with the love of God, I did not find above a third part who had not ſuffered loſs. But almoſt all were deeply ſenſible of their loſs, and earneſtly groaning for what they once enjoyed.

Wedneſday 2. We rode through heavy rain to Cheſter. Friday 4. I viſited a poor woman, who has been ill eight years and is not yet weary or faint in her mind. An heavy laden ſinner deſired to receive the ſacrament with her, and found reſt to her ſoul: and from that hour increaſed every day in the knowledge and love of God.

Mon. 7. I preached at Warrington about noon to a large congregation, rich and poor, learned and unlearned. I never ſpoke more plain: nor have I ever ſeen a congregation liſten with more attention. Thence I rode to Liverpool, and thoroughly regulated the ſociety, which had great need of it. Wedneſday 9. I took much pains with a ſenſible woman, who had taken ſeveral imprudent ſteps. But it was labour loſt: neither argument nor perſuaſion made the leaſt impreſſion. O what power leſs than Almighty can convince a thorough-paced enthuſiaſt!

Thurſday 10. I looked over the wonderful deed,

deed, which was lately made here: on which I obſerved 1. It takes up three large ſkins of parchment, and ſo could not coſt leſs than ſix guineas: whereas our own deed, tranſcribed by a friend, would not have coſt ſix ſhillings. 2. It is verboſe beyond all ſenſe and reaſon, and withal ſo ambiguouſly worded, that one paſſage only might find matter for a ſuit of ten or twelve years in chancery. 3. It every where calls the houſe a Meeting-houſe, a name which I particularly object to. 4. It leaves no power either to the aſſiſtant or me, ſo much as to place or diſplace a ſteward. 5. Neither I, nor all the conference have power to ſend the ſame preacher two years together. To crown all 6. If a preacher is not appointed at the conference, the truſtees and the congregation are to chuſe one by moſt votes! And can any one wonder I diſlike this deed, which tears the methodiſt diſcipline up by the roots?

Is it not ſtrange, that any who have the leaſt regard either for me or our diſcipline, ſhould ſcruple to alter this uncouth deed!

Friday 11. I preached near Wigan to a large number of ſerious, well-behaved people, mixt with a few as ſtupidly inſolent creatures, as I ever ſaw. Finding them proof both againſt reaſon and perſuaſion, at length I rebuked them ſharply. This they underſtood, and quickly retired. So I concluded in peace.

Saturday 12. I was deſired to preach at Brinſ-

ly,

ly, three or four miles from Wigan. The ſun ſhone hot, but I had ſome ſhelter: and the artleſs people drank in every word. About ſix I began in the ſtreet at Bolton. The wind was then high and cold enough. But I ſoon forgot it, and ſo did moſt of the people, being almoſt as thirſty as thoſe at Brinſly. When I began on Sunday in the afternoon, the wind was exceeding ſharp; but it fell in a few moments, and we had a mild, agreeable ſummer-evening.

Monday 14. I preached at Middleton, ſix miles from Mancheſter. A ſharp ſhower of hail began in the middle of the ſermon; but ſcarce any went away. Tueſday 15. We rode to *Chappel in the Frith*. We had a rough ſalutation in riding through the town. At the end of which a multitude of people gathered together, in a convenient meadow. I preached on, *By grace ye are ſaved through faith*. God ſpoke in his word. It was an acceptable time, and few went empty away.

In riding over the dreary mountains of the High-Peak, we met with ſeveral ſtorms. But we were no worſe when we came to Rotherham, where I preached in the evening. The ſpirit of the congregation was able to enliven the dulleſt preacher. Indeed it was *good to be here*. Wedneſday 16. About two in the afternoon, I had another kind of congregation at Doncaſter, wild and ſtupid enough. Yet all were tolerably civil, many attentive, and ſome affected. Thence we haſted to Epworth. Here I took knowledge of the ſame ſpirit as at Rotherham.

What a bleſſing is it, to be with thoſe who are alive to God! But how few duly value this bleſſing?

Friday 18. I ſet out for the eaſtern part of Lincolnſhire, and after preaching at Awkborough and Barrow in the way, came the next day to our old friends at Grimſby. It put me in mind of Purryſburg in Georgia. It *was* one of the largeſt towns in the county. It is no bigger than a middling village, containing a ſmall number of half-ſtarved inhabitants, without any trade, either foreign or domeſtic. But this they have; they love the goſpel, hardly ſix families excepted. And a large proportion of them have found, *it is the power of God unto ſalvation.*

Monday 21. Between nine and ten I began preaching in an open place at Lowth. The mob here uſed to be exceeding boiſterous; but none now opened his mouth. How eaſily, when it ſeems him good, does God *ſtill the madneſs of the people!*

Hence we rode to Truſtthorpe in the Marſh, where a multitude of plain, ſimple-hearted people aſſembled. When I met the ſociety after preaching, abundance of them crowded in: many of whom, while we were wreſtling with God in prayer, cried out with a loud and bitter cry. But it was not long before ſome of them rejoiced, with joy unſpeakable.

Tueſday 22. I preached to a congregation of a very different kind at Horncaſtle. John Hill has done more miſchief here than a man of far greater talents can do good. By that unhappy diviſion of the ſociety, he has opened the mouths

of

of all the gainſayers: and to complete the ſcandal, he and ſix and twenty more have been dipped! *unſtable as water, thou ſhalt not excell!*

Wedneſ. 23. I preached at five; in Torrington at nine, and about two at Scotter, where the poor people now enjoy great quietneſs, by means of Sir N. H. about ſix I preached at Ferry. I do not chuſe to preach above twice or thrice in a day. But when I am called to do more, it is all one. I find ſtrength according to my need.

Thurſ. 24. I rode to Epworth, and the next day, through heavy rain, to Swainfleet. I ſuppoſed, as the rain kept many from coming, the preaching-houſe would contain the congregation; but it would not. However as the door and windows were open, I believe moſt of them could hear. And the eagerneſs with which they heard made me hope, they were not forgetful hearers.

Sunday 27. I rode over to Miſterton, and viſited a young woman who a year or two ſince, was ſtruck firſt with deep melancholy, and ſoon after with utter diſtraction. We were quickly convinced whence her diſorder came. Let phyſicians do all they will or can; yet it will be found in the end, that *this kind goeth not out but by prayer and faſting.*

After preaching I haſted away to Haxey, and came thither before the church began. The curate preached a very harmleſs ſermon againſt the Methodiſts. Between one and two I preached at Weſtwood-ſide, on *Behold, now is the day of*

ſalvation! And it ſeemed as if all had ears to hear. About four I began in the market-place at Epworth, on *He beheld the city, and wept over it.* And ſuch a call I think the inhabitants of this town have ſcarce ever had before.

Monday 28. I preached at Thorne. Although a great part of the congregation, had never heard one preach under a tree before, yet they behaved extremely well. Before we came to York, I was thoroughly tired. But my ſtrength quickly returned: ſo that after preaching to a large congregation and meeting the ſociety, I was freſher than when I began.

Tueſday 29. I preached at noon in the new houſe at Thirſk, almoſt equal to that at Yarm. And why not quite, ſeeing they had the model before their eyes, and had nothing to do but to copy after it? Is it not an amazing weakneſs, that when they have the moſt beautiful pattern before them, all builders will affect to mend ſomething? So the je ne ſcai quoi is loſt and the ſecond building ſcarce ever equals the firſt.

I preached at Yarm in the evening, and the next at Newcaſtle. I know not to what it is owing, that I have felt more wearineſs this ſpring, than I had done before for many years: unleſs to my fall at Chriſtmas which perhaps weakened the ſprings of my whole machine more than I was ſenſible of.

Thurſday, May 1. I enjoyed a little reſt. I do not find the leaſt change in this reſpect. I

love

love quietneſs and ſilence as well as ever: but if I am called into noiſe and tumult, all is well.

Sunday 4. The rain conſtrained me to preach in the room, both in the morning and evening. But it was fair at two while I preached abroad at the Fell, where the room could not contain one half of the congregation.

Tueſday 6. I rode to Sunderland. On Wedneſday and Thurſday evening, I preached in Monk-Weremouth church. Saturday 10. I ſpent an agreeable hour at a Quaker's, a man of large ſubſtance. His ſpirit put me in mind of Thomas Keene. May thy laſt end be like his!

Sunday 11. The weather not permitting me to preach abroad, I preached in the room, morning and evening, and about eleven in Monk-Weremouth church. In the evening ſome hundreds of us, ſolemnly renewed our covenant with God, and he anſwered many, in the joy of their hearts. Mon. 12. After preaching at South-ſhields about noon, and at North-ſhields in the evening, I returned to Newcaſtle. In the following days I preached at as many of the neighbouring places as I could: and on Monday 19, ſet out northward. About two I preached to the honeſt colliers at Placey, and in the evening at Morpeth. Tueſday 20. About noon I preached at Felton. There were many hearers, though the wind was extremely ſharp. And moſt of them were attentive; but very few

ſeemed to underſtand any thing of the matter. I preached at Alnwick in the evening. Wedneſday 21. We ſpent an hour in the caſtle and the gardens which the duke is inlarging and improving daily, and turning into a little paradiſe. What pity, that he muſt leave all theſe, and die like a common man!

Thurſday 22. At eleven I preached in the ſtreet at Belford, fifteen miles beyond Alnwick. The hearers were ſeriouſly attentive, and a few ſeemed to underſtand what was ſpoken. Between ſix and ſeven I preached in the Townhall at Berwick. I had an uncommon liberty in ſpeaking, and a ſolemn awe ſat on the faces of all the hearers. Is God again viſiting this poor, barren place!

Friday 23. When I came to Old-Camus, I found notice had been given of my preaching about a mile off. So I took horſe without delay, and rode to Copperſmith, where the congregation was waiting. I ſpoke as plain as I poſſibly could. But very few appeared to be at all affected. It ſeems to be with them, as with moſt in the north; they *know* every thing, and *feel* nothing.

I had deſigned to preach abroad at Dunbar in the evening. But the rain drove us into the houſe. It was for good. I now had a full ſtroke at their hearts; and I think ſome *felt* themſelves ſinners.

Saturday 24. In the afternoon, notice having been

been given a week before, I went to the room at Preſton-pans. And I had it all to myſelf, neither man, woman nor child offered to look me in the face. So I ordered a chair to be placed in the ſtreet. Then forty or fifty crept together. But they were mere ſtocks and ſtones; no more concerned, than if I had talked Greek. In the evening I preached in the new-room at Edinburgh, a large and commodious building.

Monday 26. I ſpent ſome hours at the meeting of the *national aſſembly*. I am very far from being of Mr. Whitefield's mind, who greatly commends the ſolemnity of this meeting. I have ſeen few leſs ſolemn; I was extremely ſhocked at the behaviour of many of the members. Had any preacher behaved ſo at our conference, he would have had no more place among us.

Wedneſday 28. I preached at Leith, and ſpoke exceeding plain. A few received the truth in the love thereof.

Sunday, June 1. Many of the miniſters were preſent at ſeven, with a large and ſerious congregation. In the afternoon I heard a thundering ſermon in the new kirk, occaſioned by Mr. Jardin, a miniſter's dropping down dead in the aſſembly a day or two before. I preached in the evening on *The ſpirit and the bride ſay, Come!* A few, I truſt, cloſed with the invitation.

Monday 2. I came to Dundee wet enough.

But it cleared up in the evening; ſo that I preached abroad, to a large congregation; many of whom attended in the morning. Tueſday 3. The congregation was ſtill larger in the evening: but on Wedneſday the rain kept us in the houſe. Thurſday 5. It being fair, we had a more numerous congregation than ever: to whom, after preaching, I took occaſion to repeat moſt of the plauſible objections which had been made to us in Scotland. I then ſhewed our reaſons for the things which had been objected to us: and all *ſeemed* to be throughly ſatisfied.

* The ſum of what I ſpoke was this:

I love plain-dealing. Do not you? I will uſe it now. Bear with me.

I hang out no falſe colours, but ſhew you all I am, all I intend, all I do.

I am a member of the church of England: but I love good men of every church.

My ground is, the bible. Yea, I am a bible-bigot. I follow it in all things, both great and ſmall.

Therefore, 1. I always uſe a *ſhort, private prayer*, when I attend the public ſervice of God. Do not *you?* Why do you not? Is not this according to the bible?

2. I *ſtand* whenever I ſing the praiſe of God in public. Does not the bible give you plain precedents for this?

3. I always *kneel* before the Lord my Maker, when I pray in public.

4. I

4. I generally in public uſe *the Lord's prayer*; becauſe Chriſt has taught me, when I pray to ſay—

I adviſe every preacher connected with *me*, whether in England or Scotland, herein to tread in my ſteps.

Friday 6. We went on to Aberdeen, about ſeventy meaſured miles. The congregation in the evening was larger than the uſual one at Edinburgh. And the number of thoſe who attended in the morning, ſhewed they were not all curious hearers.

Sunday 8. Knowing no reaſon why we ſhould make God's day the ſhorteſt of the ſeven, I deſired Joſeph Thompſon to preach at five. At eight I preached myſelf. In the afternoon I heard a ſtrong, cloſe ſermon, at Old Aberdeen: and afterward preached in the College-kirk, to a very genteel, and yet ſerious congregation. I then opened and enforced *the way of holineſs*, at New Aberdeen, on a numerous congregation. Monday 9. I kept a watch-night, and explained to abundance of genteel people, *One thing is needful:* a great number of whom would not go away, till after the noon of night.

Tueſday 10. I rode over to Sir Archibald Grant's. The church was pretty well filled. And I ſpoke exceeding plain. Yet the hearers did not appear to be any more affected than the ſtone-walls.

Wedneſday 11. I returned to Aberdeen, where

many of the people were much alive to God. With theſe our labour has not been in vain. And they are worth all the pains we have taken in Scotland.

Friday 13. We reached Brechin, a little before twelve. Quickly after I began preaching in the fleſh-market, on the *one thing needful.* It being the fair-day, the town was full of ſtrangers: and perhaps ſome of them were found of him they ſought not. I preached in the evening at Dundee, with greater liberty than ever before. Saturday 14. It rained from the moment we ſet out, till (about one) we came to King-horn. Finding the boat was not to move till four o'clock, I purpoſed to hire a pinnace. But the wind ſpringing up fair, I went into the large boat. Quickly it fell calm again: ſo that we did not get over till paſt ſeven.

Sunday 15. Our room was very warm in the afternoon, through the multitude of people: a great number of whom were people of faſhion, with many miniſters. I ſpoke to them with the utmoſt plainneſs: and I believe not in vain. For we had ſuch a congregation at five in the morning, as I never ſaw at Edinburgh before. * It is ſcarce poſſible to ſpeak *too plain* in England: but it is ſcarce poſſible to ſpeak *plain enough* in Scotland. And if you do not, you loſe all your labour: you plow upon the ſand.

Monday 16. I took a view of one of the greateſt

eſt natural curioſities in the kingdom; what is called Arthur's Seat, a ſmall, rocky eminence, ſix or ſeven yards acroſs, on the top of an exceeding high mountain, not far from Edinburgh. The proſpect from the top of the caſtle is large: but it is nothing in compariſon of this. In the evening we had another Sunday's congregation; who ſeemed more affected than the day before. Tueſday 17. It rained much; yet abundance of people came: and again God made bare his arm. I can now leave Edinburgh with comfort: for I have fully delivered my own ſoul.

Wedneſday 18. I ſet out for Glaſgow. In the afternoon the rain poured down, ſo that we were glad to take ſhelter in a little houſe, where I ſoon began to talk with our hoſt's daughter, eighteen or nineteen years old. But to my ſurprize I found her as ignorant of the nature of religion as an Hottentot. And many ſuch I have found in Scotland; able to read, nay and repeat the catechiſm: but wholly unacquainted with true religion, yea and all genuine morality. This evening we were in the houſe: but the next I preached abroad, to many more than the houſe could contain. On Friday the number was greatly increaſed; but much more on Saturday. I then enlarged upon *communion with God*, as the only real, ſcriptural religion. And I believe many felt, that with all their *orthodoxy*, they had no *religion* ſtill.

* What a difference there is between the ſociety here, and that at Dundee? There are about ſixty members there, and ſcarce more than ſix ſcriptural believers. Here are ſeventy-four members, and near thirty among them lively, zealous believers; one of whom was juſtified thirty years ago, and another of them two and forty. And ſeveral of them have been for many years rejoicing in God their Saviour.

Sunday 22. At ſeven I was obliged to preach abroad, and the word ſunk deep into the hearers. I almoſt wondered at myſelf for ſpeaking ſo plain, and wondered how they could bear it. It is the Lord's doing! In the afternoon Mr. Gillies was unuſually cloſe and convincing. At five I preached on, *O that thou haſt known, at leaſt in this thy day, the things that make for thy peace!* I almoſt deſpaired of making the whole congregation hear; but by their behaviour it ſeemed they did. In the cloſe I enlarged upon their prejudices, and explained myſelf with regard to moſt of them. Shame, concern, and a mixture of various paſſions, were painted on moſt faces. And I perceived the Scots, if you touch but the right key, receive as lively impreſſions as the Engliſh.

Monday 23. We rode in a mild, cool day to Thorny-hill, about ſixty (meaſured) miles from Glaſgow. * Here I met with Mr. Knox's hiſtory of the church of Scotland. And could any man

man wonder, if the members of it were more fierce, ſour, and bitter of ſpirit than ſome of them are? For what a pattern have they before them! I know it is commonly ſaid, "The work to be done *needed* ſuch a ſpirit." Not ſo: the work of God does not, cannot *need* the work of the devil to forward it. And a *calm* even ſpirit goes through *rough* work far better than a *furious* one. Although therefore God did uſe at the time of the reformation, ſour, over-bearing, paſſionate men, yet he did not uſe them *becauſe* they were ſuch, but *notwithſtanding* they were ſo. And there is no doubt, he would have uſed them *much more*, had they been of an humbler and milder ſpirit.

Tueſday 24. Before eight we reached Dumfries, and after a ſhort bait we puſhed on, in hopes of reaching Solway-frith, before the ſea was come in. Deſigning to call at an inn by the Frith ſide, we inquired the way, and were directed to leave the main road, and go ſtrait to the houſe, which we ſaw before us. In ten minutes Duncan Wright was embogged. However the horſe plunged on, and got through. I was inclined to turn back. But Duncan telling me, I needed only go a little to the left, I did ſo, and ſunk at once to my horſe's ſhoulders. He ſprung up twice, and twice ſung again, each time deeper than before. At the third plunge he threw me on one ſide, and we both made ſhift to ſcramble out.

I was

I was covered with fine, ſoft mud, from my feet to the crown of my head: yet, bleſſed be God, not hurt at all. But we could not croſs till between ſeven and eight o'clock. An honeſt man croſſed with us, who went two miles out of his way, to guide us over the ſands to Skilborneze: where we found a little, clean houſe and paſſed a comfortable night.

Wedneſday 25. We rode on to Whitehaven. Here I ſpent the reſt of the week. Sunday 29. I appointed the children to meet me; and deſired Mr. Atlay to meet them for the time to come. At one, Robert Williams preached in the market-place, to ſome thouſands of people, all quiet and attentive. About five I preached near the town to a willing multitude, many of whom ſeemed to be cut to the heart.

Monday 30. About two we reached Penrith. Two of our friends guided us thence to Appleby, a county-town worthy of Ireland, containing at leaſt, five and twenty houſes. I was deſired to preach here; but being very wet, I choſe to ride on to Arthur Johnſon's, near Brough.

I would willingly have preached, (though we had rode upwards of ſeventy miles) but it was a lone houſe, and there was not time to gather a congregation. Tueſday, July 1. The neighbours ſoon came together, to whom I preached at ſeven, and then rode on to Barnard-caſtle, and met the ſtewards of the ſocieties, greatly increaſed ſince I was here before. At ſix I preached in an open

ſpace,

ſpace, adjoining to the preaching-houſe. As the militia were in the town, the far greater part of them attended, with a large congregation from town and country. It rained moſt of the time I was ſpeaking: but I believe hardly ſix perſons went away. At the love-feaſt which followed, ſeveral ſpoke their experience, with all ſimplicity. One poor mourner was ſet at liberty, and many greatly comforted.

Wedneſday 2. About noon I preached in Teeſdale, and in Wardale at ſix in the evening. Here a poor woman was brought to us, who had been diſordered ſeveral years, and was now raving-mad. She curſed and blaſphemed in a terrible manner, and could not ſtand or ſit ſtill for a moment. However her huſband conſtrained her to come to the place where I was going to preach. And he held her there by main ſtrength, although ſhe ſhrieked in the moſt dreadful manner. But in a quarter of an hour, ſhe left off ſhrieking, and ſat motionleſs and ſilent, till ſhe began crying to God, which ſhe continued to do, almoſt without intermiſſion, till we left her.

Thurſday 3. We rode through a pleaſant vale to Woolſingham, where I began ſinging near the middle of the town. A few ſoon gathered together, and their number increaſed all the time I was preaching. Only one young man behaved amiſs, ſtriving to divert them that was near him.

But

But they would not be diverted: ſo that after a while he grew ſerious too.

In the evening we came once more to Newcaſtle. On Saturday I rode to Sunderland: and at eight the next morning preached at the eaſt end of the town, to a huge multitude, the greater part of whom had little thought of God or devil. Thence we returned to Gateſhead-fell, where was a multitude of another kind, ripe for the whole goſpel. Here therefore, as well as at the Garth-heads about five, I enlarged on thoſe ſolemn words, *To day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.*

Monday 7. I rode to Durham, and preached about noon on our Lord's lamentation over Jeruſalem. In the evening, the rain hindering me from preaching in the ſtreet, at Hartlepool, I had a large congregation in the Aſſembly-room. Many of them were preſent again in the morning, and ſeemed *almoſt perſuaded to be Chriſtians.*

Tueſday 8. While I was preaching at Stockton, a drunken man made ſome diſturbance. I turned and ſpoke ſtrongly to him. He ſtood reproved, and liſtened with much attention. Wedneſday 9. We had our quarterly meeting at Yarm. The ſocieties in this circuit increaſe: that is, among the poor; for the rich, generally ſpeaking, *care for none of theſe things.*

Thurſday 10. About two in the afternoon I preached at Potto, and in the evening at Hutton-rudbey,

rudbey. Here is the largeſt ſociety in theſe parts, and the moſt alive to God. After ſpending ſome time with them all, I met thoſe apart, who believe they are ſaved from ſin. * I was agreeably ſurprized. I think not above two, out of ſixteen or ſeventeen whom I examined, have loſt the *direct witneſs* of that ſalvation, ever ſince they experienced it.

Friday 11. I preached at five on The Spies, who *brought up an evil report* on the good land. I breakfaſted at ——'s and met with a very remarkable family. He himſelf, his wife, and three of his daughters, are a pattern to all round about them. About nine I preached in the new houſe at Stokeſly: but it would by no means contain the congregation. I came to Giſborough, a little before twelve, and found notice had been given of my preaching there. So having no time to loſe, I began without delay, in the ſtreet, where I alighted. I had a ſerious congregation in a few minutes, and did not at all repent of my labour. After riding on to Whitby, and preaching at ſeven, I was no more tired than when I roſe in the morning.

Sunday 13. I preached at ſeven in the room; at one in the main-ſtreet on the other ſide the water. A vaſt multitude quickly ran together, and were deeply attentive. At five I preached in the new market place, to a ſtill larger congregation. A great number of them attended

attended at five in the morning, and we had a ſolemn parting.

About one I preached in the little ſquare at Robinhood's-bay, and rode on to Scarborough. We were met near the town by a furious thunder ſhower, but it was quickly over. And a fair evening following, I preached in the garden, to a tolerably ſerious congregation.

Tueſday 15. I had much converſation with Mr. C. whom ſome had again taken true pains to prejudice. I think he is once more ſet right, but fear, it will not continue long. It rained hard at ſix; but was fair at ſeven. Juſt as I ended my ſermon the rain began again.

Wedneſday 16. About ten I reached Middleton, near Pickering. The church was pretty well filled. I preached on part of the ſecond leſſon, John iv. particularly the 24th verſe. And all the congregation ſeemed earneſt to know, how they might *worſhip* God, *in ſpirit and in truth.*

In the evening moſt of the congregation at Malton were of another kind. But a whole troop of the Oxford-Blues, who ſtood together, and were deeply ſerious, kept them in awe. So that all behaved decently, and many of the ſoldiers were preſent again in the morning.

Thurſday 17. In the way to Beverly, I called upon Sir Charles Hotham, and ſpent a comfortable hour. I preached before the time appointed at Hull, by which means the room was but moderately

derately filled. It was near full at five in the morning: at noon I believe few were unaffected. When we took horſe in the afternoon, it was quite calm, and the ſun was extremely ſcorching. But the wind ſoon roſe and brought on the clouds: ſo we had a pleaſant ride to Beverley. I preached at ſix in an houſe as warm as an oven; and the people were tolerably attentive. Who knows but we may *find again after many days*, the bread we are now *caſting upon the waters?*

Saturday 19. I took a view of Beverly-minſter, ſuch a pariſh-church as has ſcarce its fellow in England. It is a moſt beautiful as well as ſtately building, both within and without, and is kept more nicely clean than any cathedral, which I have ſeen in the kingdom. But where will it be, when the *earth is burnt up, and the elements melt with fervent heat?* About one I preached at Pocklington, (though my ſtrength was much exhauſted) and in the evening at York.

Sunday 20. After preaching at eight, I went to St. Saviourgate-church. Towards the cloſe of the prayer, the rector ſent the ſexton to tell me, "The pulpit was at my ſervice." I preached on the concluſion of the goſpel for the day, *Not every one that ſaith unto me, Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doth the will of my Father which is in heaven.* I did not ſee one perſon laugh or ſmile, though we had a moſt elegant congregation.

Wedneſday

Wednesday 23. I went on to Tadcaster. Here Mr. J——m had once a far larger society than ours: but it is now shrunk into nothing: ours mean time is continually increasing. In the evening rich and poor flocked together, to whom I explained, *We know that we are of God:* namely, *by the spirit which he hath given us:* by the witness of the spirit, and by the fruit confirming that witness.

Thursday 24. I preached at Pately-bridge. Such a congregation, both for number and seriousness, I have not seen since we left Newcastle. As it rained, I desired the men to put on their hats: but in two or three minutes they pulled them off again, and seemed to mind nothing but how they might *know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Friday 25. We rode to Skipton in Craven. I designed to preach in the market place: but the rain prevented. So I stood near Mr. Garforth's house, where many were under shelter. But many remained without, seeming not to think whether it rained or not. Will all these be *barren and unfruitful?*

Saturday 26. I preached at Adlingham about nine, and at Guiseley in the evening. Sunday 27. As Baleden church would not near contain the congregation, after the prayers were ended I came out into the church-yard, both morning and afternoon. The wind was extremely high, and blew in my face all the time: yet I believe

all

all the people could hear. But at Bradford there was ſo huge a multitude, and the rain ſo damped my voice that many in the ſkirts of the congregation could not hear diſtinctly. They have juſt built a preaching-houſe. Fifty-four feet ſquare, the largeſt octogon we have in England. And it is the firſt of the kind where the roof is built with common ſenſe, riſing only a third of its breadth: yet it is as firm as any in England; nor does it at all hurt the walls. Why then does any roof riſe higher? Only through want of ſkill, or want of honeſty, in the builder.

* Tueſday 29. I preached at Coln. And here I found one whom I had ſent for, ſeveral years ago. She lives two miles from Coln, and is of an unblamable behaviour. Her name is Ann A—n. She is now in the twenty-ſixth year of her age. The account ſhe gives is as follows. "I cannot now remember the particulars, which I told Mr. Grimſhaw from time to time. But I well remember, that from the time I was about four years old, after I was in bed, I uſed to ſee ſeveral perſons walking up and down the room. They all uſed to come very near the bed, and look upon me, but ſay nothing. Some of them looked very ſad, and ſome looked very chearful. Some ſeemed pleaſed, others very angry: and theſe frayed me ſore. Eſpecially a man and a woman of our own pariſh, who ſeemed fighting, and died ſoon after. None of them ſpake to me but a lad about ſixteen,

teen, who a week before died of the ſmall-pox. I ſaid to him, "You are dead! How did you get out of the other place?" He ſaid, "Eaſily enough." I ſaid, "Nay, I think, if I was there, I ſhould not get out ſo eaſily." He looked exceeding angry. I was frighted, and began to pray, and he vaniſhed away. If it was ever ſo dark, when any of them appeared, there was light all round them. This continued till I was ſixteen or ſeventeen. But it frighted me more and more. And I was troubled, becauſe people talked about me: and many told me, I was a witch. This made me cry earneſtly to God to take it away from me. In a week or two it was all at an end. And I have ſeen nothing ſince."

In the evening I preached near the preaching-houſe at Paddiham, and ſtrongly inſiſted on communion with God, as the only religion that would avail us. At the cloſe of the ſermon came Mr. M. his long, white beard, ſhewed that his preſent diſorder was of ſome continuance. In all other reſpects he was quite ſenſible: but he told me, with much concern, "You can have no "place in heaven without—a beard! Therefore "I beg let yours grow immediately."

Wedneſday 30. I rode to Roſendale, which notwithſtanding its name is little elſe than a chain of mountains. The rain in the evening obliged me to preach in the new houſe, near a village called New Church. As many as could crowded in,

in, and many more ſtood at the door. But many were conſtained to go away. Thurſday 31. I preached at Bacup, and then rode on to Hepton-ſtall. The tall mountain, on which it ſtands, is quite ſteep and abrupt, only where the roads are made: and the deep valleys that ſurround it, as well as the ſides of the mountains beyond, are well cloathed with graſs, corn and trees. I preached with great enlargement of heart, on *Now is the day of ſalvation.* The renegade Methodiſts, firſt turning Calviniſts, then Anabaptiſts, made much confuſion here for a ſeaſon. But as they now have taken themſelves away, the poor people are in peace again.

Friday Auguſt 2. I rode to Ewood. The laſt time I was here, young Mr. Grimſhaw received us in the ſame hearty manner as his father uſed to do. But he too is now gone into eternity! So in a few years the family is extinct! I preached at one in a meadow near the houſe to a numerous congregation. And we ſang with one heart,

" Let ſickneſs blaſt and death devour,
" If heaven will recompenſe our pains:
" Periſh the graſs and fade the flower,
" Since firm the word of God remains."

In the evening I preached at Halifax. When I began the ſun was intenſely hot. But quickly the clouds covered him.

Sunday

Sund. 3. When the prayers at Haworth were ended, I preached from a little ſcaffold on the ſouth ſide of the church, on thoſe words in the goſpel. *O that thou hadſt known the things that belong unto thy peace* ! The communicants alone (a ſight which has not been ſeen ſince Mr. Grimſhaw's death) filled the church. In the afternoon the congregation was ſuppoſed to be the largeſt which had ever been there. But ſtrength was given me in proportion ; ſo that I believe all could hear.

Monday 4. At One I preached at Bingley, but with an heavy heart, finding ſo many of the Methodiſts here, as well as at Haworth perverted by the Anabaptiſts. I ſee clearer and clearer, none will keep to us, unleſs they keep to the church. Whoever ſeparate from the church, will ſeparate from the Methodiſts. In the afternoon I went to Otley. But the town ſeemed to be run mad. Such noiſe, hurry, drunkenneſs, rioting, confuſion, I know not when I have met with before. It was their feaſt-day ! A feaſt of Bacchus, or Venus, or Belial ? O ſhame to a Chriſtian country ! However, both the ſmall and great rabble were ſo engaged, that they had no leiſure to moleſt us : ſo that I preached to a large congregation under the hill with perfect quietneſs.

Tueſday 5. I rode to Bradford. Wedneſday 6. I preached at one in Great Gummerſal ; in the evening at Dewſbury. The congregation was as large as at Bradford, and as attentive. Although

a few

a few years ſince the people of Daw-Green were as eminently ſavage and irreligious, as even the colliers of Kingſwood.

Thurſday 7. We had as hot a day as moſt I have known in Georgia. However, about noon I rode to Harbury: but it was impracticable to preach abroad. So we retired into the new houſe: but this too was as hot as an oven. Some of the people behaved exceeding ill at firſt: but it was ſoon over. In a few minutes the whole congregation was as ſerious and attentive as that at Daw-Green.

Friday 8. I rode over to Huddersfield. The church, though large was exceeding hot, through the multitude of people: on whom I inforced St Paul's words, *God forbid that I ſhould glory, ſave in the croſs of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.* How we ſhould have rode back, I knew not: but that the wind which was in our face as we came, was again in our face as we returned. At Birſtal we found many of our brethren from various parts. One of them was mentioning a remarkable caſe. David Prince, of Thorner, near Leeds, had been ſtone-blind for many years, and was without God in the world, till paſt fourſcore. At about eighty-one he received remiſſion of ſins, and from that hour he never loſt the ſenſe of it. When he was aſked, how he did? His anſwer was, "happier and happier." In the eighty-fifth year of his age, his ſpirit returned to God.

Sunday 10. After Mr. Eaſtwood had read

prayers I came out into the church-yard, and preached to four-times as many as the church could contain, on *Are not Abana and Pharphar better than all the waters of Iſrael?* About one I preached at Daw-Green. I judged the congregation cloſely wedged together to extend forty yards one way, and about an hundred the other. Now ſuppoſe five to ſtand in a yard ſquare, they would amount to twenty thouſand people. I began preaching at Leeds between five and ſix, to juſt ſuch another congregation. This was the hardeſt day's work I have had ſince I left London; being obliged to ſpeak at each place from the beginning to the end, to the utmoſt extent of my voice. But my ſtrength was as my day.

Tueſday 12. Our conference began, and ended on Friday evening. An happier conference we never had, nor a more profitable one. It was both begun and ended in love, and with a ſolemn ſenſe of the preſence of God.

Sunday 17. After preaching in Leeds at ſeven, I rode to Birſtal, and heard a ſound, uſeful ſermon, on *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.* At One I preached to an immenſe multitude, on *Come, Lord Jeſus!* I then ſet out for Rotherham. But the next day I turned off from the road I had deſigned to take, and going on to Leiceſter that night, on Wedneſday reached London.

It was at the earneſt requeſt of —, whoſe heart God has turned again, without any expectation of mine,

mine, that I came hither so suddenly. And if no other good result from it, but our firm union with Mr. Whitefield, it is an abundant recompence for my labour. My brother and I conferred with him every day: and let the honourable men do what they please, we resolved by the grace of God, to go on hand in hand, through honour and dishonour.

Sunday 24. The chapel was sufficiently crowded, both morning and afternoon. And God was eminently present. In the evening I went to Brentford, and saw a remarkable monument of mercy: a man, who in the full career of sin, was so hurt by a fall, that there was no hope of his life. But after deep repentance, God broke in upon his soul, and gave him a better hope. So that he is now little concerned about life or death, but praises God all the day-long. Monday 25. We set out early from Brentford, and reached Bath on Tuesday in the afternoon.

Many were not a little surprized in the evening at seeing me in the countess of H's. chapel. The congregation was not only large but serious; and I fully delivered my own soul. So I am in no concern, whether I preach there again, or no. I have no choice concerning it.

Wednesday 27. I rode to Bristol, and the next day delivered the management of Kingswood-house, to stewards on whom I could depend. So I have cast an heavy load off my shoulders. Blessed be God for able and faithful men, who

will do his work, without any temporal reward.

Friday 29. In my way to Cornwall, I preached at Shepton-mallet at nine: in Wincaunton at one. I was throughly tired before we came to Shaftſbury: however at ſix I preached in the new-houſe, filled within and without, to the no ſmall aſtoniſhment, it ſeemed, of moſt of the hearers. But it was a time of conſolation, as well as conviction. I truſt, many will experience both in this houſe.

Saturday 30. We rode to Stallbridge, long the ſeat of war, by a ſenſeleſs inſolent mob, encouraged by their betters ſo called, to outrage their quiet neighbours. For what? "Why they were mad: They were Methodiſts." So to bring them to their ſenſes, they would beat their brains out. They broke their windows, leaving not one whole pane of glaſs, ſpoiled their goods, and aſſaulted their perſons, with dirt, and rotten eggs, and ſtones, when ever they appeared in the ſtreet. But no magiſtrate, though they applied to ſeveral, would ſhew them either mercy or juſtice. At length they wrote to me. I ordered a lawyer to write to the rioters: he did ſo; but they ſet him at nought. We then moved the court of King's-Bench. By various artifices, they got the trial put off, from one aſſizes to another, for eighteen months. But it fell ſo much the heavier on themſelves, when they were found guilty. And from that time, finding "there is law for Methodiſts,"

Methodiſts," they have ſuffered them to be at peace.

I preached near the main-ſtreet, without the leaſt diſturbance to a large and attentive congregation. Thence we rode on to Axminſter, but were throughly wet, before we came thither. The rain obliged me to preach within at ſix. But at ſeven on Sunday morning, I cried in the market place, *The Kingdom of God it at hand: repent ye and believe the goſpel.*

In the evening I preached in the ſtreet at Aſhburton. Many behaved with decency; but the reſt, with ſuch ſtupid rudeneſs as I have not ſeen for a long time in any part of England.

Monday September 1. I came to Plymouth-Dock, where after heavy ſtorms, there is now a calm. The houſe, notwithſtanding the new galleries, was extreamly crowded in the evening. I ſtrongly exhorted the back-ſliders to return to God. And I believe many received the word of exhortation.

Tueſday 2. Being invited to preach in the tabernacle at Plymouth, I began, about two in the afternoon. In the evening I was offered the uſe of Mr. Whitefield's room at the Dock: but large as it is, it would not contain the congregation. At the cloſe of the ſermon, a large ſtone was thrown in at one of the windows which came juſt behind me and fell at my feet, the beſt place that could have been found. So no one

was either hurt or frighted, not many knowing any thing of the matter.

Wednesday 3. I rode to Medros, where there was last year the most lively society in Cornwall. But they are decreased both in number and strength; many who were then strong in the Lord being now weak and faint. However we had a deeply serious congregation in the evening and a remarkable blessing at the meeting of the society.

Thursday 4. At noon I preached in Truro. I was in hopes, when Mr. Walker died, the enmity in those who were called *his people* would have died also. But it is not so. They still look upon us as rank heretics, and will have no fellowship with us. In the evening I preached at Penryn in the main-street, at the door of one of the chief gentlemen in the town. I never saw such a congregation here before. And all seemed to hear as for life.

Friday 5. I preached near Helston, to an exceeding large and serious congregation. What a surprising change is wrought here also, within a few years! Where a Methodist preacher could hardly go through the street, without a shower of stones.

Saturday 6. At one, I began preaching in a meadow adjoining to Penzance. The whole congregation behaved well. The old bitterness is gone. And perhaps, had it not been market-day, I might have had a quiet hearing in the market-place.

place. In the evening I preached at Newlin. Small rain fell all the time. But none went away.

Sunday 7. At eight I preached in Mouſehole, a large village ſouth-weſt from Newlin. Thence I went to Beryan church: and as ſoon as the ſervice was ended, preached near the church-yard, to a numerous congregation. Juſt after I began, I ſaw a gentleman before me, ſhaking his whip, and vehemently ſtriving to ſay ſomething. But he was abundantly too warm, to ſay any thing intelligibly. So, after walking a while to and fro, he wiſely took horſe and rode away.

The multitude of people at St. Juſt conſtrained me to preach abroad, though it rained the whole time. But this did not diſcourage the congregation, who not only ſtayed till I had concluded, but were not in haſte to go away then; many ſtill hovering about the place.

Tueſday 9. In riding to St. Ives, I called on one with whom I uſed to lodge, two or three and twenty years ago, Alice Daniel at Roſemargay. Her ſons are all gone from her: and ſhe has but one daughter left, who is always ill. Her huſband is dead. And ſhe can no longer read her bible: for ſhe is ſtone-blind. Yet ſhe murmurs at nothing, but chearfully waits till her appointed time ſhall come. How many of theſe jewels may lie hid up and down? Forgotten of men, but precious in the ſight of God!

In the evening I preached at St. Ives, a little

above the town, to the largeſt congregation I ever ſaw there. Indeed nearly the whole town ſeems convinced of the truth, yea and almoſt perſuaded to be Chriſtians.

Wedneſday 10. I preached at Lelant about one; but the rain drove us into the houſe. And at St. Ives, all I could do was to preach to as many as the houſe would hold, and a few at the door. But the next evening I ſtood in the meadow again, and inforced thoſe ſolemn words, *Come, Lord Jeſus!*

Friday 12. I rode to St. Hilary's, and in the evening preached near the new houſe, on *Awake thou that ſleepeſt!* In returning to my lodging, it being dark, my horſe was juſt ſtepping into a tin-pit, when an honeſt man caught him by the bridle, and turned his head the other way.

Saturday 13. I preached at noon in the new houſe in Crowan, it being a very ſtormy day. But I knew not what to do at Redruth in the evening: the houſe was far too ſmall: and the wind was exceeding high, and brought on frequent and heavy ſhowers. However I choſe the moſt convenient part of the ſtreet. And we had but one ſhort ſhower till I concluded.

Sunday 14. I preached in St. Agnes at eight. The congregation in Redruth at one was the largeſt I ever had ſeen there; but ſmall, compared to that which aſſembled at five, in the natural amphitheatre at Gwenap, far the fineſt I know

know in the kingdom. It is a round, green hollow, gently ſhelving down, about fifty feet deep; but I ſuppoſe it is two hundred acroſs one way, and near three hundred the other. I believe there were full twenty thouſand people, and in the evening being calm, all could hear.

Monday 15. I preached at St. Cuthbert's, and next morning rode on to St. Columbs. Being deſired to break the ice here, I began preaching without delay, in a gentleman's yard, adjoining to the main-ſtreet. I choſe this, as neither too public, nor too private. I fear the greater part of the audience, underſtood full little of what they heard. However they behaved with ſeriouſneſs and good-manners.

Hence I rode to Port-Iſaac, now one of the livelieſt places in Cornwall. The weather being uncertain, I preached near the houſe. But there was no rain while I preached; except the gracious rain which God ſent upon his inheritance.

Here Mr. B. met me, who, for fear of offending the biſhop, broke off all commerce with the Methodiſts. He had no ſooner done this, than the biſhop rewarded him, by turning him out of his curacy: which, had he continued to walk in Chriſtian ſimplicity, he would probably have had to this day.

Wedneſday 17. I twice ſtopt a violent bleeding from a cut, by applying a brier-leaf. The room at Launceſton would not near contain the congregation in the evening, to whom I ſtrongly

applied the case of *the impotent man* at the pool of Bethesda. Many were much affected. But O! how few, are *willing to be made whole?*

Thursday 18. I rode to Collumpton, preached at six, and then went on to Tiverton. Friday 19. came a messenger from Jo. Magor, dangerously ill at Sidmouth, four or five and twenty miles off, to tell me he could not die in peace till he had seen me. So the next morning after preaching I set out: spent an hour with him by which he was exceedingly refreshed; and returned to Tiverton time enough to rest a little, before the evening preaching.

Sunday 21. I preached morning and evening, in the market-house, and at one in an open place at Bampton. Monday 22. I preached in the street at Culumbstock, to almost all the inhabitants of the town. A little before six in the evening I preached at Mr. Jones's door in Middlesey. Many of the hearers did once run well: some of whom resolve to set out anew. Tuesday 23. at eleven I preached to a large and serious congregation at Lymsham-green. When I concluded, a clergyman began to entertain the people, with a dispute concerning lay-preachers. In the instant began a violent shower: so they left him to himself. But it was fair again in the afternoon, and we had a pleasant ride to Bristol.

Sunday 28. I preached in Princes-street at eight, in Kingswood at two, and at five near the New square. The last especially was an acceptable

able time: particularly while I was explaining, *Neither can they die any more, but are the children of God, being children of the resurrection.*

In the following days, I preached at Pensford, Paulton, Coleford, Buckland, Frome, Beckington, Freshford and Bradford. Sunday, October 5 at eight I administered the sacrament at Lady H's. chappel in Bath. At eleven I preached there on those words in the gospel for the day, *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.* The word was quick and powerful, and I trust many, even of the rich and great, felt themselves sinners before God.

Several evenings this week I preached at Bristol, on the education of children. Some answered all, by that poor, lame, miserable shift, "O he has no children of his own." But many of a nobler spirit, owned the truth and pleaded guilty before God.

Thursday 9. I waited on the good, old bishop of Londonderry, and spent two or three hours in useful conversation. In the evening I preached again at my Lady's chapel, to another numerous congregation. Who knows but a few among this gay multitude, may *work out their salvation with fear and trembling?*

Friday 10. I took a ride to Cheltenham. It being too cold to preach abroad, at six I preached in the chappel, and fully declared the whole counsel of God. Afterwards I examined the little society, and found the greater part of them

lively believers, and quite free from bigotry which is common among churchmen, and ſtill more among diſſenters. The next day, after preaching at five, and at eight in Gloceſter, I had a pleaſant ride to Briſtol.

Sunday 12. I took my leave of Princeſs-ſtreet for this ſeaſon. We had ſuch a congregation at Kingſwood at ten, as I have ſcarce ſeen there for theſe twenty years. And at two I was obliged to preach abroad. Sunday 19. I preached once more in the ſquare: and in the morning, Monday 20, left Briſtol, with a firm hope, that both here and at Kingſwood, things will now be conducted to the glory of God and the honour of true religion. In the evening I preached an healing ſermon at Bath, on Col. iii. 9. The next day I went on to Saliſbury and preached in as rouſing a manner as I could, on *One thing is needful.* Thurſday 23. I preached at Rumſey: the next day at Wincheſter, Whitchurch and Baſingſtoke: where many attended at five on Saturday morning. In the afternoon I came to London.

Sunday 26. I preached at Weſt-ſtreet in the morning to a crowded audience, and in the evening at the Foundery. How pleaſing would it be, to play between Briſtol and London, and preach always to ſuch congregations as theſe! But what *account* then ſhould I *give of* my *ſtewardſhip*, when I *can be no longer ſteward?*

Monday 27. I rode to Wycombe. The room

was

was much crowded; and yet could not contain the congregation. In the morning too they flocked together in such a manner, as had not been seen here before. In the evening I preached at Witney, (where a little company stand fast together) and thrice the next day, endeavouring to lay *line upon line, and precept upon precept.*

Thursday 30. At one I preached in Wattleton, and thence rode with some difficulty, the wind being exceeding high, over the mountain to Wycombe. The congregation was as before, both for number and earnestness. So at length we see the fruit of our labour.

* Friday 31. At my return to London, I found it needful to hasten to Laton-stone. But I came too late. Miss Lewen died the day before, after an illness of five days. Some hours before, she witnessed that good confession,

"Nature's last agony is o'er,
"And cruel sin subsists no more."

A while after she cried out, earnestly, "Do not you see him? There he is! Glory, glory, glory! I shall be with him for ever, for ever, for ever."

So died Margaret Lewen! A pattern to all young women of fortune in England: a real bible Christian. So she *rests from her labours, and her works do follow her.*

Saturday, November 1. "God who hath knit together his elect in one communion and fellowship,"

ſhip," gave us a ſolemn ſeaſon at Weſt-ſtreet (as uſual) in praiſing him for all his ſaints. On this day in particular, I commonly find the truth of theſe words;

The church triumphant in his love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They praiſe the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

Monday 3. I rode to Brentford, where all was quiet, both in the congregation and the ſociety. Tueſday 4. I preached at Brentford, Batterſea, Deptford and Welling, and examined the ſeveral ſocieties. Wedneſday 5. I rode by Shoreham to Sevenoaks. * In the little journies which I have lately taken, I have thought much on the huge encomiums, which have been for many ages beſtowed on a *country-life*. How have all the learned world cried out,

O Fortunati nimium, bona ſi ſua norint,
Agricolæ!

But after all, what a flat contradiction is this, to univerſal experience? See that little houſe, under the wood, by the river-ſide! There is *rural life* in perfection. How happy then is the farmer that lives there? Let us take a detail of his happineſs. He riſes with, or before the ſun, calls his ſervants,

ſervants, looks to his ſwine and cows; then to his ſtables and barns. He ſees to the ploughing and ſowing his ground, in winter or in ſpring. In ſummer and autumn he hurries and ſweats, among his mowers and reapers. And where is his happineſs in the mean time? Which of theſe employments do we envy? Or do we envy the delicate repaſt that ſucceeds, which the poet ſo languiſhes for?

O quando faba, Pythagoræ cognata, ſimulque
Uncta ſatis pingui ponentur oluſcula lardo!

O the happineſs of eating *beans well greaſed with fat bacon!* Nay, and *cabbage* too! Was Horace in his ſenſes when he talked thus? Or the ſervile herd of his imitators? Our eyes and ears may convince us, there is not a leſs happy body of men in all England than the country farmers. In general, their life is ſupremely dull; and it is uſually unhappy too. For of all people in the kingdom they are moſt diſcontented; ſeldom ſatisfied either with God or man.

Monday 10. I ſet out early for Northampton. But before we came to Luton, James Glaſbrook met me, and informed me, that he had given notice of my preaching every day, at one place or another in Bedfordſhire. Upon reflection, we thought it beſt for Mr. Blackwell to go to Northampton, and for me to keep the appointments which had been made. So I preached in Luton

at

at two, and in the evening at Sundon. Tuesday 11. I preached between one and two, at a village called Milbrook, to a company of plain, serious people, and in the evening at Wotton-Pillidge: where several have already found this word to be *the power of God unto salvation*. Wednesday 12. I preached at two in Lidlington, to another company of plain, country people. Thence we crossed over to Copel, where is at present the most lively of all the little societies in Bedfordshire. Thursday 13. I rode to Bedford, and in the evening spoke with more plainness, I may indeed say roughness, than ever I did before, if haply God might rouse some of these drowsy people. Friday 14. I preached at Luton, and on Saturday returned to London.

Sunday 16. I strongly inculcated *family religion*, the grand desideratum among the Methodists. Many were ashamed before God, and at length adopted Joshua's resolution, *As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.*

Thursday 27. I conversed with a young clergyman full of good resolutions. But I judge it impossible they can hold: for he has not the least conception of his own weakness.

Sunday 30. I preached on the *education of children*, wherein we are so shamefully wanting. Many were now deeply convinced of this. I hope they will not all stifle that conviction.

Monday, December 8. I went to Canterbury, and on Wednesday 10, to Dover. At all the sea-

ports

ports we have a multitude of hearers. Is not this a token for good to the nation? Surely mercy *embraces us on every ſide.* Will it not likewiſe *go through the land?*

Thurſday 11. I preached at Dover, Sandwich, Ramſgate and Margate: on Friday at Canterbury. I have not ſeen this ſociety ſo at unity among themſelves for many years. Saturday 13. I left them with much ſatisfaction, and chearfully returned to London.

Monday 29. At five in the morning, I again began a courſe of ſermons on Chriſtian Perfection: if haply that thirſt after it might return, which was ſo general a few years ago. Since that time, how deeply have we grieved the holy Spirit of God? Yet two or three have lately received his pure love: and a few more are brought to the birth.

Thurſday, January 1, 1767. The whole ſociety met in the evening, in Spitalfields church, and ſolemnly renewed their covenant with God. Sunday 4. I buried the remains of Mary Clarke (formerly, Gardiner) who having been much hurt in the late conteſts, was during a lingering illneſs, firſt throughly convinced of her fall from God, and afterward throughly reſtored. She then vehemently exhorted all, not to ſtray from the fold; and died, rejoicing in the full ſalvation of God.

Sunday 11. I made a puſh for the lending-ſtock, ſpeaking more ſtrongly than ever I had done

done before. The effect was, that it was raiſed from about fifty to one hundred and twenty pounds.

* Tueſday 20. I buried the remains of Ann Wheeler, who, while ſhe was hearing the preaching in Moorfields four or five and twenty years ago, was ſtruck in the forehead with a ſtone, being then big with child. The daughter with whom ſhe then went, retains the mark of the ſtone in her forehead to this day.

Wedneſday 21. I had a converſation with an ingenious man, who proved to a demonſtration, that it was the duty of every many that could, to be *cloathed in purple and fine linen*, and to *fare ſumptuouſly every day:* and that he would do abundantly more good hereby, than he could do by *feeding the hungry and cloathing the naked.* O the depth of human underſtanding! What may not a man believe, *if he will?*

* Saturday 31. From the words of our bleſſed Lord, *He that followeth me ſhall not walk in darkneſs*, I largely ſhewed, that God never *deſerts* any man, unleſs he firſt *deſerts* God: and that, abſtracting from the bodily diſorders on the one hand, and violent temptation on the other, every believer may be happy as well as holy, and *walk in the light all the days of his life.*

Thurſday, February 5. I heard a melancholy relation. One who had run well for many years, a year or two ago, took violent offence at a perſon ſhe thought had uſed her ill. A week or two ſince

ſince ſhe was taken ill. But as her illneſs increaſed, ſo did her anger. She often cried out, "I cannot forgive, I will not forgive," and intermixed horrid ſhrieks, till ſhe died.

Tueſday 10. I baptized a young woman, who had been educated among the Anabaptiſts. God bore witneſs to his ordinance, and gave her ſuch a bleſſing, as ſhe could not find words to expreſs.

Thurſday 12. I preached at Laton-ſtone. O what an houſe of God is here! Not only for decency and order, but for the life and power of religion! I am afraid, there are very few ſuch to be found, in all the king's dominions.

* Sunday 15. I buried the remains of Richard Morris, who had been in the ſociety twenty years; and was a right honeſt man, but never convinced of ſin, till death began to look him in the face. And then he rather *ſaw* than *felt* his need of Chriſt. Yet when he called upon him even in his dull way, he was ſoon aſſured of his love; and continued praiſing and rejoicing, till his ſpirit returned to God.

Monday 16. I rode to Colcheſter, and found more life there than for ſeveral years. Why ſhould we deſpair of ſeeing good done in any place! How ſoon can God turn the wilderneſs into a fruitful field? Wedneſday 18. I preached at Herringswell, and the next day came to Norwich. Here I ſpent a few days much to my ſatisfaction, finding the people far more ſettled than

than ever. Monday 23. I rode to Yarmouth, and found the ſociety, after the example of Mr. W——p, had entirely left the church. I judged it needful to ſpeak largely upon that head. They ſtood reproved, and reſolved, one and all, to go to it again.

Tueſday 24. I was deſired to ride over to Leoſtoff. The houſe would not contain one fourth of the people: ſo that I was obliged to preach in the open air. And all behaved with great ſeriouſneſs.

Wedneſday 25. I took a liſt of the preſent ſociety in Norwich, conſiſting of one hundred and ſixty members. But I have far more comfort in it now than when it conſiſted of ſix hundred. Theſe know what they are about, and the greater part are not ignorant of Satan's devices.

Thurſday 26. I ſet out for London. A good part of the day, we had furious wind and rain full in our faces. However we puſhed on to Lakenheath. Notwithſtanding the ſeverity of the weather, the church was pretty well filled in the evening. The next evening we reached Hockerill, and London on Saturday in the afternoon.

On Aſh Wedneſday, March 4. I dined at a friend's with Mr. Whitefield, ſtill breathing nothing but love. Thurſday 5. I at length obliged Dr. D. by entering into the liſts with him. The

letter

letter I wrote (though not publiſhed till two or three weeks after) was as follows.

To the Editor of Lloyd's Evening Poſt.

SIR,

"Many times the publiſher of the Chriſtian Magazine, has attacked me without fear or wit. And hereby he has convinced his impartial readers, of one thing at leaſt, that (as the vulgar ſay) "his fingers ich to be at me;" that he has a paſſionate deſire to meaſure ſwords with me. But I have other work upon my hands: I can employ the ſhort remainder of my life to better purpoſe.

"The occaſion of his late attack, is this: Five or ſix and thirty years ago, I much admired the character of a perfect Chriſtian drawn by Clemens Alexandrinus. Five or ſix and twenty years ago, a thought came into my mind, of drawing ſuch a character myſelf, only in a more ſcriptural manner, and moſtly in the very words of ſcripture: this I intitled the "Character of a Methodiſt," believing that curioſity would incite more perſons to read it, and alſo that ſome prejudice might thereby be removed from candid men. But that none might imagine, I intended a panegyric either on myſelf or my friends, I guarded againſt this in the very title page, ſaying both in the name of myſelf and them, *Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect.*

perfect. To the same effect I speak in the conclusion, "These are the principles and practices of our sect; these are the marks of a true Methodist," (i. e. a true Christian, as I immediately after explain myself.) "By these alone do those, who are in derision so called, *desire* to be distinguished from other men," p. 11. By these marks do we *labour* to distinguish ourselves from those whose minds or lives are not according to the gospel of Christ," p. 12.

Upon this Rusticulus, or Dr. Dodd, says, "A Methodist, according to Mr. Wesley, is one who is perfect, and sinneth not in thought, word, or deed."

"Sir, have me excused. This is not *according to* Mr. Wesley. I have told all the world *I am not perfect:* and yet you allow me to be a Methodist. I tell you flat, *I have not attained* the character I draw. Will you pin it upon me in spite of my teeth?"

"But Mr. Wesley says, the other Methodists have." I say no such thing. What I say, after having given a scriptural account of a perfect Christian, is this: "By these marks the Methodists *desire* to be distinguished from other men; by these we *labour* to distinguish ourselves." And do not you yourself *desire* and *labour* after the very same thing?

"But you insist, "Mr. Wesley affirms the Methodists, *i. e.* all Methodists, to be perfectly holy

holy and righteous." Where do I affirm this? Not in the tract before us. In the front of this, I affirm just the contrary; and that I affirm it any where else, is more than I know: be pleased, Sir, to point out the place; till this is done, all you add (bitterly enough) is mere *brutum fulmen*. And the Methodists so called may still "declare, (without any impeachment of their sincerity,) that *they do not come to the holy table trusting in their own righteousness, but in God's manifold and great mercies.*"

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

JOHN WESLEY.

Sunday 8. In the evening I left London, and reached Bath on Tuesday in the afternoon, time enough to wait on that venerable man, the Bishop of Londonderry. After spending an agreeable and a profitable hour with him, my brother read prayers, and I preached at Lady H.'s chapel. I know not when I have seen a more serious, or more deeply attentive congregation. Is it possible? Can the gospel have place, where Satan's throne is?

Thursday 12. and the two following days, I examined the society in Bristol. Still I find the greatest part to be in peace and love, and none blameable as to their outward conversation. But life, power and "struggling into God" are wanting. Few are agonizing to be altogether Christians.

Monday

Monday 16. Finding no ſhip which could take over me and my horſes, I ſet out with Thomas Dancer for Liverpool. Wedneſday 18. I reached Wedneſbury, but with difficulty. For my horſe, which I left in October, to reſt for ſix months, had been rode all the winter, and was now galled, jaded and worn to ſkin and bones.

Thurſday 19. Puſhing through the rain and violent wind, we came in the evening to Nampwich. But I knew not where to go, till a good woman in the ſtreet aſked me, "If Mr. Weſley was come?" And conducted me to the place where the people were waiting. Many were noiſy at firſt, becauſe they could not get in. But when they did, all were ſilent.

Friday 20. I rode on through more ſtorms to Liverpool. But here too, I found no ſhip to carry my horſes. So Monday 23. I ſet out for Portpatrick. This day we rode but about forty miles: the next to Kendal, where I preached at ſix, and ſpent a comfortable evening at Serjeant Southwell's. Wedneſday 25. The rain, which began yeſterday noon, continued till noon to-day, without intermiſſion: but though driven againſt us by a ſtrong wind, it was nothing ſo troubleſome as the piercing cold, while we afterwards rode between the ſnowy mountains, the road alſo being covered with ſnow. However after a ſhort bait at Keſwick, we reached Cockermouth in the afternoon.

The

The mare T. Dancer rode being now quite lame, I left him to croſs over at Whitehaven. And Mr. Atlay, who came juſt in time, offered to accompany me to Portpatrick. Thurſday 26. We rode through miſerable roads to Solway-frith. But the guides were ſo deeply engaged at a cock-fight, that none could be procured to ſhew us over. We procured one however between three and four. But there was more ſea than we expected: ſo that notwithſtanding all I could do, my legs and the ſkirts of my coat were in the water. The motion of the waves made me a little giddy: but it had a ſtranger effect on Mr. Atlay. He loſt his ſight, and was juſt dropping off his horſe, when one of our fellow travellers caught hold of him. We rode on nine or ten miles, and lodged at a village called Ruthwell. Friday 27. We rode by Dumfries and the Bridge of Orr, over the Military-Way, to Gatehouſe of Fleet. But the houſe was filled with ſo noiſy company, that we expected little reſt. Before eleven however I fell aſleep, and heard nothing more, till between three and four in the morning.

Saturday 28. We rode to Portpatrick. Sunday 29. The packet-boat was ready in the morning; but waited for the mail, hour after hour, till paſt three in the afternoon. Hereby we avoided a violent ſtorm, and had only what they called a *freſh breeze*. However this breeze drove

us to Donaghadee, thirty miles, in about three hours.

Monday 30. I rode to Newtown, and in the evening preached in the market-houſe to a large number of ſerious hearers. The ſociety, I found, had been ſhattered in pieces, but were uniting again. To theſe I ſpoke more particularly in the morning. It may be they will yet have ears to hear.

Tueſday 31. After meeting the ſociety at Belfaſt, I rode on to Liſburn. At ſix I preached in the Linen-hall, (a ſmall ſquare ſo called) as alſo the two following evenings. We had many people of faſhion there, and the congregation increaſed continually. Friday, April 3. At the end of Dromore I met Robert Williams, who ſhewed me the way to Newry. A little after ſix I went to the market-houſe. But when I began I had only four hearers. A good number aſſembled before I had done; only none of the gentry. They were hindered by a buſineſs of more importance! Dreſſing for *the aſſembly*.

Sunday 5. I was in hopes of reaching Tandragee, before the church began. But it was farther off than we expected. At five in the evening we had the largeſt congregation I had ſeen in Ulſter. And I believe many found much of the preſence of God, but ſtill more at the meeting of the ſociety. Monday 6. The congregation was ſurprizingly large this morning, and ſtill larger

every

every morning and evening. Wednesday 8. I preached at noon to our old society at Terryhugan, the mother-church of all these parts. Thursday 9. The house would not contain the people at Tandargee, even at five in the morning. So I went to the market-house, where God gave us a solemn and affectionate parting.

* I was not glad to hear that some of the *seceders* had settled in these parts also. Those of them who have yet fallen in my way, are more uncharitable than the Papists themselves. I never yet met a Papist, who *avowed* the principle of murdering Heretics. But a seceding minister being asked, "Would not you, if it was in your power, cut the throats of all the Methodists?" Replied directly, "Why did not *Samuel hew Agag in pieces before the Lord?*" I have not yet met a Papist in this kingdom, who would tell me to my face, "All but themselves must be damned." But I have seen seceders enough, who make no scruple to affirm, "None but themselves could be saved." And this is the natural consequence of their doctrine: for as they hold, 1. That we are saved by faith alone; 2. That faith is, the holding such and such opinions: it follows, all who do not hold those opinions, have no faith, and therefore cannot be saved.

About noon I preached near Dawson's Grove, to a large and serious congregation: but to a far larger in the evening at Killmacarty. I do not wonder the gospel runs so swiftly in these parts.

The people in general have the fineſt natural tempers which I ever knew: they have the ſoftneſs and courteſy of the Iriſh, with the ſeriouſneſs of the Scots, and the openneſs of the Engliſh.

Friday 10. At one I preached at Portadown, a place not troubled with any kind of religion. I ſtood in the ſtreet and cried, *Now God commandeth all men every where to repent.* The people gathered from all ſides, and when I prayed, kneeled down upon the ſtones, rich and poor, all round me. In the evening I preached again at Kilmararty. At five in the morning the houſe was filled: and a little after ſix I chearfully commended them to the grace of God.

Saturday 11. About three I preached at a village called The Grange. The people came from ſeveral miles round, and ſeemed to hear with the ſpirit, and with the underſtanding alſo. At ſix I preached near Cock-hill: where at nine in the morning, Sunday 12, we had a congregation from all parts. But this was more than doubled at five in the evening. All were ſerious, and, according to the cuſtom of the country, when I went to prayer immediately kneeled, though it was in the high road. I believe, not a few were deeply wounded. O may none heal the wound ſlightly!

Monday 13. I preached at Mount-Roe, a gentleman's ſeat, about three miles from Cock-hill:

Tueſday

Tuesday 14. At Clanmain. This, I believe, was, two years since, the only society in these parts. I think they are now one or two and twenty, within the compass of ten miles.

Wednesday 15. I rode to Armagh. Half an hour before the time of preaching, an officer came and said, "Sir, the sovereign (or mayor) orders me to inform you, you shall not preach in his town." In order to make the trial, I walked to the market-house at six. I had just begun when the sovereign came. I was informed his name was Harcourt. He was talking very loud, and tolerably fast, when a gentleman came and said, "Sir, if you are not allowed to preach here, you are welcome to preach in Mr. M'Gough's avenue." Mr. M'Gough, one of the chief merchants in the town, himself shewed us the way. I suppose thrice as many people flocked together there, as would have heard me in the market-house. So did the wise providence of God draw good out of evil! And his word had indeed free course.

Thursday 16. About one I preached to a large congregation at Dungannon, in the county of Tyrone: and in the evening before the gate of the great, old house at Castle-Caulfield. The society here, the first fruits of this county, seemed to be all alive. Early in the morning I took horse and got to Londonderry just at seven, where the congregation was waiting for me. My voice was

weak: but I think moſt of them could hear: and ſome, I truſt, heard the voice of God.

Saturday 18. I found we were ſtill honourable men here, ſome of eminence in the city being both *hearers and doers of the word.* I employed Monday, Tueſday, and part of Wedneſday, in ſpeaking ſeverally to the members of the ſociety, and was glad to find the greater part of them had taſted that the Lord is gracious. Saturday 25. I rode to Mr. Knox's farm, and preached to a little company, on *By grace ye are ſaved through faith.* I ſpoke exceeding plain to them at Derry in the evening, on *How long halt ye between two opinions?* And more plain, if poſſible, both morning and evening, on Sunday 26. Surely this is *an underſtanding people.* But it is only *love that edifies.*

Monday 27. I rode to Augher, and preached at ſix in the Caſtle-yard, to a large and deeply-ſerious congregation. Tueſday 28. I preached near Athenacly, after riding through one of the fineſt countries in the kingdom. Wedneſday 29. A little beyond Swadling-bar I found a lively congregation, of plain, country people, as ſimple and artleſs as if they had lived upon the Welſh mountains. So has God *choſen the fooliſh things of the world, to confound the wiſe.*

Thurſday 30. Some of the chief perſons in the town deſiring I would give them a ſermon there, I went thither in the morning. A large room

was

was offered; but it was quickly ſo full and ſo hot, that I was obliged to go out into the ſtreet. I had hardly named my text, before a poor Papiſt, at a ſmall diſtance from me, began blowing a horn. But a gentleman ſtepping up, ſnatched his horn away, and without ceremony knocked him down. In the evening I preached in the country again, to a ſtill larger congregation. And God made his word quick and powerful. Many were wounded, and many comforted.

Friday, May 1. We rode by a large ſeat, elegantly built, and finely ſituated. But, to my ſurprize, the gates of the grand avenue were painted blue, green and yellow, like a child's rattle. Surely the owner has never ſeen the pretty bauble. But will no one inform him of it? In the evening I preached in the market-houſe at Sligo, to a larger congregation, as well as better behaved, than when I was here before. The next evening was exceeding cold and bluſtering. However, the provoſt refuſing me the uſe of the court-houſe, abundance of people ſtood with me in the ſtreet, and moſt of them behaved well. Sunday 3. I preached, morning and evening, in the market-houſe, and had much hope, both from the number and behaviour of the hearers, that even here, our labour will not be in vain.

Monday 4. We rode to Caſtle-barr, thirty old Iriſh, about fifty-ſix Engliſh miles. Between ſix

and seven I began preaching in the court-house; but few of the rich were there. Many of these dare not hear *me* above once: they find it is playing with edged tools. Many of the poor were present at five in the morning, and many more, both rich and poor, in the evening. And *the power of the Lord was present to heal:* but how many *rejected his counsel against themselves!*

Wednes. 6. I rode to Newport, and preached in the evening, and at six in the morning. Rich and poor behaved extremely well, and seemed *almost persuaded to be Christians.* In the evening I took my leave of the congregation at Castle-barr, by speaking from those words, *Come, Lord Jesus!* But who will abide his coming in the clouds? Those who are partakers of his holiness.

Friday 8. We rode to Galway (above fifty English miles.) It rained almost every step of the way. I preached at Ballinrobe in the court-house between eight and nine, and at Galway about six. Colonel E——, and all his family, were there. Perhaps a word might reach *their* hearts.

Saturday 9. I rode to Ennis, but found the preaching had been discontinued, and the society was vanished away. So having no business there, I left it, in the morning, preached at Clare about eight, and in the evening at Limerick. The continued rain kept me from preaching abroad this week: and I was scandalized

lized at the ſmallneſs of the congregation in the houſe. I am afraid my glorying, touching many of theſe ſocieties, is at an end. Almoſt throughout the province of Ulſter I found the work of God increaſing: and not a little in Conaught, particularly at Sligo, Caſtle-barr and Galway. But in Munſter, a land flowing with milk and honey, how widely is the caſe altered? At Ennis the god of this world has wholly prevailed: at Clare, there is but a ſpark left: and at Limerick itſelf, I find only the remembrance of the fire which was kindled two years ago. And yet one of the two preachers who was here laſt, was almoſt univerſally *admired!* But, alas! how little does this avail? "He is the beſt Phyſician, ſaid a ſenſible man, not who *talks beſt*, or who *writes beſt*, but who performs the *moſt cures*."

Sunday 17. The weather being fair, I took my ſtand in the old Camp, and had, I believe, as many hearers as all the preceding week put together. There was a ſolemn awe throughout the congregation, and I began to hope, God would revive his work. Monday 18. I ſpoke to the members of the ſociety ſeverally: moſt of them appeared to be honeſt and upright. But a general faintneſs ſeemed to have ſpread among them; there was no zeal, no vigour of grace.

Thurſday 21. I preached about noon at Ballygarane, to what is left of the poor Palatines. Many are gone to America; many ſcattered up and down in various parts of the kingdom.

Every where they are patterns of induſtry and frugality. In the evening I preached at Newmarket. Sunday 24. The old Camp would ill contain the congregation, cloſely wedged in together. Afterwards we had a ſolemn hour at the meeting of the ſociety: in which God cauſed many of the bones which had been broken to rejoice. So they are ſet upon their feet once again. Now let them run with patience the race ſet before them!

Monday 25. I rode to Shronill, and preached at twelve to the largeſt congregation I have ever ſeen there. Thence we croſſed the country to Kilſianan. I had hardly begun to ſpeak, when a young perſon, a kind of a gentleman, came, and took great pains to make a diſturbance. Mr. Dancer mildly deſired him to deſiſt; but was anſwered with a volley of oaths and a blow. One of the town then encountered him, and beat him well. But the noiſe preventing my being heard, I retired a few hundred yards, with the ſerious part of the congregation, and quietly finiſhed my diſcourſe.

Tueſday 26. I went on to Cork, and on Thurſday 28, to Bandon. This evening I preached in the houſe; the next, in the main ſtreet; but the wind was ſo high and ſo cold, that none either could or would bear it but thoſe who really deſired to ſave their ſouls. I judged the houſe would hold theſe. So the next evening I preached within, and when the benches were removed, it held

held the greateſt part of the congregation. And thoſe who could not get in heard tolerably well, either at the doors or windows. Sunday 31. We had moſt of them again at ſeven; and I took my leave of them with much ſatisfaction, after having ſtrongly inforced, *To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.*

I would fain have preached abroad at Cork in the evening, but the wind and rain would not permit. Two years ago I left above three hundred in the ſociety. I find an hundred and eighty ſeven. What has occaſioned ſo conſiderable a reduction? I believe the real cauſe is this:

Between two and three years ago, when the ſociety was nearly as low as it is now, Thomas Taylor and William Penington came to Cork. They were zealous men and ſound preachers; full of activity and ſtrict in diſcipline, without reſpect of perſons. They ſet up meetings for prayer in ſeveral places, and preached abroad at both ends of the city, hearers ſwiftly increaſed; the ſociety increaſed: ſo did the number both of the convinced and the converted. I came when the flame was at the height, and preached abroad, in the heart of the city, on the South-ſide of it, near the barracks, and ſeveral times in Blackpool, which lies on the north-ſide of it. More and more were ſtirred up, and there was a greater awakening here than in any part of the kingdom.

But miſunderſtandings crept in between the

leaders, and between some of them and the preachers. And these increased seven-fold, when one of the leaders was expelled the society: some believing him faulty, some not, and neither side having patience with the other. Hence a flame of anger succeeded the flame of love, and many were destroyed by it. At the same time some of our brethren learned a new opinion, and warmly propagated it. This heat was almost as destructive as the former: and the effect of both was, the spirit of God was grieved; his blessing was withheld, and of course the flock was scattered. When they are convinced of their sin, and humbled before him, then and not before, he will return.

Wednesday, June 3. As it was fair, tho' the wind was high and extremely sharp, I preached in an open place at Blackpool, to a large number of quiet hearers. On the three following evenings the wind and rain confined us in the house: much against my will, as those who wanted us most, could not or would not come thither.

Sund. 7. (Whitsunday) The weather turning fair, between four and five in the afternoon I began preaching in George's-street, to such a congregation as that in the old Camp at Limerick. A solemn awe sat on the faces of the whole assembly while I explained, *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.* Surely some of them found the promise fulfilled, and did drink of the living water!

Monday

Monday 8. I rode to Youghall. When I was here two years ago, a flame was kindled among the people. But it was gone out. And I could not wonder at it: for they have scarce had any preaching since. I purposed staying only a night, but observing the number and deep attention of the congregation, I stayed another day, and on Tuesday 9. preached in the exchange again. The hearers were much increased and all but a few gentlemen, so called, behaved with great seriousness. Wednesday 10. After preaching to a multitude of people, I took horse, and in the evening of a very hot day reached Waterford.

Here I found a small, poor, dead society, and but an handful of even dull, careless hearers. However I preached in the yard, and found more life among them than I expected. In the morning I spoke to the several members of the society, some of whom seemed much devoted to God. I desired Mr. Morgan to preach at noon. God gave him acceptable words: and the whole congregation, rich and poor, appeared to be greatly moved. They seemed to be still more affected in the evening. What pity, that this should pass away like a cloud!

Friday 12. We rode to Killkenny. The sun was exceeding hot: but did not incommode us much, as we had the wind in our face all the way. The congregation at the town-hall in the evening was large and tolerably serious: a few of the gentry excepted, who seemed neither to understand,

underſtand, nor *care for any of theſe things.* We had great part of them at five in the morning. At noon, when Mr. Morgan preached I expected to have ſeen the largeſt company of all. But I was miſtaken. The ladies could not riſe ſo ſoon; at leaſt, they could not *huddle on* their cloaths fit to be ſeen. In the evening I ſpoke exceeding plain; both to the rich and poor. And a few, at leaſt received the truth in love. But who will endure to the end!

Sunday 14. In the evening I preached at Birr to a wilder congregation than I ever ſaw at Kilkenny, however, as I ſtood near the barracks, the number of ſoldiers that attended, kept them ſo far in awe, that they durſt only laugh and make a little noiſe, till the whole body of the Papiſts ran away together. The reſt were then tolerably attentive, and grew more and more ſerious till I concluded.

Monday 15. I rode through a pleaſant and well cultivated county to Aghrim. For many years I have not ſeen ſo large a congregation here, and ſo remarkably well-behaved. At the prayer, both before and after ſermon all of them kneeled upon the graſs. A few of the poor Papiſts only remained ſtanding, at a diſtance from the reſt of the people. Theſe would come in droves at every place, if the prieſts as well as the king, would grant liberty of conſcience.

At the deſire of the good old widow, Mrs. M—, I went with Mr. S— to C—. Lord and Lady

Lady M— were there before us: to whom I was probably

"A not expected, much-unwelcome gueſt."

But whatſoever it was to them, it was a heavy afternoon to me, as I had no place to retire to, and ſo was obliged to be in genteel company, for two or three hours together. O what a dull thing is life without religion? I do not wonder, that time hangs heavy upon the hands of all who know not God, unleſs they are perpetually drunk with noiſe and hurry of one kind or another.

Wedneſday 17. We came to Athlone. Here the ſcene was changed: I was among thoſe that both feared and loved God. But to this day they have not recovered the loſs which they ſuſtained, when they left off going to church. It is true, they have long been convined of their miſtake; yet the fruit of it ſtill remains. So that there are very few who retain that vigor of ſpirit which they before enjoyed.

At ſeven I preached in the new houſe, which Mr. S. has built entirely at his own expence. The congregation was as uſual, both large and ſerious. I reſted the four following days, only preaching morning and evening. Sunday 21. We had a ſolemn meeting of the ſociety at five. After preaching at eight, I would willingly have gone to church, but was informed there had been no ſervice for near two years, and would be none for a year

a year or two longer, the inside of the church wanting to be repaired! In the evening, I preached in the barracks. I know not that ever I saw such a congregation at Athlone before. Rich and poor, Protestants and Papists, gathered together from every side. And deep attention sat on all, while I explained that solemn declaration, (part of the gospel for the day.) *If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.*

It was about this time, that a remarkable passage happened at Macclesfield in Cheshire. One Ellen Stanyers, a young woman of that town, very religious in her own way, but quite a stranger to the scripture-way of salvation had her work from one of the shops in the town. A young man belonging to the same shop, fell in love with her. Fearing lest her refusing him would disoblige her master, she gave him encouragement; and afterwards, though she never intended it, promised to marry him. One day as she was sitting at her work, this sin was brought to her remembrance, and lay so exceeding heavy upon her mind, that she was utterly distrest. She took her work, and carried it to her master, telling him, she had destroyed her soul with it. At the same time she told the young man, "She was resolved, never "to have him." He came to her and said "If "you do not keep your word, I will hang my-"self at your door. And then I will come and "take you away with me to the devil." She

was

was so frighted she fell into black despair. Her father carried her to a clergyman, and afterward to another who seemed to pity her case, but knew not how to comfort her. Willing to try every way, he ordered one to read to her in Burkit upon the new testament till she cried, "Take it away; I cannot bear it; and attempted to run away." But her father held her, and when she struggled, beat her, and told her, she should hear it, whether she would or no. She grew worse and worse: could neither eat, drink nor sleep; and pined away to a mere skeleton. She wandered about, as one distracted, in the fields and lanes seeking rest, but finding none. She was exceedingly tempted to destroy herself; but that thought came into her mind, "If I do, I shall leap "into hell immediately. I must go thither: but "I will keep out of it as long as I can." She was wandering about one day, when a person met her, and advised her to hear the Methodists. Although she hated them, yet she was willing to do any thing for ease and so one evening came to the preaching. After the service was over, she desired to speak to the preacher. Mr. Pawson; but she talked quite wildly. However he encouraged her to come to the Saviour of sinners, and cry to him for deliverance, "The next day (so Mr. P. continues the account) about twelve of us met together, and prayed with her. I found great freedom, and a full confidence, that God would deliver her. After prayer, she said, "I never

"I never felt my heart pray before. I felt my heart go along with the preacher's words. They have done me good at my heart. My deſpair is all gone, I have a hope that I ſhall be ſaved." The next morning two or three prayed with her again. She ſpent all the day with one or another of the Methodiſts, and did not go home till night. Her father then aſked, "Nelly where have you been all this time?" She anſwered, "I have been among the Methodiſts." "The Methodiſts! Said he, have you got any good there!" She replied, "Yes, I bleſs God, I have. I now hope I ſhall be ſaved." "Well, ſaid he, I care not where you go, if you only get relief." She then went to bed, but could not ſleep. While ſhe was meditating on what ſhe had heard, thoſe words were brought to her mind, *Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no phyſician there?* With the words the Lord ſpoke peace to her ſoul: and in one and the ſame moment, all pain and ſorrow fled away, and ſhe was entirely healed, both body and mind. Early in the morning ſhe came to the houſe of one of our friends, and clapping her hands together, cried out in an extaſy of joy, "O my Jeſus, my Jeſus, my Jeſus! What is it, that he has done for *me?* I feel, he has forgiven all my ſins." Taking up an hymn-book, ſhe opened it on thoſe words,

"I

"I the chief of ſinners am,
"But Jeſus died for me!"

She was quite tranſported, being overwhelmed with peace and joy unſpeakable. At the ſame time ſhe was reſtored to the full uſe of her reaſon, and in a little while was ſtrong and healthy as ever. She immediately deſired to be admitted into the ſociety, and for about a year enjoyed unſpeakable happineſs. She then received a call from her Beloved, and died full of faith and love."

Tueſday 23. About one I preached in the market-place at Clara. I admired the ſerioufneſs of the whole congregation. Indeed one or two gentlemen appeared quite unconcerned. But the preſence of the greater gentlemen kept them within bounds. So they were as quiet—— as if they had been at the play-houſe.

This and the following evening I preached in the market-place at Tullamore. Thurſday 25. I was deſired to look at the monument lately erected for the Earl of Charleville. It obſerves, "That he was the laſt of his family, the great Moore's of Croghan." But how little did riches profit either him, who died in the ſtrength of his years; or his heir, who was literally overwhelmed by them; being ſo full of care, that ſleep departed from him, and he was reſtleſs day and night: till after a few months, life itſelf was a burden, and an untimely death cloſed the ſcene!

In

In the evening I preached at Mountmelick, near the market-houſe. The congregation was exceeding large: and God made his word *quick and powerful, and ſharper than a two-edged ſword.*

* Friday 26. Finding ſome of the moſt earneſt perſons in the ſociety were deeply prejudiced againſt each other, I deſired them to come face to face, and laboured much to remove their prejudice. I uſed both argument and perſuaſion; but it was all in vain. Perceiving that reaſoning profited nothing, we betook ourſelves to prayer. On a ſudden the mighty power of God, broke in upon them. The angry ones on both ſides burſt into tears, and fell on each other's necks. All anger and prejudice vaniſhed away, and they were as cordially united as ever.

Saturday 27. The congregation in the market-houſe at Portarlington was widely different from that at Mountmelick. I endeavoured to ſuit my ſubject to my audience, preaching from *Gallio cared for none of theſe things.* But ſome of them were quite above conviction. So, finding that they had neither ſenſe, nor good manners, (of religion I did not ſuſpect them) the next day I adjourned to the ſhell of our new houſe, in which I preached morning and evening. And here the greateſt part of the congregation, both Papiſts and Proteſtants, behaved with decency.

Monday 29. We took horſe about a quarter paſt three, and before eight preached Coolylough.

lough. At twelve I preached in the ſhady walk: afterwards we had the quarterly meeting. I found no reaſon to complain of any of the ſocieties: only they want more life and zeal.

Tueſday 30. I obſerved more good manners at Tyrrel's-paſs in rich as well as poor, than at Portarlington. Wedneſday, July 1. A friend carried me to Belvidere, a ſeat built on the ſide of a clear lake, with walks and gardens adjoining, ſo curiouſly laid out, as to exceed even the late Earl of Charleville's. One would ſcarce think it poſſible, to have ſuch a variety of beauties in ſo ſmall a compaſs. But

> How ſoon, alas! will theſe "upbraid
> Their tranſitory maſter dead!"

We went on to Molingar, where for many years no Methodiſt preacher could appear. The ſeſſions-houſe here was uſed as a guard-houſe. I ſent to the commanding officer, and deſired leave to preach there. This he not only gave, but came himſelf. So did many of the ſoldiers as well as the townſmen. In the evening, notwithſtanding the cold and bluſtering winds, I was obliged to preach abroad at Tyrrel's-paſs, But the rain, on the two following evenings, drove us into the houſe at Edinderry. Saturday 4. Having now finiſhed my circuit, I went on chearfully to Dublin.

Sunday

Sunday 5. Our houſe was throughly filled, a ſight which I have ſeldom ſeen. Friday 10. We obſerved as a day of faſting and prayer. It was at our laſt meeting, that we found the anſwer of our prayers. It ſeemed as if the windows of heaven were opened; the ſpirit of grace and ſupplication was poured out. Many were filled with conſolation; and many who had grown weary, reſolved to ſet out anew.

Tueſday 14. A poor backſlider, whom I found ten days ago dying in black deſpair, told me, "Now I am not afraid to die. I ſee Jeſus juſt before me; and his face is all glory." Inſtances of this kind do by no means prove that a ſaint *cannot* fall, even *for ever:* but only that God is *pitiful and of tender mercy, not willing any ſhould periſh.*

Thurſday 16. About ten I reached Donard, ſeven or eight and twenty Engliſh miles from Dublin. Standing under ſome ſhady trees, I inforced upon a ſerious congregation, *All things are ready: come unto the marriage.* From hence I rode on to Baltinglaſs, and preached on, *By grace ye are ſaved through faith.* It was ſultry hot as we rode to Carlow: ſo that I was weary and faint when we came in: but I ſoon recovered, and at ſeven preached in the ſeſſions-houſe, to a numerous congregation. But the greater part of them were like blocks, and ſome like wild aſſes colts. I was conſtrained to reprove them

them ſharply. They received it well, and behaved with more decency.

Friday 17. We loſt our way in ſetting out of the town. It rained moſt of the day. However this was far better than fultry heat. In the evening we returned to Dublin.

In my ſcraps of time this week, I read over that wonderful poem, Fingal. If it is genuine, if it is really extant, (as many aſſure me it is) in the Erſe language, it is an amazing proof of a genius in thoſe barbarous times, little inferior to Homer or Virgil!

Monday 20. A friend ſhewed me the apartments in the Caſtle, the reſidence of the Lord Lieutenant. The Duke of Bedford made a noble addition to the lodgings, which are now both grand and convenient. But the furniture ſurprized me not a little. It is by no means equal to the building. In England, many gentlemen of five hundred a year, would be utterly aſhamed of it.

Tueſday 21. I received an account of a young woman, the ſubſtance of which was as follows:

"Katherine Murray, was born February 2, 1729, at Carrick on Sure. She feared God from a child, and abſtained from lying and ſpeaking bad words. When about thirteen, ſhe ſtole ſome twigs of gooſe-berry buſhes from a neighbour, and planted them in her father's garden. Immediately

diately she felt she had sinned, knew she deserved hell, and feared it would be her portion. She began praying three times a day; but notwithstanding, her sin followed her every where. Day and night it was before her, till after some time, that conviction gradually wore off.

"In the year 1749, her sister heard the Methodists, so called. She was soon convinced of sin, joined the society, and advised her to do so too. But hearing one named that was in it, she was filled with disdain, "What! Meet with such a man as that?" Yet not long after, she was convinced, that the sins of her own heart, pride and passion in particular, were as abominable in the sight of God, as the sins of that man, or any other. This conviction was exceeding sharp. She could no longer despise any, but only cry out, day and night, God be merciful to *me* a sinner.

"In February she went to hear Mr. Reeves. He preached on part of the 103d psalm. She was now more deeply than ever convinced of heart-sin, of unbelief in particular, and had such a sight of the excellency of faith, that she determined to seek it with all her heart.

"In the May following, she was sitting in her room, lamenting her state, and crying to God for mercy, when suddenly she had a sight of our Lord, from the manger to the cross. But it did not bring

bring comfort: on the contrary, it ſo heightened her diſtreſs, that ſhe cried aloud and alarmed the family: nor could ſhe refrain till her ſtrength failed, and ſhe fainted away. Often her ſleep departed from her; her food was taſteleſs, and ſhe mingled her drink with weeping; being reſolved never to reſt, till ſhe found reſt in him, whom alone her ſoul deſired.

" It was not long before the Lord looked upon her. As ſhe was in prayer, ſhe had a clear repreſentation of our bleſſed Lord, as crowned with thorns, and clothed with the purple robe. In a moment her ſoul reſted on him, and ſhe knew he had taken away her ſins. Diſtreſs was gone: the love of God flowed into her heart, and ſhe could rejoice in God her Saviour. Her ſoul was ſo raviſhed with his love, that ſhe could not hold her peace: but cried out to all ſhe knew, You may know your ſins forgiven, if you will come unto Jeſus.

" Yet a while after, ſhe dreſſed herſelf as fine as ever ſhe could, and went to worſhip God, as ſhe expreſſed it, " proud as a devil." Upon the ſpot God convinced her of her folly, of her pride and vanity. She was ſtript of all her comfort, yea and brought to doubt the reality of all ſhe had before experienced. The devil then laboured to perſuade her, that ſhe had ſinned the ſin againſt the Holy Ghoſt; and puſhed it ſo, that ſhe thought her life would fail, and ſhe ſhould inſtantly drop into the pit. But the Lord did not

leave her long in the ſnare: he appeared again, to the joy of her ſoul. Her confidence was more ſtrong than ever, and the fear of God more deeply rooted in her heart. She abhorred all ſin, that in particular which had occaſioned her diſtreſs: of which indeed ſhe had a peculiar deteſtation to her laſt hours.

* "God now made her heart ſtrong: ſhe walked ſeven years in the clear light of his countenance, never feeling a moment's doubt of his favour, but having the uninterrupted witneſs of his Spirit. It was her meat and drink to do his will. His word, read or preached, was her delight, and all his ways were pleaſant to her. She ſaid, ſhe never came from a ſermon unimproved; often ſo refreſhed as to forget wearineſs or pain. And ſhe was truly *diligent in buſineſs*, as well as *fervent in ſpirit*.

"And now ſhe thought, ſhe ſhould *never be removed*; God had *made her hill ſo ſtrong*. But ſoon after this, ſhe was preſent when her ſiſter was ill uſed by her huſband. She gave way to the temptation, fell into a paſſion, and again loſt all her happineſs. Yet not long: ſhe continued inſtant in prayer; till God again healed her backſliding.

* "But from this time, as her temptations were more violent, ſo ſhe had a keener ſenſe of the remains of ſins. Though ſhe enjoyed a conſtant ſenſe of the favour of God, yet ſhe had alſo much fear, leſt inbred ſin ſhould prevail over her,

her, and make her bring a ſcandal upon the goſpel. She ſpent whole days in prayer, that God *would not ſuffer her to be tempted above that ſhe was able*, and that *with every temptation he* would *make a way* for her *to eſcape*. And ſhe was heard; ſo that her whole converſation adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour.

* " Yet ſhe ſuffered much reproach, not only from the children of the world, but alſo from the children of God. Theſe wounds ſunk deep into her ſoul, and often made her weep before the Lord. Sometimes ſhe felt reſentment for a ſhort time, of which darkneſs was the ſure conſequence: but if at any time ſhe loſt the conſciouſneſs of pardon, it almoſt took away her life; nor could ſhe reſt ſatisfied a moment, till ſhe regained the light of his countenance. She always judged it was the privilege of every believer, conſtantly to *walk in the light:* and that nothing but ſin could rob any, who had true faith, of their confidence in a pardoning God.

" She was tried from within and without for about five years, yet kept from all known ſin. In the year 1761, it pleaſed God to ſhew her more clearly than ever, under a ſermon preached by John Johnſon, the abſolute neceſſity, of being ſaved from all ſin, and perfected in love. And now her conſtant cry was, " Lord, take full poſſeſſion of my heart, and reign there without a rival." Nor was this at all hindered by her diſ-

orders, the gravel and colick, which about this time began to be very violent.

"* In the year 1762, ſhe believed God did hear her prayer; that her ſoul was intirely filled with love, and all unholy tempers deſtroyed. And for ſeveral months ſhe *rejoiced evermore, prayed without ceaſing, and in every thing gave thanks.* Her happineſs had no intermiſſion, day or night, yea, and increaſed, while her diſorder increaſed exceedingly.

* " But in the beginning of the year 1763, when ſome unkind things were whiſpered about concerning her, ſhe gave way to the temptation, and felt again a degree of anger in her heart. This ſoon occaſioned a doubt whether ſhe was not deceived before in thinking ſhe was ſaved from ſin? But ſhe ſaid, " Whether I *was* or no, I am ſure, I *may be.* And I am determined *now* to ſeek it from the Lord."

" From this time her diſorders gradually increaſed. Whenever I was in town, † I viſited her from time to time, and always found her, whatever her pains were, reſigned to the will of God: having a clear ſenſe of his favour, and a ſtrong confidence that he would finiſh his work in her ſoul.

" So ſoon as I came to town, January, 1767, ſhe ſent for me. I found her confined to her bed, and frequently in ſuch racking pain, that it was thought ſhe could not live many minutes. But ſhe

† Mr. Johnſon.

ſhe ſaid, "My pain is nothing: the preſence of the Lord bears me up above it all. I have not a murmuring thought: neither the ſhadow of a doubt. My way to glory is plain before me." I aſked, "If ſhe was not afraid of having great ſufferings before the ſoul and body were parted?" She ſaid, "Not in the leaſt. I expect to have ſharp pain, juſt before I depart;" (which was ſo) "but I do not concern myſelf about what I ſhall ſuffer. It is all at the diſpoſal of the Lord."

* "Two days after I went again to ſee her. She ſaid, "My happineſs is much increaſed. For a day and a night my pains have been exquiſite: yet in the midſt of all, my heart did dance and ſing. The Lord ſo ſmiles upon me, I cannot expreſs it in words." February 6. She ſent for me again. I found her in a rapture of love, ſinging and praiſing God: ſo that I was conſtrained to ſay, "O Lord, thou haſt highly favoured *me*, in permitting me to ſee ſuch a Chriſtian!" I cannot attempt to deſcribe how ſhe then appeared: it was with ſuch a ſmile as I never ſaw before. Moſt of the preceding day ſhe had ſpent in ſinging praiſe to God, and telling of his goodneſs to all that came near her; her ſoul, ſhe ſaid, being ſo happy, that ſhe could not be ſilent.

* "When I ſpoke to her of death, ſhe ſaid, "It is not death to *me*: it is only ſleep: death is my friend! Death is welcome! Its ſting is gone:

I ſhall ſoon be with my Lord! O that I could ſing on to all eternity! My work of praiſe is begun, and ſhall never end." I aſked, "Do you find the greateſt inclination to prayer or praiſe?" She ſaid, "O praiſe! Praiſe. I am full of love. And I cannot doubt but I ſhall love and praiſe him to all eternity." I then aſked her concerning her former profeſſion, of being ſaved from ſin. She ſaid, "Sir, I have it *now!* I have it *now!* And more abundantly. My ſoul is ſo full of love, that my body is almoſt overpowered. It will be but a little while, and we ſhall meet in glory."

* "Monday 9. I viſited her again, and found her ſinging as well as her weak body would permit. I aſked, "Are you as happy now, as when I ſaw you laſt? She ſaid, "Yes, I am: I have not the ſhadow of a doubt. I had many conflicts with a wicked heart: but thoſe are all over now: the Lord has finiſhed his work." She converſed now like one on Piſgah's top, in ſight of the New Jeruſalem; often ſaying, "My work is begun, which ſhall never end; I ſhall praiſe him to all eternity."

"She was aſked, "Can you wait the Lord's leiſure to releaſe you?" She ſaid, "Yes, yes: as long as he pleaſes. My pain is gone: this alſo he has done for me: and why ſhould I not wait patiently?" But it was not long before her pains returned with redoubled violence. And ſometimes a groan was extorted from her: but not the

the leaſt complaint. Yea, ſhe often broke out in a rapture of love, crying, "I cannot expreſs the happineſs I feel."

"Friday 13. After dozing a little, ſhe awaked in a tranſport, ſaying, "O! You can't conceive the joy I feel. You know but in part: but when that which is perfect is come, you ſhall know even as you are known." She ſpoke, with regard to ſome glorious views which ſhe then had of her dear Redeemer.

* "During her laſt pains, which were the ſharpeſt of all, the devil made his laſt effort. She was in a violent ſtruggle about half an hour. Then ſhe ſtretched out her hands and ſaid, "Glory to Jeſus! O love Jeſus! Love Jeſus! He is a glorious Jeſus! He has now made me fit for himſelf. When the harveſt is ripe, the ſickle is put in." She aſked for a little wine and water: but ſhe could not ſwallow it. She ſaid, "I have long been drinking wine and water here: now I ſhall drink wine in my father's kingdom." She lay ſtill about a quarter of an hour, and then breathed her ſoul into the hands of her Redeemer."

On Wedneſday and Thurſday we had our little conference at Dublin. Friday we obſerved as a day of faſting and prayer: and concluded it with the moſt ſolemn watch-night, that I ever remember in this kingdom. I was much tired between

ſeven and eight o'clock, but leſs and leſs ſo as the ſervice went on. And at the concluſion, a little after twelve I was freſher than at ſix in the morning.

Sunday 26. was a comfortable day indeed. But the concluſion of it tried my ſtrength, as I was ſpeaking with ſcarce any intermiſſion, from a little after five till between nine and ten.

Monday 27. Having a ſevere cold, I was in hopes of riding it away. So I took horſe a little after four, and reached Newry in the evening. But my voice was ſtill ſo weak, that I doubt if many of the congregation in the market-houſe could hear me. And my cough was ſo violent at night, I could hardly ſleep a quarter of an hour together. However I preached at five in the morning, without much difficulty. Wedneſday 29. I haſted on to Donaghadee, but found all the pacquet-boats were on the other ſide. So I agreed with the captain of a ſmall veſſel, and went on board about two o'clock. But it was ſo late when we landed (after a paſſage of five hours) that we could only reach Stranrawer that night.

Thurſday 30. We rode through a country ſwiftly improving to Aire, and paſſed a quiet and comfortable night. Friday 31. Before two we reached Glaſgow. In the evening I preached, and again at five in the morning. Saturday, Auguſt 1.

As

As both my horſe and myſelf were a little tired, I took the ſtage-coach to Edinburgh.

Before I left Glaſgow I heard ſo ſtrange an account, that I deſired to hear it from the perſon himſelf. He was a ſexton, and yet for many years had little troubled himſelf about religion. I ſet down his words, and leave every man to form his own judgment upon them. "Sixteen weeks ago, I was walking an hour before ſun-ſet, behind the high kirk, and looking on one ſide I ſaw one cloſe to me, who looked in my face, and aſked me, How I did? I anſwered, Pretty well. He ſaid, "You have had many troubles. But how have you improved them?" He then told me all that ever I did, yea, and the thoughts that had been in my heart, adding, "Be ready for my ſecond coming." And he was gone I knew not how, I trembled all over, and had no ſtrength in me, but ſunk down to the ground. From that time I groaned continually under the load of ſin, till at the Lord's ſupper it was all taken away."

* Sunday 2. I was ſorry to find both the ſociety and the congregations ſmaller than when I was here laſt. I impute this chiefly, to the manner of preaching which has been generally uſed. The people have been told frequently and ſtrongly, of their coldneſs, deadneſs, heavineſs, and littleneſs of faith, but very rarely of any thing that would move thankfulneſs. Hereby many

were driven away, and thoſe that remained were kept cold and dead.

I encouraged them ſtrongly at eight in the morning, and about noon preached upon the Caſtle-hill, on *There is joy in heaven over one ſinner that repenteth.* The ſun ſhone exceeding hot upon my head: but all was well; for God was in the midſt of us. In the evening I preached on Luke xx. 34, &c. and many were comforted: eſpecially while I was inlarging on thoſe deep words, *Neither can they die any more, but are equal to the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the reſurrection.*

Monday 3. I viſited as many as I could, ſick and well, and endeavoured to confirm them. In the evening I preached at ſeven, and again at nine. We concluded about twelve. One then came to me with an unexpected meſſage. A gentleman in the weſt of Scotland, was a ſerious, ſenſible man, but violently attached both to the doctrine and diſcipline of the kirk. His eldeſt daughter, dreamed ſome months ſince, that ſhe was poiſoned, and muſt die in an hour. She waked in the utmoſt conſternation, which iſſued in a deep conviction of ſin. Soon after ſhe had an earneſt deſire to ſee *me*, though not perceiving any poſſibility of it. But buſineſs calling Mr. H—— to Edinburgh, he brought her with him, three days before I came. On Sunday morning he heard the preaching for the firſt time, and

and afterwards omitted no opportunity. He now ſent his daughter, to beg I would come if poſſible to the weſt, and to deſire that I or any of our preachers would make his houſe our home.

Tueſday 4. I rode to Dunbar, and endeavoured, if poſſible, to rouze ſome of the ſleepers, by ſtrongly, yea, roughly inforcing thoſe words, *Lord are there few that be ſaved?* And this I muſt ſay for the Scots in general, I know no men like them, for bearing plain-dealing.

On Thurſday I reached Newcaſtle. Saturday 8. At the requeſt of Mr. Whitaker of New-England, I preached, and afterwards made a collection, for the Indian ſchools in America. A large ſum of money is now collected: but will money convert Heathens? Find preachers of David Brainerd's ſpirit, and nothing can ſtand before them. But without this, what will gold or ſilver do? No more than lead or iron. They have indeed ſent thouſands to hell; but never yet brought a ſoul to heaven.

Sunday 9. I preached about ten in Mr. Goodday's church at Monk-Weremouth. About two I preached to a willing multitude at Gateſhead-fell, and at five, near the Garth-Heads at Newcaſtle.

Monday 10. I laboured to ſet ſome right, who have much grace, but little underſtanding. And I prevailed on all but one who ap-

peared indeed to be the twin-ſoul of poor George Bell.

Tueſday 11. I came to a friendly concluſion (bleſſed be God!) with Mr. L. He agreed to pay the legacies on the ſecond of November: and we relinquiſhed the reſidue of the eſtate. So the Harpy-lawyers are happily diſappointed: and the deſign of the dying ſaint in ſome meaſure anſwered.

Wedneſday 12. I took coach. The next day we reached Grantham, and London about ſeven on Friday evening, having run that day an hundred and ten miles. On the road I read over Seller's hiſtory of Palmyra, and Norden's travels into Egypt and Abyſſinia: two as dry, and unſatisfying books, as ever I read in my life.

Sunday 16. I hoped to preached in the fields: but the rain prevented. However one of our brethren preached there at ſeven, to thouſands upon thouſands. And there was not the leaſt ſhadow of interruption. How long will theſe Halcyon-days continue!

Tueſday 18. I met in conference with our aſſiſtants, and a ſelect number of preachers. To theſe were added on Thurſday and Friday, Mr. Whitefield, Howell Harris, and many ſtewards and local preachers. Love and harmony reigned from the beginning to the end. But we have all need of more love and holineſs; and in order thereto,

thereto, of crying continually, " *Lord, increaſe our faith !*

Having finiſhed my work at London for the preſent, on Monday 24, I rode to Wycombe, and preached in the evening to a numerous and deeply attentive congregation.

Tueſday 25. I read Mr. Crantz's account of of the Miſſion into Groenland. Although I make much allowance for the liberty which I know *the brethren* take, in their accounts of one another, yet I do not ſee any reaſon to doubt, that ſome of the heathens have been converted. But what pity, that ſo affecting an account ſhould be diſgraced with thoſe vile, doggrel verſes, juſt calculated to make the whole performance ſtink in the noſtrils of all ſenſible men ! In the evening the multiude that flocked together, obliged me to preach abroad. I ſaw but three or four that ſeemed unaffected. And thoſe, I ſuppoſe, were footmen ; a race of men who are commonly loſt to all ſenſe of ſhame, as well as of good and evil.

Wednesday 26. I rode to Ipſtone-hall, near Stoken church, and preached about ten o'clock : and in the evening at Witney. The next evening I preached on Wood-Green, near the town, to an huge congregation, on *Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found : Call ye upon him while he is near.* Scarce any were light or unattentive. Surely ſome will bring forth fruit unto perfection.

Friday 28. I preached at Stow in the Wold, about

about ten, to a very dull, quiet congregation, and in the evening to almoſt ſuch another at Gloceſter. Saturday 29. We rode to Brecknock. Sunday 30. One of Trevecha gave us a ſtrange account. A young woman who ſerved as dairy-maid there, was beloved by all the family. She was loving to every one, never angry, never out of humour. That morning ſhe was much happier and had a fuller manifeſtation of the love of God than ever. As ſhe was coming through the entry, a lad met her with a gun in his hand, which he did not know was charged. He preſented it, and ſaid, "Nanny, I will ſhoot you." The gun went off and ſhot her thro' the heart. She fell on her face, and without any ſtruggle or groan, immediately expired.

I preached at eight to a large and ſerious congregation, and on *the Bulwarks* at five. A multitude of people attended: and even the gentry ſeemed, for the preſent, *almoſt perſuaded to be Chriſtians.*

Monday 31. I rode to Carmarthen, and, a little before ſix went down to *the green.* The congregation was near as large as that at Brecknock, but nothing ſo gay, being almoſt all poor or middling people. To theſe therefore I directly preached the goſpel. They heard it with greedineſs. And though I was faint and weary when I began, I was ſoon as *a giant refreſhed with wine.*

Tueſday, Sept. 1. I rode on to Pembroke, and this and the next evening preached in the main

main ſtreet, to far more than the houſe could have contained. In the mornings we were within. Wedneſday 2, Upon enquiry, I found the work of God in Pembrokeſhire had been exceedingly hindered, chiefly by Mr. Davie's preachers, who had continually inveighed againſt ours, and thereby frighten'd abundance of people from hearing, or coming near them. This had ſometimes provoked them to retort, which always made a bad matter worſe. The advice therefore which I gave them was, 1. Let all the people ſacredly abſtain from backbiting, talebearing, evil-ſpeaking, 2. Let all our preachers abſtain from returning railing for railing, either in public or in private, as well as from diſputing. 3. Let them never preach controverſy, but plain, practical and experimental religion.

Thurſday 3. About noon I preached at Lamphy, a village two miles from Pembroke. The rain a little leſſened the congregration, but did not hinder the bleſſing. God was eminently preſent to comfort the mourners: as likewiſe at Pembroke in the evening.

Saturday 5. I rode to Haverford-Weſt, but knew not what to do, becauſe of the rain. However at ſix I was conſtrained by the number of people to ſtand abroad, near the caſtle. And the whole congregation as quietly attended, as if we had been in a cathedral.

Sunday 6. I had a large and earneſt congregation at ſix. About ten I began the ſervice at

St.

St. Daniel's, a little church about half a mile from Pembroke, which till lately lay in ruins. It was throughly filled during the prayers and ſermon, and a conſiderable number gladly partook of the Lord's ſupper. Afterwards I rode back to Haverford, and notwithſtanding the rain, ſtood in the ſame place as before and applied, *O that thou hadſt known, at leaſt in this thy day, the things that make for thy pace!*

Monday 7. I rode to Carmarthen, and preached on the green on, *Is there no Balm in Gilead?* In the afternoon finding none that could direct us to Oxwych, we were obliged to ride round by Swanſey. The next morning we came to Oxwych, and found George Story there, who had come to Swanſey the day before in his way to Cork. Hearing I was near he came over juſt in ſeaſon, to preach to the congregation who waited for me. At noon I preached to I ſuppoſe, all the inhabitants of the town, and then rode to Neath.

I had deſigned to preach abroad, but the rain would not permit. The preaching-houſe was much crouded. And the power of God was in the midſt of the congregation; prejudice ſunk down before it. And the innumerable lies, which moſt of them had heard of me, vaniſhed into air. The ſame power reſted upon them early in the morning. The bigots on all ſides were aſhamed, and felt, that in Chriſt Jeſus, nothing avails, but the *Faith that worketh by love.*

Wedneſday

Wednesday 9. About twelve I preached to a large and serious congregation, in the assembly room at Cowbridge: and in the evening, in the court-house at Cardiff, where, both this and the following evening, we had most of the gentry in the town: and both the mornings, the hearers were more than for many years. Who knows, but even in this desolate town, God may build up the waste places?

Friday 11. I rode to Lambraddock, a single house delightfully situated near the top of an high mountain, and in the evening preached to a serious company of plain welchmen, with uncommon enlargement of heart. Saturday 12. Setting out early, I reached Chepstow before noon, and preached at a friend's door, to a civil, unconcerned congregation. We came to the Old Passage, (being told we had time to spare) a few minutes after the boat was gone off. Finding they would not pass again that day, I left my horses behind, and crossing over in a small boat, got to Bristol, soon enough to preach in the evening.

The following week I visited most of the Somersetshire societies. Sunday 20. (as the Sunday before) I preached in Princes-street at eight, about two under the sycamore-tree at Kingswood, and at five in the New-square, to a larger congregation, than I think, was ever there before. Monday 21. I preached at Pensford, Paulton and Coleford; on Tuesday noon at Midsummer

mer-Norton ; (ſo called, I ſuppoſe, becauſe formerly it was acceſſible at no other time of the year) and in the evening at Coleford again, where we had a comfortable love-feaſt, at which many ſpoke their experience with all ſimplicity. Wedneſday 23. About noon I preached at Buckland, and in the evening at Frome ; but the houſe was too ſmall, ſo that many were conſtrained to go away. So the next evening I preached in a meadow, where a multitude of all denominations attended. It ſeems that God is at length giving a more general call to this town alſo : the people whereof ſeemed before, in every ſenſe, to be *rich and increaſed in goods, and needing nothing*.

Friday 25. I was deſired to preach at Freſhford ; but the people durſt not come to the houſe, becauſe of the ſmall-pox, of which *Joſeph Allen, an Iſraelite indeed* had died the day before. So they placed a table near the church-yard. But I had no ſooner begun to ſpeak than the bells began to ring, by the procurement of a neighbouring gentleman. However it was labour loſt ; for my voice prevailed, and the people heard me diſtinctly. Nay a perſon extremely deaf, who had not been able to hear a ſermon for ſeveral years, told his neighbours with great joy, " That he had heard and underſtood all, from the beginning to end."

I preached at Briſtol in the evening on 2 Cor. iv. 17. a text which had been choſen by William New,

New a little before God called him hence. He laboured under a deep aſthma for ſeveral years, and for ſeven or eight months was confined to his bed where he was from time to time viſited by a friend, who wrote the following account.

" He was one of the firſt methodiſts in Briſtol, and always walked as became the goſpel. By the ſweat of his brow he maintained a large family, leaving ſix children behind him. When he was no longer able to walk, he did not diſcontinue his labour: and after he kept his room, he uſed to cut out glaſs, (being a glazier) to enable his eldeſt ſon, a child about fourteen, to do ſomething toward the ſupport of his family. Yea, when he kept his bed, he was not idle, but ſtill gave him what aſſiſtance he could.

" He was formerly fond of company and diverſions, but as ſoon as God called him, left them all: having a nobler diverſion, viſiting the ſick and afflicted, in which he ſpent all his leiſure hours. He was diligent in the uſe of all the means of grace; very rarely, during his health, miſſing the morning preaching at five, though he lived above a mile from the room.

" About a year ago he took his leave of the ſociety, telling them, " That it was with great pleaſure he had joined and continued with them: that it was in this deſpiſed place, the Lord firſt manifeſted himſelf to his ſoul: that no tongue could tell what he had ſince enjoyed under that roof;

roof: that the ſame Jeſus had enabled him to hold on thus far, and he hoped to be with him ſoon:" adding, "I do not expect to ſee you any more here, but have no doubt of meeting you in glory."

"During the laſt twenty days of his life, he took no other ſuſtenance, than now and then a tea-ſpoon full of wine, or of balm-tea. About fourteen days before his death, his tongue turned black with large chops in it through the heat of his ſtomach: and his lips were drawn two or three inches apart, ſo that it was difficult for him to ſpeak. In this condition he lay waiting for his diſcharge, ſaying ſometimes. "I am, as it were, two perſons. The body is in torturing pain, the ſoul is in ſweet peace." He frequently ſaid, I long to be gone, come, Lord Jeſus! Come quickly." When I aſked, "Do you deſire to ſee ſuch a perſon?" He ſaid, "I deſire to ſee none but Jeſus. To him I leave my dear wife and children. I have no care about them."

"The next day Satan violently aſſaulted his faith: but inſtantly our Lord appeared in a his glory, and he was filled with love and joy unſpeakable, and ſaid, "call my friend, and let him ſee a dying Chriſtian. O what do I feel? I ſee my Lord has overcome for me. I am his: praiſe the Lord! Praiſe the Lord! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" He deſired them that were preſent to ſing, and began, "Jeſu, Lover of my ſoul."

He

He then desired the text for his funeral sermon might be 1 Cor. iv. 17.

" The next time I saw him, having desired him to make signs rather than speak, which was painful to him, he said, " Here is a sign, (pushing out his feet, and holding up his hands) a dying Christian, full of love and joy ! A crown, a never fading crown awaits me : I am going to everlasting habitations." He then desired us to sing, and quickly added, " He is come! He is come ! I want to be gone ; Farewel to you all." When he could no longer speak, he continued smiling, clapping his hands, and discovering an extasy of joy in every motion.

" After a while his speech returned, and he said, " To-day is Friday : To-morrow I expect to go. One said, " Poor Mr. New !" He said, It is rich New. Though poor in myself, I am rich in Christ."

" I saw him on Saturday in the same spirit, praising God with every breath. He appeared quite transported pointing upwards, and turning his fingers round his head, alluding to the crown prepared for him. I said, " Your Lord has kept the best wine unto the last." " Yes, yes, said he, it is in my soul." When I took my leave he pressed my hand, pointed upward, and again clapped his hands. Afterward he spoke little, till he cried out, " The chariot, the chariot of Israel," and died."

Saturday 26. I was informed between twelve and

and one, that Mrs. B. was dying. Judging I had no time to lose, about one I left Briſtol, and about ſeven on Sunday morning came to London. Learning there that ſhe was better, I ſtayed to preach and adminiſter the ſacrament at the chappel, and then haſtened on, and ſpent a ſolemn and profitable hour at Lewiſham. I preached again at Weſt-ſtreet Chappel in the afternoon, and made a collection for the poor, as I had done in the morning. Soon after I took chaiſe again, and on Monday about noon came to Briſtol.

Wedneſ. 30. I preached to a large and very ſerious congregation on Redcliff-Hill. This is the way to overturn Satan's kingdom. In field-preaching, more than any other means, God is found of them that ſought him not. By this, death, heaven and hell, come to the ears, if not the hearts, of them that *care for none of theſe things.*

Friday, October 2, and ſome days in the following week I viſited the other ſocieties round Briſtol. Sun. 11. I preached at eight in Princes-Street, and a little before five, near the New-Square; where notwithſtanding the keeneſs of the wind the congregation was exceeding large. I permitted all of Mr. Whitefield's ſociety that pleaſed, to be preſent at the love-feaſt that followed. I hope we ſhall *not know war any more*, unleſs with the world, the fleſh and the devil.

Mon. 12. I preached at Bradford, on Tueſ-

day

day at Salisbury. On Wednesday about one at Rumsey ; whence I rode to Southampton, and the wind being so high, that I could not well preach abroad, I sent a line to the mayor, requesting leave to preach in the Town-hall. In an hour he sent me word, I might ; but in an hour more he retracted. Poor mayor of Southampton! So I preached in a small room, and did not repent my labour.

Thursday 15. About noon I preached at Fareham, then went on to Portsmouth Common. I sent to desire the use of the tabernacle : but was answered, Not unless I would preach the perseverance of the saints." At six I preached in our own room, which was sufficiently crouded both within and without. Resolving there should be room for all that would come, I preached the next afternoon on the side of the Common. And the whole congregation was as quite as that in the square at Bristol. Saturday 17, I set out early, and in the evening came to London.

Tuesday 20. I went to Colchester, and spent three days very agreeably, among a quiet and loving people. All their little misunderstandings are now at an end. Yet they had not the life which they had once. A loss of this kind is not easily recovered. Saturday 24. I returned to London.

Monday 26. I began my little tour, through Northamptonshire and Bedfordshire. I preached at Whittlebury in the evening. Tuesday 27. I rode

rode to Weedon, where the uſe of the church being refuſed, I accepted the offer of the Preſbyterian meeting-houſe, and preached to a crowded audience. Wedneſ. 20. About two in the afternoon I preached at Towceſter, where though many could not get in yet all were quiet. Hence we rode to Northampton, where in the evening (our own room being far too ſmall) I preached in the riding-ſchool to a large and deeply ſerious congregation. After ſervice, I was challenged, by one that was my pariſhioner at Epworth, near forty years ago. I drank tea at her houſe the next afternoon with her daughter-in-law from London, very big with child, and greatly afraid that ſhe ſhould die in labour. When we went to prayers, I inlarged in prayer, for her in particular. Within five minutes after we went away her pains began, and ſoon after ſhe was delivered of a fine boy. Friday 30. I rode acroſs the country to Bedford, and preached in the evening to a civil, heavy congregation. Saturday 31. After preaching at Luton in the way, I returned to London.

Sund. Nov. 1. Being All-Saints day, (a feſtival I dearly love) I could not but obſerve the admirable propriety with which the collect, epiſtle and goſpel for the day are ſuited to each other. As I was to ſet out for Kent in the morning. Mr. B. invited me to ſpend the evening with him at Lewiſham. Soon after we took horſe, we found one of our horſes lame. On enquiry, it appeared

that

that five nails were driven into the quick. So we were at a full ſtop. But Mr. B. ſupplying us with another horſe, we rode on, through heavy rain, to Staplehurſt. In the evening I met with a young clergyman, who ſeemed to have no deſire, but to ſave his own ſoul and thoſe that heard him. I adviſed him, to expect croſſes and perſecution. But he was ſure, his rector would ſtand by him. Vain hope. That the children of the world ſhould long ſtand by the children of God! Soon after, his rector told him, "Unleſs he kept away from this people, he muſt leave his curacy."

Tueſday 3. I rode to Rye, and preached in the evening. A poor prodigal, who was cut to the heart the firſt time I was there, was one of the audience: but exceeding drunk. He dined with us the next day: but was ſtill ſo muddled, that I could make no impreſſion on him. He *was* almoſt perſuaded to be a Chriſtian! But I doubt is now farther off than ever. In the evening I dealt once more exceeding plain with him, and his fellow ſinners. If they now periſh in their iniquity, their blood is on their own head. Thurſday 5. About noon I preached at Norjam. I was ſurprized at one, to hear the Tower-guns ſo plain at above fifty miles diſtance. In the afternoon we rode through miſerable roads to the pleaſant village of Ewhurſt, where I found the moſt lively congregration that I have met within the county. Saturday 7. I called at the houſe of mourning at

Shoreham, where I found Mr. P. ſorrowing like a Chriſtian, for his youngeſt ſon, the ſtaff of his age, the fourth that has been ſnatched from him in the bloom of youth. After ſpending a profitable hour here, I rode forward to London.

Sun. 8. I buried the remains of that excellent young man *Benjamin Colley*. He did rejoice evermore, and pray without ceaſing; and I believe his backſliding coſt him his life. From the time he miſſed his way, by means of Mr. Maxfield, he went heavily all his days. God indeed reſtored his peace but left him to be buffeted of Satan, in an uncommon manner. And his trials did not end but with his life. However ſome of his laſt words were, tell all the ſociety, tell all the world, I die without doubt or fear."

Thurſd. 12. I occaſionally looked into a book which I had long thrown by, as not worth reading, entitled, " Thoughts on God and Nature." But how agreeably was I ſurprized? It contains a treaſure of antient learning, delivered in clear and ſtrong language; and is indeed a maſter-peice in its kind, a thunder-bolt to Lord Bolingbrooke and all his admirers.

Sunday 15. I buried the remains of Rebecca Mills. She found peace with God many years ſince, and about five years ago was entirely changed, and enabled to give her whole ſoul to God. From that hour ſhe never found any decay, but loved and ſerved him with her whole heart. Pain and

and ſickneſs, and various trials ſucceeded almoſt without any intermiſſion. But ſhe was always the ſame, firm and unmoved, as the rock on which ſhe was built; in life and in death uniformly praiſing the God of her ſalvation. The attainableneſs of this great ſalvation, is put beyond all reaſonable doubt, by the teſtimony of one ſuch (were there but one) living and dying witneſs.

Friday 20. I preached to the condemned felons in Newgate, on *To day ſhalt thou be with me in paradiſe.* All of them were ſtruck and melted into tears: who knows but ſome of them may *reap in joy?*

In the evening I preached at Laton-ſtone. How good would it be for me to be here, not twice in a year, but in a month! So it appears to me. But God is wiſer than man. When it is really beſt, will he not bring it to paſs?

About this time I received two or three remarkable letters; extracts from which I here ſubjoin.

"Reverend *Sir*,

"Lately I was requeſted to read Mr. Marſhal's goſpel-myſtery of ſanctification: it was repreſented to me, as the moſt excellent piece, ever publiſhed on that ſubject. I have read it, and leſt I ſhould be miſtaken, ſubmit to you the following ſhort remarks.

"It muſt be acknowledged, he is on the one

hand copious in ſhewing the impracticability of real, genuine holineſs, or of doing any works acceptable to God, till we *repent and believe the goſpel.* On the other hand, he ſhews the deadly conſequences of that faith, which ſets aſide our obligations to obſerve God's holy law.

" I rejoice likewiſe, to find him ſhewing, how well able a believer is to keep this law, and proving that this faith implies a divine aſſurance of our belonging to Chriſt: but moſt of all, to obſerve him ſpeaking ſo excellently of the growth of a believer in holineſs. " We are *always* ſays he, to reſiſt the devil, to quench *all his fiery darts*, and *to perfect holineſs in the fear of God.* We are to be built up in Chriſt *until we come to a perfect man, to the meaſure of the ſtature of the fullneſs of Chriſt.*"

" But how does this agree with his aſſerting, our natural ſtate doth remain in a meaſure with *all its corrupt principles and practices* as long as we live in the preſent world? You may as well waſh a blackamoor white, as purge the fleſh from its evil luſts. It will luſt againſt the ſpirit in the beſt ſaints upon earth." How then am I to come *to a perfect man, to the meaſure of the ſtature of the fulneſs of Chriſt?* Is there a reconciliation between *the fulneſs of Chriſt* in a believer, and *all his corrupt principles and practice?* Is it thus, that the ſtrong man armed is to be *caſt out, with the ſpoiling of his goods?* Does he tell me, I am to quench all *the fiery darts of the devil:* and in the

the ſame breath that "I may as well waſh a blacka-moor white." That I *can do all things* through Chriſt ſtrengthning me: and yet, that the fleſh ſhall never be purged from its evil luſts; no, not in the beſt ſaints on earth, ſo long as they live in the preſent world? What a wonderful communion is here between light and darkneſs? What ſtrange fellowſhip between Chriſt and Belial?"

"What can we infer from hence but that Mr. Marſhall's book, containing ſo much poiſon mixt with food, is an exceeding dangerous one, and not fit to be recommended to any but experienced Chriſtians?"

The following letter is of a very different kind.

"SIR,

"I was yeſterday led to hear, what God would ſay to me by your mouth. You exhorted us, to *Strive to enter in at the ſtrait gate.* I am willing ſo to do. But I find, one chief part of my ſtriving, muſt be, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to inſtruct the ignorant, to viſit the ſick, and ſuch as are in priſon, bound in miſery and iron.

"But if you purge out all who ſcorn ſuch practices, or at leaſt are not found in them, how many will remain in your ſociety? I fear, ſcarce enough to carry your body to the grave! Alas, how many even among thoſe who are called believers, have plenty of all the neceſſaries of life, and yet complain of proverty? How many have

houſes and lands, or bags of money, and yet cannot find in their hearts to ſpare now and then to God's poor a little piece of gold? How many have linen in plenty, with three or four ſuits of clothes, and can ſee the poor go naked? They will change them away for painted clay, or let the moths devour them, before they will give them to cover the nakedneſs of their poor brethren, many of whoſe ſouls are clothed with glorious robes, though their bodies are covered with rags. Pray, Sir, tell theſe, you cannot believe they are Chriſtians, unleſs they imitate Chriſt in doing good to all men, and hate covetouſneſs, which is idolatry."

I do tell them ſo: and I tell them, *It will be more tolerable in the day of judgment for Sodom and Gomorrah than for* them! I tell them, the Methodiſts that do not fulfil all righteouſneſs, will have the hotteſt place in the lake of fire!

To awaken, if poſſible, theſe ſleepers, I add one extract more.

"Reverend and dear Sir,

"Some time ago I acquainted you how graciouſly the Lord had dealt with me, in delivering me out of all my troubles. For ſome time paſt I have been amazed at my ſpeech, memory and underſtanding, in all which I was remarkably defective. I have had power to explain the ſcriptures to my friends that meet here, in a manner that aſtoniſhed

aſtoniſhed me. But I immediately ſaw from whence theſe bleſſings came, and with an overflow of love and joy, worſhipped the great fountain of all goodneſs. I never was ſo ſenſible of my unprofitableneſs, never ſo abhorred myſelf as I do now. And yet I feel no condemnation, nor any withdrawing of my Redeemer's love. He is my ſhield and buckler, my God and my all. Glory be to God and the Lamb for ever! Praiſe him for me, and praiſe him for ever. Let every thing that hath breath, praiſe the Lord.

" Since the Lord has not only been gracious to my ſoul, but has intruſted me with a ſhare of this world's good. I am under an equal obligation to be faithful, in this as in the other gifts of God. Now eſpecially, when help is ſo much wanted, I ought to be the more careful. Suffer me, Sir, to ſpeak freely of myſelf. I have about forty ſeven pounds a year. As to my diſburſements, for apparel, I buy the moſt laſting, and in general, the plaineſt I can. I buy no furniture but what is neceſſary and cheap. I make my own fire, and get my own breakfaſt and ſupper. I pay ſixpence to one of our friends for my dinner. I drink herb-tea, and thereby ſave at leaſt a ſhilling a week. I ſeldom drink tea in an afternoon, but ſup at ſix, on bread and cheeſe, with milk and water. So I ſave at leaſt eight pence by dropping tea in the afternoon. I faſted much, till my health was greatly impaired. Then I uſed abſtinence on Wedneſdays, Fridays and other

faſt days, till I was obliged to leave this off too: but not till I was quite indifferent as to what I eat. So I determined, if I can't retrench a meal I can retrench the expence of a meal twice a week, and on other faſt-days, uſing potatoes, milk, or ſome other cheap thing. Thus I ſave four pence per dinner twice a week, which with the one ſhilling and eight-pence makes two ſhillings and four pence per week, without retrenching one neceſſary meal. Now this two ſhillings and four pence would buy as much meat, as made into broth, would nearly ſuffice for a ſmall family. To be ſhort, the expence for myſelf, meat, drink, clothes and waſhing, is not twenty eight pounds per annum, ſo that I have near twenty pounds to return to God in the poor. Now if every chriſtian family, while in health, would thus far deny themſelves, would twice a week dine on the cheapeſt food, drink in general herb-tea, faithfully calculate the money ſaved thereby, and give it to the poor over and above their uſual donations; we ſhould then hear no complaining in our ſtreets, but the poor would eat and be ſatisfied. He that gathered much would have nothing over, and he that gathered little, would have no lack. O how happy ſhould we all be, if this was the caſe with us! I mentioned this ſome time ago in a meeting at London when a brother ſaid, "Theſe are but little things. As I went home, I thought of his words: "Little things!" Is the want of fire, in froſt and ſnow

a little

a little thing? Or the want of food, in a diſtreſſed, helpleſs family? Gracious God! *Feed me with food convenient for me! Give me not poverty; leſt I ſteal, and take the name of my God in vain!*

"Dear Sir, I know what you feel for the poor, and I alſo ſympathize with you. Here is a hard ſeaſon coming on, and every thing very dear, thouſands of poor ſouls, yea, Chriſtians, dread the approaching calamities. O that God would ſtir up the hearts of all, that believe themſelves his children, to evidence it by ſhewing mercy to the poor, as God has ſhewn them mercy! Surely the real children of God will do it of themſelves: For it is the natural fruit of a branch in Chriſt. I would not deſire them to loſe one meal in a week, but to uſe as cheap food, clothes, &c. as poſſible. And I think the poor themſelves ought to be queſtioned, with regard to drinking tea and beer. For I cannot think it right for them to indulge themſelves in thoſe things which I refrain from, to help them. My earneſt prayers ſhall accompany yours, that God would give us all, in this our day, to know the things which belong unto our peace, and to acknowledge the bleſſings which are freely given to us of God!"

Monday 23. I went to Canterbury. Here I met with the life of Mahomet, wrote, I ſuppoſe by the Count de Boulanvillers. Whoever the author is, he is a very pert, ſhallow, ſelf-conceited coxcomb, remarkable for nothing but his im-

menſe aſſurance and thorough contempt of Chriſtianity. And the book is a dull ill-digeſted romance, ſupported by no authorities at all: whereas Dean Prideaux (a writer of ten times his ſenſe) cites his authorities for every thing he advances.

In the afternoon I rode to Dover; but the gentleman I was to lodge with, was gone a long journey. He went to bed well: but was dead in the morning; ſuch a vapour is life! At ſix I preached: but the houſe would by no means contain the congregation, moſt of the officers of the garriſon were there, I have not found ſo much life here for ſome years. After preaching at Sandwich and Margate, and ſpending a comfortable day at Canterbury, on Saturday I returned to London.

Monday 30. I took coach for Norwich, and in the evening came to New-market. Tueſday, December 1, being alone in the coach, I was conſidering ſeveral points of importance. And thus much appeared clear as the day:

That a man may be ſaved, who cannot expreſs himſelf properly concerning *imputed righteouſneſs*. Therefore to do this, is not neceſſary to ſalvation:

That a man may be ſaved, who has not *clear conceptions* of it: (yea that never heard the phraſe.) Therefore *clear conceptions* of it are not *neceſſary* to ſalvation: yea, it is not neceſſary to ſalvation, to uſe the phraſe at all:

That

That a pious church-man, who has not *clear conceptions even of juſtification by faith*, may be ſaved: therefore clear conceptions even of this are not neceſſary to ſalvation:

That a myſtic, who denies juſtification by faith, (Mr. Law for inſtance) may be ſaved. But if ſo, what becomes of "Articulus ſtantis vel cadentis eccleſiæ?" If ſo, is it not high time for us.

Projicere ampullas & ſeſquipedalia verba;

And to return to the plain word, *He that feareth God, and worketh righteouſneſs, is accepted with him!*

Every evening this week, I preached at Norwich, to a quiet, well-behaved congregration. Our friends, the mob, ſeem to have taken their leave. And ſo have triflers: all that remain ſeem to be deeply ſerious. But how eaſily are even theſe turned out of the way? One of our old members, about a year ago left the ſociety, and never heard the preaching ſince, "Becauſe Mr. Lincoln ſaid, Mr. Weſley and all his followers would go to hell together!" However on Tueſday night he venturned to the houſe once more. And God met him there, and revealed his Son in his heart.

Saturday 5. Believing it was my duty to ſearch to the bottom, ſome reports which I had heard concerning Mr. B——, I went to his old friend.

Mr. G—— an Iſraelite indeed, but worn almoſt to a ſkeleton. After I had explained to him the motives of my enquiry, he ſpoke without reſerve. And if his account be true, that hot, ſour man, does well to hold faſt his opinion; for it is all the religion he has.

Monday 7. I went on to Yarmouth, and found "Confuſion worſe confounded." Not only B— W—'s ſociety was come to nothing, but ours ſeemed to be ſwiftly following. They had almoſt all left the church again, being full of prejudice againſt the clergy and againſt one another. However as two or three retained their humble, ſimple love, I doubted not but there would be a bleſſing in the remnant. My firſt buſineſs was to reconcile them to each other: and this was effectually done, by hearing the contending parties, firſt ſeparately, and afterwards face to face. It remained, to reconcile them to the church; and this was done partly by arguments, partly by perſuaſion.

Friday 11. We ſet out at three in the morning, but did not reach Bury till paſt ſeven in the evening. The people being ready I began preaching immediately. Many ſeemed really deſirous to ſave their ſouls. The next day we went on to London.

Sunday 13. I was deſired to preach a funeral ſermon for W— O—. He came to London near thirty years ago, and from nothing increaſed more and more, till he was worth ſeveral thouſand pounds.

pounds. He was a good man, and died in peace. Nevertheleſs, I believe his money was a great clog to him, and kept him in a poor, low ſtate all his days, making no ſuch advance as he might have done, either in holineſs or happineſs.

To-day I found a little ſoreneſs on the edge of my tongue, which the next day ſpread to my gums, then to my lips, which inflamed, ſwelled, and the ſkin burſting, bled conſiderably. Afterward the roof of my mouth was extremely ſore, ſo that I could chew nothing. To this was added a continual ſpitting. I knew a little reſt would cure all. But this was not to be had; for I had appointed to be at Sheerneſs on Wedneſday the 16th. According I took horſe between five and ſix, and came thither between five and ſix in the evening. At half an hour after ſix I began reading prayers, (the governor of the fort having given me the uſe of the chapel) and afterwards preached, though not without difficulty, to a large and ſerious congregation. The next evening it was conſiderably increaſed, ſo that the chapel was as hot as an oven. In coming out, the air being exceeding ſharp, quite took away my voice, ſo that I knew not how I ſhould be able the next day, to read prayers or preach to ſo large a congregation. But in the afternoon the good governor cut the knot, ſending word, "I muſt preach in the chapel no more." A room being

being offered, which held full as many people as I was able to preach to, we had a comfortable hour, and many ſeemed reſolved, to *ſeek the Lord while he may be found.*

Examining the ſociety, conſiſting of four or five and thirty members, I had the comfort to find many of them knew in whom they had believed. And all of them ſeemed really deſirous to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour.

Such a town as many of theſe live in, is ſcarce to be found again in England. In the dock adjoining to the fort, there are ſix *old men of war.* Theſe are divided into ſmall tenements, forty, fifty or ſixty in a ſhip, with little chimnies and windows and each of theſe contains a family. In one of them, where we called, a man and his wife, and ſix little children lived. And yet all the ſhip was ſweet and tolerably clean, ſweeter than moſt ſailing ſhips I have been in. Saturday 19. I returned to London.

Saturday 26. I viſited poor Mrs. H. whoſe wild huſband has very near murdered her, by vehemently affirming, "It was revealed to him, that ſhe ſhould die before ſuch a day." Indeed the day is paſt; but her weak, nervous conſtitution is ſo deeply ſhocked by it, that ſhe ſtill keeps her bed, and perhaps will feel it all the days of her life.

Saturday, January 2, 1768. I called on a poor man in the Marſhalſea, whoſe caſe appeared to be

be uncommon. He is by birth a Dutchman, a chymiſt by profeſſion. Being but half employed at home, he was adviſed to come to London, where he doubted not of having full employment. He was recommended to a countryman of his to lodge, who after ſix weeks arreſted him, for much more than he owed, and hurried him away to priſon, having a wife near her time, without money, friend, or a word of Engliſh to ſpeak. I wrote the caſe to Mr. T——, who immediately gave fifteen pounds, by means of which with a little addition, he was ſet at liberty, and put in a way of living. But I never ſaw him ſince. And reaſon good; for he could now live without me.

Monday 4. At my leiſure hours this week, I read Dr. Prieſtly's ingenious book on electricity. He ſeems to have accurately collected and well digeſted, all that is known on that curious ſubject. But how little is that all! Indeed the uſe of it we know; at leaſt, in ſome good degree. We know it is a thouſand medicines in one: in particular, that is the moſt efficacious medicine, in nervous diſorders of every kind, which has ever yet been diſcovered. But if we aim at theory, we know nothing. We are ſoon

"Loſt and bewilder'd in the fruitleſs ſearch."

Monday 11. This week I ſpent my ſcraps of time

time in reading Mr. Wodrow's hiſtory of the ſufferings of the church of Scotland. It would tranſcend belief, but that the vouchers are too authentic, to admit of any exception. O what a bleſſed governor, was that *good-natured* man, ſo called, King Charles the ſecond! Bloody Queen Mary was a lamb, a mere dove, in compariſon of him!

Monday 25. And the following days, in the intervals of more important work, I carefully read the pleadings at Edinburgh, in the famous Douglas cauſe. So intricate a one I never heard, I never read of before. I cannot but believe the birth was real. But the objections are ſo numerous, and ſo ſtrongly urged, I cannot at all wonder that many ſhould believe otherwiſe.

* Monday, February 8. I met with a ſurpriſing poem, intitled, Choheleth; or, The Preacher. It is a paraphraſe in tolerable verſe, on the book of Eccleſiaſtes. I really think the author of it, (a Turky merchant) underſtands both the difficult expreſſions, and the connexion of the whole, better than any other, either antient or modern writer, whom I have ſeen. He was at Liſbon during the great earthquake, juſt then ſitting in his night-gown and ſlippers. Before he could dreſs himſelf, part of the houſe he was in, fell and blocked him up. By this means his life was ſaved: for all who had run out, were daſhed in pieces by the falling houſes.

Thurſday

Thurſday 18. Having been importunately preſt thereto, I rode (through a keen eaſt wind) to Chatham. About ſix in the evening I preached at the barracks, in what they call, *the church.* It is a large room, in which the chaplain reads prayers, and preaches *now and then.* It was ſoon as hot as an oven through the multitude of people, ſome hundreds of whom were ſoldiers. And they were *all ear*, as Mr. Boſton ſays, ſcarce allowing themſelves to breathe. Even between five and ſix the next morning, the room was warm enough. I ſuppoſe upwards of two hundred ſoldiers were a part of the audience. Many of theſe are already warring a good warfare, knowing in whom they have believed.

Tueſday 23. I rode to Shoreham and preached at five in Mr. P.'s houſe: but the next day I preached in the church, being St. Matthias' day. I then rode back to a large room, which is taken in Redriff, above three miles from London-bridge. Although the people were ſtrangely ſqueezed together, yet they appeared to be all attention. Not a cough was to be heard. I ſtrongly exhorted them, *To call upon the Lord while he is near.* And when I had concluded, no one offered to move, but every one ſtood ſtill in his place, till I had paſſed through them.

Friday 26. I tranſlated from the French one of the moſt uſeful tracts I ever ſaw, for thoſe who deſire to be *fervent in ſpirit.* How little does God regard mens opinions! What a multitude

of

of wrong opinions are embraced by all the members of the church of Rome? Yet how highly favoured have many of them been?

Monday 29. I dined at Mr. M——'s. His ſtrangeneſs is now gone. He has drank of *my* cup. Reproach has at length found out him alſo. Afterwards I ſpent an hour at Mr. G———'s. I can truſt myſelf about once a year in this warm ſun-ſhine; but not much oftener, or I ſhould melt away.

Sunday, March 6. In the evening I went to Brentford, and on Tueſday 8, reached Briſtol, where I did not find any decay in the work of God, though it did not go on ſo vigorouſly as at Kingſwood. Here the meetings for prayer had been exceedingly bleſt: ſome were convinced or converted almoſt daily. And near ſeventy new members had been added to the ſociety, in about three months time. The ſchool likewiſe is in a flouriſhing condition. Several of the children continue ſerious: and all of them are in better order than they have been for ſome years.

Monday 14. I ſet out on my northern journey, and preached at Stroud in the evening. Tueſday 15. About noon I preached at Painſwick, and in the evening at Gloceſter. The mob here was for a conſiderable time both noiſy and miſchievous. But an honeſt magiſtrate, taking the matter in hand, quickly tamed the beaſts of the

the people. So may any magiſtrate, if he will: ſo that wherever a mob continues any time, all they do is to be imputed, not ſo much to the rabble, as to the juſtices.

Wedneſday 16. About nine I preached at Cheltenham, a quiet, comfortable place; though it would not have been ſo, if either the rector or the baptiſt miniſter could have prevented. Both theſe have blown the trumpet with their might: but the people had no ears to hear. In the afternoon I preached at Upton, and then rode on to Worceſter. But the difficulty was, where to preach? No room was large enough to contain the people: and it was too cold for them to ſtand abroad. At length we went to a friend's near the town, whoſe barn was larger than many churches. Here a numerous congregation ſoon aſſembled; and again at five, and at ten in the morning. Nothing is wanting here, but a commodious houſe. And will not God provide this alſo?

In the afternoon we rode to Eveſham. As all was hurry and confuſion on account of the election, I was glad Mr. D. aſked me to preach in his church, where we had a large and exceeding quiet congregation. How long a winter has been at this place? Will not the ſpring at length return?

Friday 18. The vicar of Pebworth had given notice in the church on Sunday, that I was to preach there on Friday. But the 'ſquire of the

pariſh ſaid, " It is contrary to the canons, (wiſe 'ſquire!) and it ſhall not be." So I preached about a mile from it, at Broadmarſton, by the ſide of Mr. Eden's houſe. The congregation was exceeding large, and remarkably attentive. In the morning the chapel (ſo it anciently was) was well filled at five. The ſimplicity and earneſtneſs of the people, promiſe a glorious harveſt.

Saturday 19. We rode to Birmingham. The tumults which ſubſiſted here ſo many years are now wholly ſuppreſſed by a reſolute magiſtrate. * After preaching, I was pleaſed to ſee a venerable monument of antiquity, George Bridgins, in the one hundred and ſeventh year of his age. He can ſtill walk to the preaching, and retains his ſenſes and underſtanding tolerably well. But what a dream will even a life of an hundred years appear to him, the moment he awakes in eternity!

Sunday 20. About one I preached on Weſt-Bromwich-Heath: in the evening near the preaching-houſe in Wedneſbury. The north wind cut like a razor: but the congregation, as well as me, had ſomething elſe to think of.

Tueſday 22. I read over a ſmall book, " Poems by Miſs Whately," a farmer's daughter. She had little advantage from education, but an aſtoniſhing genius. Some of her elegies I think quite

quite equal to Mr. Grey's. If ſhe had had proper helps for a few years, I queſtion whether ſhe would not have excelled any female poet, that ever yet appeared in England.

Wedneſday 23. After preaching at ſeveral other places, I rode on to Wolverhampton. Here too all was quiet. Only thoſe who could not get into the houſe, made a little noiſe for a time. And ſome hundreds attended me to my lodging. But it was with no other intent than to ſtare.

Turſday 24. I rode to Newcaſtle-under-Line (a river ſo called) one of the prettieſt towns in England. Many here already know themſelves; not a few know Chriſt. The largeneſs of the congregation conſtrained me, though it was very cold, to preach in the open air, on *God commandeth all men, every where, to repent.* I ſcarce ever ſaw a more attentive, or better behaved congregation.

Friday 25. I turned aſide a little to Borſlem, and preached in the new houſe. That at Congleton is about the ſame ſize, but better contrived, and better finiſhed. We had an elegant congregation at Congleton, yet earneſtly attentive. It ſeems the behaviour of the ſociety in this town, has convinced all the people in it, but the curate: who ſtill refuſes to give the ſacrament to any that will not promiſe to hear theſe preachers no more.

Saturday 26. We rode to Macclesfield. Sunday

day 27. At eleven, one of the miniſters preached a uſeful ſermon, as did the other in the afternoon. At five in the evening we had thouſands upon thouſands. And all were ſerious, while I inforced, *Now is the day of ſalvation!*

Monday 28. I met the ſtewards of the ſeveral ſocieties at Mancheſter. The times of outward diſtreſs are now over. God has given us plenty of all things. It remains only, to give ourſelves up to him, who *giveth us all things richly to enjoy.*

Tueſday 29. I preached in Stockport at noon, and Mancheſter in the evening. Wedneſday 30. I rode to a little town called New Mills, in the High Peak of Derbyſhire. I preached at noon, in their large, new chapel, which (in conſideration that preaching-houſes have need of air) has a caſement, in every window, three inches ſquare! That is the cuſtom of the country!

In the evening and the following morning, I brought ſtrange things to the ears of many in Mancheſter, concerning the government of their families, and the education of their children. * But ſome ſtill made that very ſilly anſwer, "O, he has no children of his own." Neither had St. Paul, nor (that we know) any of the apoſtles. What then? Were they therefore unable to inſtruct parents? Not ſo. They were able to inſtruct every one, that had a ſoul to be ſaved.

Saturday, April 2. I preached at Little-Leigh, and

and in the evening at Chefter. At eight in the morning, (Eafter-day) I took my old ftand, in the little fquare at St. Martin's-Afh. The people were as quiet as in the houfe. While I ftayed here, I corrected Mifs Gilbert's journal, a maftepiece in its kind. What a prodigy of a child! Soon ripe, and foon gone!

Tuefday 5. About noon I preached at Warrington; I am afraid, not to the tafte of fome of my hearers, as my fubject led me to fpeak ftrongly and explicitly on the godhead of Chrift. But that I cannot help; for on this I *muft* infift, as the foundation of all our hope.

Wednefday 6. About eleven I preached at Wigan, in a place near the middle of the town, which I fuppofe was formerly a playhoufe. It was very full, and very warm. Moft of the congregation were wild as wild might be; yet none made the leaft difturbance. Afterwards as I walked down the ftreet, they ftared fufficiently: but none faid an uncivil word.

In the evening we had an huge congregation at Liverpool. But fome pretty, gay, fluttering things, did not behave with fo much good manners as the mob at Wigan. The congregations in general were quite well-behaved, as well as large, both morning and evening. And I found the fociety both more numerous and more lively, than ever it was before.

Sunday 10. I rode to Prefcot, eight miles from Liverpool, and came thither juft as the church began.

began. The vicar preached an excellent ſermon, on, *Whatſoever is born of God, overcometh the world. And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.* After ſervice, many followed me to a vacant place, where we were tolerably ſheltered from the cold wind. Fifty or ſixty of our Liverpool friends alſo were there, who had walked over. And God made it both a ſolemn and a comfortable opportunity to many ſouls.

Monday 11. I rode to Bolton; on Wedneſday to Kendal. Seceders and mongrel Methodiſts, have ſo ſurfeited the people here, that there is ſmall proſpect of doing good. However I once more *caſt* my *bread upon the waters*, and left the event to God.

Thurſday 14. I rode on, through continued rain, to Ambleſide. It cleared up before we came to Keſwick, and we ſet out thence in a fair day. But on the mountains the ſtorm met us again, which beat on us ſo impetuouſly, that our horſes could ſcarce turn their faces againſt it. However we made ſhift to reach Cockermouth. But there was no room for preaching, the town being in an uproar, through the election for members of parliament. So after drying ourſelves, we thought it beſt to go on to Whitehaven.

I found the ſociety here more alive to God than it had been for ſeveral years. And God has choſen the weak to make them ſtrong: the change

change has been wrought chiefly by means of Joseph G. Many of the children likewise are serious and well-behaved, and some of them seem to be awakened. Sunday 17. I commended them to the grace of God, and rode to Cockermouth. I had designed to preach near the market-house; but the rain constrained us to go into the house; where I explained (out of the first lesson) *Let me die the death of the righteous.* In the evening I preached at Coldbeck, in the mountains, to an exceeding serious congregation. Monday 18. Taking horse at four, I reached Solway-frith before eight, and finding a guide ready, crossed without delay, dined at Dumfries, and then went on to Drumlanric.

Tuesday 19. I rode through heavy rain to Glasgow. On Thursday and Friday, I spoke to most of the members of the society. I doubt we have few societies in Scotland like this: the greater part of those I saw, not only have found peace with God, but continue to walk in the light of his countenance. Indeed that wise and good man Mr. G———, has been of great service to them: encouraging them by all possible means to abide in the grace of God.

Saturday 23. I rode over the mountains to Perth. I had received magnificient accounts of the work of God in this place; so that I expected to find a numerous and lively society. Instead of this, I found not above two believers, and scarce five awakened persons in it. Finding I

had all to begin, I ſpoke exceeding plain in the evening to about an hundred perſons at the room. But knowing this was doing nothing, on Sunday 24. I preached about eight at the end of Watergate. A multitude of people were ſoon aſſembled, to whom I cried aloud, *Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found*; *call upon him while he is near*. All were deeply attentive, and I had a little hope, that ſome were profited.

At the Old Kirk we had uſeful ſermons, both in the morning, and at five in the afternoon. Immediately after ſervice, I preached on, *God forbid that I ſhould glory, ſave in the croſs of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt*. The congregation was ſo exceeding large, that I doubt many could not hear. After preaching, I explained the nature of a *Methodiſt* ſociety: adding, that I ſhould not look on any perſons at Perth as ſuch, unleſs they ſpoke to me before I left the city. Four men and four women did ſpeak to me, two of whom I think were believers: and one or two more ſeemed juſt awakening, and darkly feeling after God. In truth, the kingdom of God among theſe, is as yet but as a grain of muſtard-ſeed.

Monday 25. Mr. Fr——, miniſter of a neighbouring pariſh, deſired us to breakfaſt with him: I found him a ſerious, benevolent, ſenſible man, not bigotted to any opinions. I did not reach

Brehcin,

Brechin, till it was too late to preach. Tuesday 26. I came to Aberdeen.

Here I found a society truly alive, knit together in peace and love. The congregations were large both morning and evening, and as usual, deeply attentive. But a company of strolling players, who have at length found place here also, stole away the gay part of the hearers. Poor Scotland! Poor Aberdeen! This only was wanting, to make them as compleatly irreligious as England.

* Friday 29. I read over an extremely sensible book; but one that surprized me much. It is, "An enquiry into the proofs of the charges commonly advanced against Mary Queen of Scotland." By means of original papers, he has made it more clear than one would imagine it possible at this distance, 1. That she was altogether innocent of the murder of Lord Darnley, and no way privy to it: 2. That she married Lord Bothwell, (then near seventy years old, herself but four and twenty) from the pressing instance of the nobility in a body, who at the same time assured her, "He was innocent of the king's murder." 3. That Murray, Morton and Lethington, themselves contrived that murder, in order to charge it upon her, as well as forged those vile letters and sonnets, which they palmed upon the world for hers."

"But how then can we account for the quite

contrary ſtory, which has been almoſt univerſally received?" Moſt eaſily. It was penned and publiſhed in French, Engliſh and Latin, (by Queen Elizabeth's order) by George Buchanan, who was ſecretary to Lord Murray, and in Queen Elizabeth's pay. So he was ſure to throw dirt enough: nor was ſhe at liberty to anſwer for herſelf. "But what then was Queen Elizabeth?" As juſt and merciful as Nero, and as good a Chriſtian as Mahomet.

Sunday, May 1. I preached at ſeven in the New Room: in the afternoon at the College-kirk in Old Aberdeen. At ſix, knowing our houſe could not contain the congregation, I preached in the caſtle-gate on the paved ſtones. A large number of people were all attention: but there were many rude, ſtupid creatures round about them, who knew as little of reaſon as of religion: I never ſaw ſuch brutes in Scotland before. One of them threw a potatoe, which fell on my arm. I turned to them: and ſome were aſhamed.

Monday 2. I ſet out early from Aberdeen, and about noon preached in Brechin. After ſermon, the provoſt deſired to ſee me; and ſaid, "Sir, my ſon had epileptic fits from his infancy. Dr. Ogylvie preſcribed for him many times, and at length told me, he could do no more. I deſired Mr. Blair laſt Monday to ſpeak to *you*. On Tueſday morning my ſon ſaid to his mother,

ther, he had juſt been dreaming, that his fits were gone, and he was perfectly well. Soon after I gave him the drops you adviſed. He is perfectly well, and has not had one fit ſince." In the evening I preached to a large congregation at Dundee. They *heard* attentively, but ſeemed to *feel* nothing. The next evening I ſpoke more ſtrongly, and to their hearts rather than their underſtanding: and I believe a few felt the word of God ſharp as a two-edged ſword.

Thurſday 5. We rode through the pleaſant and fruitful Carſe of Gowry, a plain fifteen or ſixteen miles long, between the river Tay and the mountains, very thick inhabited, to Perth. In the afternoon, we walked over to the royal palace at Scoon. It is a large old houſe, delightfully ſituated, but ſwiftly running to ruin. Yet there are a few good pictures, and ſome fine tapiſtry left, in what they call the Queen's, and the King's chambers. And what is far more curious, there is a bed and a ſet of hangings, in the (once) royal apartment, which was wrought by poor Queen Mary, while ſhe was impriſoned in the caſtle of Lochlevin. It is ſome of the fineſt needle-work I ever ſaw, and plainly ſhews, both her exquiſite ſkill and unwearied induſtry.

About this time a remarkable work of God broke out among the children at Kingſwood

ſchool. One of the maſters ſent me a ſhort account of it, as follows:

April 27, 1768.

" Rev. and dear SIR,

" On Wedneſday the 20th, God broke in " upon our boys in a ſurprizing manner. A " ſerious concern has been obſervable in ſome " of them for ſome time paſt. But that night, " while they were in their private apartments, " the power of God came upon them, even " like a mighty, ruſhing wind, which made " them cry aloud for mercy. Laſt night, I " hope, will never be forgotten, when about " twenty were in the utmoſt diſtreſs. But " God quickly ſpoke peace to two of them, " J—— Gl——t, and T——— M——e. " A greater diſplay of his love, I never ſaw: " they indeed rejoice with joy unſpeakable. " For my own part, I have not often felt the " like power. We have no need to exhort " them to pray; for that ſpirit runs through " the whole ſchool; ſo that this houſe may " well be called, An Houſe of Prayer. While " I am writing, the cries of the boys from " their ſeveral apartments are ſounding in my " ears. There are many ſtill lying at the pool, " who wait every moment to be put in. " They are come to this, " Lord, I will not, " I cannot

"I cannot reſt without thy love." Since "I began to write, eight more are ſet at "liberty, and now rejoice in God their Sa- "viour. The names of theſe are John "Coward, John Lion, John Maddern, John "Boddily, John Thurgar, Charles Brown, "William Higham, and Robert Hindmarſh. "Their age is from eight to fourteen. There "are but few who withſtand the work, nor "is it likely they ſhould do it long. For "the prayers of thoſe that believe in Chriſt, "ſeem to carry all before them. Among the "colliers likewiſe the work of God increaſes "greatly: two of the colliers boys were "juſtified this week. The number added to the "ſociety ſince the conference is an hundred "and thirty.

"I had ſealed my letter, but have opened "it to inform you, that two more of our chil- "dren have found peace. Several others "are under deep conviction. Some of our "friends from Briſtol are here, who are "thunderſtruck. This is the day we have "wiſhed for ſo long, the day you have had "in view, which has made you go through ſo "much oppoſition, for the good of theſe "poor children.

James Hindmarſh."

A few days after, one wrote thus:

"I cannot help congratulating you on the "happy ſituation of your family here. The "power of God continues to work, with "almoſt irreſiſtible force. And there is good "reaſon to hope, it will not be withdrawn, "till every ſoul is converted to God.—I have "had frequent opportunities of converſing "alone with the boys, and find the work has "taken deep root in many hearts. The houſe "rings with praiſe and prayer, and the whole "behaviour of the children ſtrongly ſpeaks for "God. The number of the new-born is in-"creaſed ſince you received your laſt infor-"mation. I have been a witneſs of part: "but the whole exceeds all that language can "paint."

Another writes, May 18. "The work of "God ſtill goes on at Kingſwood. Of the "hundred and thirty members who have been "added to the ſociety ſince the laſt confe-"rence, the greater part have received juſti-"fying faith, and are ſtill rejoicing in God "their Saviour: and (what is the moſt re-"markable) I do not know of one backſlider in "the place. The outpouring of the Spirit on "the children in the ſchool, has been exceed-"ing great. I believe, there is not one among "them,

" them, who has not been affected, more or
" leſs. Twelve of them have found peace
" with God: and ſome, in a very remarkable
" manner. Theſe have no more doubt of the
" favour of God, than of their own exiſtence.
" And the Lord is ſtill with them, though not
" ſo powerfully, as he was two or three weeks
" ſince."

A N

E X T R A C T

OF THE

Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY'S

J O U R N A L,

From MAY 14, 1768, to SEPTEMBER 1, 1770.

NUMBER XIV.

SATURDAY, May 14, 1768.

I Walked once more through Holyrood-houſe, a noble pile of building; but the greateſt part of it left to itſelf, and ſo (like the palace at Scone) ſwiftly

ſwiftly running to ruin. The tapiſtry is dirty and quite faded; the fine ceilings dropping down; and many of the pictures in the gallery, torn or cut through. This was the work of good General Hawley's ſoldiers, (like General, like men !) who after running away from the Scots at Falkirk, revenged themſelves on the harmleſs canvaſs!

Sunday 15. At eight I preached in the High-ſchool-yard; and I believe not a few of the hearers were cut to the heart. Between twelve and one a far larger congregation aſſembled on the Caſtle-hill. And I believe my voice commanded them all, while I opened and enforced thoſe awful words, *I ſaw the dead ſmall and great ſtand before God.* In the evening our houſe was ſufficiently crowded, even with the rich and honourable. *Who hath warned* theſe *to flee from the wrath to come?* O may they at length *awake and ariſe from the dead!*

Monday 16. I preached in the evening at Dunbar, near the ſhore, to an unuſually large congregation. Tueſday 17. I looked over Dr. Shaw's travels: great part of them is very dull and unentertaining: but ſome remarks are extremely curious. I was a little ſurprized at one of them: namely, that the celebrated mount Atlas is not higher that many of our Engliſh mountains, and nothing near ſo high as the Alps. But it was much farther from Rome. So travellers

might make it as high as the moon; and few in Italy could contradict them.

Wednesday 18. I came to poor dead Berwick. However I found a few living souls even here. At seven I preached in the town-hall, to an exceeding serious, though not numerous, congregation. The next evening I preached in the market-place at Alnwick. Friday 20, I went on in reading that fine book, Bishop Butler's Analogy. But I doubt it is too hard for most of those, for whom it was chiefly intended. *Free thinkers*, so called, are seldom *close thinkers*. They will not be at the pains of reading such a book as this. One that would profit them, must *dilute* his sense, or they will neither swallow nor digest it.

Saturday 21. About noon I preached at Morpeth, and in the evening at Newcastle, in the Old Custom-house, a large commodious room near the Key-side, the grand resort of Publicans and Sinners. Sunday 22, I preached in the morning under the trees in Gateshead, to a large and serious multitude: and at two, on The Fell, to a much larger. But the largest of all attended at the Garth-heads in the evening. And great part of them were not curious hearers, but well acquainted with the things of the kingdom of God.

Wednesday 25, and the two following days, being at Sunderland, I took down from one who had feared God from her infancy, one of the strangest

ſtrangeſt accounts I ever read. And yet I can find no pretence to diſbelieve it. The well-known character of the perſon, excludes all ſuſpicion of fraud. And the nature of the circumſtances themſelves, excludes the poſſibility of a deluſion.

It is true there are ſeveral of them, which I do not comprehend. But this is with me a very ſlender objection. For what is it which I do comprehend, even of the things I ſee daily? Truly not

"The ſmalleſt grain of ſand or ſpire of graſs."

I know not how the one grows, or how the particles of the other cohere together. What pretence have I then to deny well-atteſted facts, becauſe I cannot comprehend them?

It is true likewiſe: that the Engliſh in general, and indeed moſt of the men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apperitions, as mere old wives fables. I am ſorry for it: and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my ſolemn proteſt, againſt this violent compliment, which ſo many that believe the bible pay, to thoſe who do not believe it. I owe them no ſuch ſervice. I take knowledge, theſe are at the bottom of the outcry which has been raiſed, and with ſuch inſolence ſpread throughout the nation, in direct oppoſition not only to the bible, but to the ſuffrage of the wiſeſt and beſt of

men

men in all ages and nations. They well know, (whether Chriſtians know it, or not) that the giving up witchcraft, is in effect, giving up the bible. And they know, on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourſe of men with ſeparate ſpirits be admitted, their whole caſtle in the air, (deiſm, atheiſm, materialiſm) falls to the ground. I know no reaſon therefore, why we ſhould ſuffer even this weapon to be wreſted out of our hands. Indeed there are numerous arguments beſides, which abundantly confute their vain imaginations. But we need not be hooted out of one: neither reaſon nor religion require this.

One of the capital objections to all theſe accounts, which I have know urged over, and over is this, "Did you ever ſee an apparition yourſelf?" No: nor did I ever ſee a murder. Yet I believe there is ſuch a thing: yea, and that in one place or another murder is committed every day. Therefore I cannot as a reaſonable man deny the fact; although I never ſaw it, and perhaps never may. The teſtimony of unexceptionable witneſſes fully convinces me both of the one and the other.

But to ſet this aſide, it has been confidently alledged, That many of theſe have ſeen their error, and have been clearly convinced, that the ſuppoſed preternatural operation was the mere contrivance of artful men. The famous inſtance of this, which has been ſpread far and wide, was the drumming in Mr. Mompeſſon's houſe at Tedworth;

Tedworth ; who it was ſaid acknowledged, " It was all a trick, and that he had found out the whole contrivance." Not ſo. My eldeſt brother then at Chriſt-Church, Oxon, enquired of Mr. Mompeſſon, his fellow collegian, " whether his father had acknowledged this or not ?" He anſwered, " The reſort of gentlemen to my father's houſe, was ſo great, he could not bear the expence. He therefore took no pains to confute the report that he had found out the cheat : although he, and I, and all the family knew, the account which was publiſhed to be punctually true."

This premiſed, I proceed to as remarkable a narrative, as any that has fallen under my notice. The reader may believe it if he pleaſes : or may diſbelieve it, without any offence to me. Meantime let him not be offended if I believe it, till I ſee better reaſon to the contrary.—I have added a few ſhort remarks which may make ſome paſſages a little more intelligible.

1. Elizabeth Hobſon was born in Sunderland, in the year 1744. Her father dying when ſhe was three or four years old, her uncle, Thomas Rea, a pious man brought her up as his own daughter. She was ſerious from a child, and grew up in the fear of God. Yet ſhe had deep and ſharp convictions of ſin, till ſhe was about ſixteen years of age when ſhe found peace with God, and from that time the whole tenour of her behaviour was ſuitable to her profeſſion.

On

On Wednesday, May 25, 1768, and the three following days, I talked with her at large. But it was with great difficulty I prevailed on her to speak. The substance of what she said was as follows.

2. "From my childhood, when any of our neighbours died, whether men, women or children, I used to see them either just when they died or a little before. And I was not frightened at all it was so common. Indeed many times I did not then know they were dead. I saw many of them by day, many by night. Those that came when it was dark, brought light with them. I observed all little children and many grown persons had a bright, glorious light round them. But many had a gloomy, dismal light, and a dusky cloud over them.

3. When I told my uncle this he did not seem to be at all surprized at it†. But at several times he said, "Be not afraid: only take care to fear and serve God. As long as he is on your side, none will be able to hurt you." At other times he said, (dropping a word now and then, but seldom answering me any questions about it) "Evil spirits very seldom appear, but between eleven as night and two in the morning. But after they have appeared to a person a year, they frequently come in the day time. Whatever spirits,

† It appears highly probable, that he was himself experimentally acquainted with these things.

ſpirits, good or bad, come in the day, they come at ſun-riſe, at noon, or at ſun-ſet ‡."

4. When I was between twelve and thirteen, my uncle had a lodger, who was a very wicked man. One night I was ſitting in my chamber, about half hour after ten, having by accident put out my candle, when he came in, all over on a flame. I cried out, "William, why do you come in ſo to fright me?" He ſaid nothing, but went away. I went after him into his room: but found he was faſt aſleep in bed. A day or two after he fell ill, and within the week died in raging deſpair.

5. I was between fourteen and fifteen, when I went very early one morning to fetch up the kine. I had two fields to croſs into a low ground which was ſaid to be haunted. Many perſons had been frighted there: and I had myſelf often ſeen men and woman, (ſo many, at times, that they are out of count) go juſt by me and vaniſh away. This morning, as I came toward it, I heard a confuſed noiſe, as of many people quarrelling. But I did not mind it, and went on, till I came near the gate. I then ſaw on the other ſide a young man dreſt in purple, who ſaid, "It is too early: Go back from whence you came. The Lord be with you and bleſs you. And preſently he was gone.

6. When I was about ſixteen, my uncle fell ill, and grew worſe and worſe for three months. One day having been ſent out on an errand, I was

‡ How ſtrange is this? But how little do we know, concerning the laws of the inviſible world?

was coming home through a lane, when I saw him in the field coming swiftly toward me. I ran to meet him; but he was gone. When I came home I found him calling for me. As soon as I came to his bed side, he clasp'd his arms round my neck; and bursting into tears earnestly exhorted me, to continue in the ways of God, kept his hold, till he sunk down and died; and even then they could hardly unclasp his fingers. I would fain have died with him and wished to be buried with him, dead or alive.

7. From that time I was crying from morning to night, and praying that I might see him. I grew weaker and weaker, till one morning about one o'clock, as I was lying, crying as usual, I heard some noise, and rising up, saw him come to the bed side. He looked much displeased, shook his head at me, and in a minute or two went away.

8. About a week after I took my bed and grew worse and worse, till in six or seven days my life was despaired of. Then about eleven at night, my uncle came in, looked well pleased, and sat down on the bedside. He came every night after at the same time, and stayed till cock-crowing. I was exceeding glad, and kept my eyes fixt upon him, all the time he stayed. If I wanted drink or any thing, though I did not speak or stir §, he fetched it, and set it on the chair by the bed side. Indeed

§ So it is plain, he knew her thoughts? But this is widely distant, from knowing the hearts of all men.

Indeed I could not ſpeak ‖; many times I ſtrove, but could not move my tongue. Every morning when he went away he waved his hand to me, and I heard delightful muſic, as if many perſons were ſinging together.

9. In about ſix weeks I grew better, I was then muſing one night, Whether I did well, in deſiring he might come? And I was praying, that God would do his own will, when he came in, and ſtood by the bed ſide. But he was not in his uſual dreſs: he had on a white robe which reached down to his feet. He looked quite well pleaſed. About one, there ſtood by him a perſon in white, taller than him and exceeding beautiful. He came with the ſinging as of many voices, and continued till near cock-crowing. Then my uncle ſmiled and waved his hand toward me twice or thrice. They went away with inexpreſſibly ſweet muſic, and I ſaw him no more.

10. In a year after this, a young man courted me, and in ſome months we agreed to be married. But he purpoſed to take another voyage firſt, and one evening went a-board his ſhip. About eleven o'clock, going out to look for my mother, I ſaw him ſtanding at his mother's door with his hands in his pockets, and his hat pulled over his eyes. I went to him, and reached my hand, to put up his hat. But he went ſwiftly by me, and I ſaw the wall on the other ſide of the lane part as he

‖ Such an impreſſion, even though ſhe felt no fear, did the preſence of a ſuperior nature make upon her!

he went through, and then immediately close after him. At ten the next morning he died.

11. A few days after, John Simpson, one of our neighbours, a man that truly feared God, and one with whom I was particularly acquainted, went to sea, as usual. He sailed out on a Tuesday. The Friday night following, between eleven and twleve o'clock, I heard one walking in my room, and every step sounded, as if he was stepping in water. He then came to the bedside in his sea-jacket, all wet, and stretched his hand over me. Three drops of water fell on my breast†, and felt as cold as ice. I strove to wake his wife, who lay with me; but I could not, any more than if she was dead. Afterward I heard, he was cast away that night. In less than a minute he went away. But he came to me every night, for six or seven nights following, between eleven and two. Before he came and when he went away, I always heard sweet music‡. Afterwards he came both day and night: every night about twelve with the music at his coming and going, and every day at sun-rise, noon and sun-set. He came whatever company I was in; at church, in the preaching-house, at my class: and was always just before me, changing his posture, as I changed mine. When I sat he sat; when I kneeled he kneeled; when I stood he stood likewise.

† Was this real? Or did he only raise such a sensation in her?

‡ Was this a real modulation of the air? Was it designed to shew that he was happy, and to encourage her to speak?

wife. I would fain have ſpoke to him, but I could not; when I tried, my heart ſunk within me, mean time it affected me more and more, ſo that I loſt both my ſtomach, my colour, and my ſtrength. This continued ten weeks, while I pined away not daring to tell any one. At laſt he came four or five nights without any muſic, and looked exceeding ſad. On the fifth night he drew the curtains of the bed violently to and fro; ſtill looking wiſhfully at me, and as one quite diſtreſſed. This he did two nights. On the third, I lay down about eleven, on the ſide of the bed. I quickly ſaw him walking up and down the room. Being reſolved to ſpeak to him, but unwilling any ſhould hear, I roſe and went up into the garret. When I opened the door, I ſaw him walking toward me, and ſhrunk back: on which he ſtopped and ſtood at a diſtance. I ſaid, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, what is your buſineſs with me?" He anſwered, "Betſy, God forgive you, for keeping me ſo long from my reſt‖. Have you forgot what you promiſed before I went to ſea? To look to my children, if I was drowned? You muſt ſtand to your word or I cannot reſt." I ſaid, 'I wiſh I was dead,' he ſaid, ſay not ſo. You have more to go through before then. And yet, if you knew as much as I do, you would not care how ſoon you died.—You may bring the children on in their learning while they live: they have but a ſhort time§." I ſaid, 'I will

‖ Who can account for this?

§ By what means could he know this?

will take all the care I can.' He added, " Your brother has wrote for you, to come to Jamaica: But if you go it will hurt your ſoul. You have alſo thoughts of altering your condition †: but if you marry him you think of, it well draw you from God, and you will neither be happy here nor hereafter. Keep cloſe to God, and go on in the way wherein you have been brought up." I aſked, ' How do you ſpend your time ?' He anſwered, " In ſongs of praiſe. But of this you will know more by and by: for where I am, you will ſurely be. I have loſt much happineſs by coming to you ‡: And I ſhould not have ſtayed ſo long without uſing other means to make you ſpeak: but the Lord would not ſuffer me to fright you. Have you any thing more to ſay ? It draws near two, and after that I cannot ſtay. I ſhall only come to you twice more before the death of my two children. God bleſs you." Immediately I heard ſuch ſinging, as if a thouſand voices joined together. He then went down ſtairs and I followed him to the firſt landing. He ſmiled, and I ſaid ' I deſire your will come back.' He ſtood ſtill till I came to him, I aſked him one or two queſtions, which he immediately anſwered; but added, " I wiſh you had not called me back; for now I muſt take ſomething from you §." He pauſed a little and ſaid, " I think you can beſt part with the hear-

" ing

† So he likewiſe knew her thoughts ?

‡ I do not underſtand this.

§ Another inſtance like this we ſhall ſee by and by. But the reaſon of it we cannot ſo much as conjecture.

" ing of your left ear." He laid his hand upon it, and in the inſtant it was deaf as a ſtone. And it was ſeveral years before I recovered the leaſt hearing of it. The cock crowed as he went out of the door: and then the muſic ceaſed. The elder of his children died at about three years and an half, the younger, before he was five years old. He appeared before the death of each, but without ſpeaking; after that, I ſaw him no more.

12. A little before Michaelmas, 1763, my brother George, who was a good young man, went to ſea. The day after Michaelmas-day, about midnight, I ſaw him ſtanding by my bedſide, ſurrounded with a glorious light, and looking earneſtly at me. He was wet all over. That night the ſhip in which he ſailed, ſplit upon a rock, and all the crew were drowned.

13. On April 9. 1767, about midnight, I was laying awake, and I ſaw my brother John† ſtanding by my bed-ſide. Juſt at that time he died in Jamaica.

14. By his death I became intitled to an houſe in Sunderland, which was left us by my grandfather, John Hobſon, an exceeding wicked man, who was drowned fourteen years ago. I employed an attorney to recover it from my aunts, who kept poſſeſſion of it. But finding more difficulty than I expected, in the beginning of December I gave

† So, a ſpirit finds no difficulty in travelling three or four thouſand miles in a moment?

gave it up. Three or four nights after, as I rose from prayer, a little before eleven, I saw him standing at a small distance. I cried out, 'Lord bless me! What brings you here?' He answered "You have given up the house: Mr. Parker advised you so to do†: but if you do I shall have no rest‡, Indeed Mr. Dunn §, whom you have hitherto employed, will do nothing for you. Go to Durham: employ an attorney there, and it will be recovered‖," His voice was loud*, and so hollow and deep, that every word went thro' me. His lips did not move at all, (nor his eyes) but the sound seemed to rise out of the floor. When he had done speaking, he turned about, and walked out of the room†.

15. In January, as I was sitting on the bed-side, a quarter before twelve he came in, stood before me, looked earnestly at me, then walked up and down and stood and looked again. This he did for half an hour: and thus he came every other night ‡, for about three weeks. All this time he seemed angry §, and sometimes his look was quite horrid

† How often are spirits present when we do not think of it?

‡ Why not? What had he to do with the things under the sun?

§ Did he then know Mr. Dunn's thoughts?

‖ Was he sure of this? Or did he only conjecture?

* What a picture? Far beyond her invention!

† That he might not fright her, by vanishing away.

‡ Surely God saw, this was as much as she could bear.

§ At her not speaking. But why could not he speak first? Is this contrary to a law of the invisible world?

horrid and furious. One night I was ſitting up in bed crying, when he came and began to pull off the cloaths. I ſtrove to touch his hand, but could not; on which he ſhrunk back and ſmiled.†

16. The next night but one, about twelve, I was again ſitting up and crying, when he came and ſtood at the bedſide. As I was looking for an handkerchief he walked to the table, took one up,‡ brought and dropt it upon the bed. After this, he came three or four nights and pulled the cloaths off, throwing them on the other ſide of the bed.

17. Two nights after he came as I was ſitting on the bedſide, and after walking to and fro, ſnatched the handkerchief from my neck. I fell into a ſwoon. When I came to myſelf he was ſtanding juſt before me. Preſently he came cloſe to me, dropt it on the bed, and went away.

18. Having had a long illneſs the year before, having taken much cold by his frequent pulling off the cloaths, and being worn out by theſe appearances, I was now moſtly confined to my bed. The next night, ſoon after eleven, he came again. I aſked 'In God's name, why do you torment me thus? You know, it is impoſſible for me to go to Durham now. But I have a fear that you are not happy, and beg to know, whether you are, or not?' He anſwered, after a little pauſe,

 "That

† Poor Ghoſt! Did this divert thee for a moment from attending to the worm that never dieth?

‡ So, he ſaw her thought! But did he not pity her too?

" That is a bold queſtion for you to a aſk. So far as you knew me to do amiſs in my life-time, do you take care to do better." I ſaid, ' It is a ſhocking affair, to live and die after that manner.' He replied, " It is no time for reflections now: what is done cannot be undone." I ſaid, ' It muſt be a great happineſs, to die in the Lord ?' He ſaid, " Hold your tongue§! Hold your tongue! At your peril never mention ſuch a word before me again !" I was frighted, and ſtrove to lift up my heart to God. He gave a ſhriek, and ſunk down at three times, with a loud groan at each time. Juſt as he diſappeared, there was a large flaſh of fire and I fainted away.

19. Three days after, I went to Durham, and put the affair into Mr. Hugill the attorney's hands. The next night, about one, he came in; but on my taking up the bible, went away. A month after, he came about eleven. I ſaid, " Lord bleſs me! What has brought you here again ?" He ſaid, " Mr. Hugill‖ has done nothing but writ one letter: you muſt write or go to Durham again. It may be decided in a few days." I aſked why do not you go to my aunts, who keep me out of it ? He anſwered, " I have no power to go to them. And they cannot bear it. If I could,

I

§ This ſeems to have been peculiarly intolerable to him, the thought of what he had loſt.

‖ So he had obſerved him narrowly, though unſeen.

I would go to them, were it only to warn them† : for I doubt, where I am, I ſhall get too many to bear me company," He added, " Take care‡ : There is miſchief laid in Peggy's ‖ hands : ſhe will ſtrive to meet you coming from your claſs. I do not ſpeak to hinder you from going to it, but that you may be cautious. Let ſome one go with you and come back with you ; tho' whether you will eſcape or no, I cannot tell." I ſaid, ' She can do no more than God will let her.' He anſwered. " We have all too little to do with him. Mention that word no more. As ſoon as this is decided meet me at Boyldon-hill §, between twelve and one at night." I ſaid, ' That is a lone place for a woman to go to at that time of night. I am willing to meet you at the Ballaſt-hills, or in the church-yard.' He ſaid, " That will not do. But what are you afraid of ?" I anſwered, ' I am not afraid of you†, but of rude men.' He ſaid, " I will ſet you ſafe, both thither and back again." I aſked, " May I not bring a miniſter with me ?" He replied, " Are you thereabouts ? I will not be ſeen by any but you. You have plagued me ſore enough already. If you bring any with you, take what follows."

† Is not this like the concern of Dives for his five brethren ? Luke xvi. 28.

‡ Here at leaſt, he ſhews ſome remains of real affection!

‖ Her aunt.

§ About half a mile from the town.

† No ! Not though ſhe knew him to be a damned ſpirit.

20. From this time he appeared every night, between eleven and two. If I put out the fire and candle, in hopes I ſhould not ſee him, it did not avail. For as ſoon as he came, all the room was light, but with a diſmal light, like that of flaming brimſtone. But when ever I took up the bible, or kneeled down, yea, or prayed in my heart, he was gone.

21. On Thurſday, May 12, he came about eleven, as I was ſitting by the fire. I aſked, 'In God's name, what do you want?' He ſaid, "You muſt either go or write to Durham. I cannot ſtay from you 'till this is decided‡: And I cannot ſtay where I am.‖" When he went away, I fell into a violent paſſion of crying, ſeeing no end of my trouble. In this agony I continued till after one and then fell into a fit. About two I came to myſelf, and ſaw ſtanding at the bed-ſide, one in a white robe, which reached down to his feet. I cried 'In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt—' He ſaid, "The Lord is with you, I am come to comfort you. What cauſe have you to complain and murmur thus? Why do you mourn thus for your friends? Pray for them, and leave them to God. Ariſe and pray." I ſaid, 'I can pray none.' He ſaid, "But God will help you: only keep cloſe to God; you are backward likewiſe in praying with others, and afraid to receive the Lord's Supper. Break through that backwardneſs

‡ Why ot? Who can tell?

‖ And where canſt thou ſtay with any comfort? Doſt not thou carry with thee thy own hell?

wardneſs and that fear. The Lord bleſs you and be ever with you!" As he went away, I heard many voices ſinging Hallelujah, with ſuch melody as I never heard before. All my trouble was gone, and I wanted nothing but to fly away with them.

22. Sat. 28. About twelve, my grandfather ſtood at the bedſide. I ſaid, "In God's name, what do you want?' He ſaid, "You do not make an end of this thing: get it decided as ſoon as poſſible. My coming is as uneaſy to myſelf, as it can be to you." Before he came there was a ſtrong ſmell of burning, and the room was full of ſmoke, which got into my eyes, and almoſt blinded me for ſome time after.

23. Wedneſday, June 21. About ſunſet, I was coming up-ſtairs at Mrs. Knot's, and I ſaw him coming toward me out of the oppoſite room. He went cloſe by me on the ſtair-head. Before I ſaw him I ſmelt a ſtrong ſmell of burning: and ſo did Miſs Hoſmer. It got into my throat and almoſt ſtifled me. I ſat down, and fainted away.

24. On Friday, July 3. I was ſitting at dinner, when I thought I heard one come along the paſſage, I looked about, and ſaw my aunt, Margaret Scot of Newcaſtle, ſtanding at my back. On Saturday I had a letter informing me, that ſhe died on that day." Thus far Elizabeth Hobſon.

On Sunday, July 10. I received the following

letter from a friend to whom I had recommended her.

" Sunderland, 6 July 1768.

" I wrote you word before, that Elizabeth Hobſon, was put into poſſeſſion of the houſe. The ſame night her old viſitant, who had not troubled her for ſome time came again and ſaid. " You muſt meet me at Boyldon-hill, on Thurſday night, a little before twelve. You will ſee many appearances †, who will call you to come to them : But do not ſtir, neither give them any anſwer. A quarter after twelve, I ſhall come and call you : but ſtill do not anſwer nor ſtir. She ſaid ' It is an hardſhip upon me for you to deſire me to meet you there. Why cannot you take your leave now ? He anſwered, " It is for your good that I deſire it. I can take my leave of you now. But if I do, I muſt take ſomething from you, which you would notlike to part with." She ſaid, ' May not a few friends come with me ?' He ſaid, " They may ; but they muſt not be preſent when I come."

That night, twelve of us met at Mr. Daviſon's‡ and ſpent ſome time in prayer. God was with us of a truth. Then ſix of us went with her to the place, leaving the reſt to pray for us. We came thither a little before twelve, and then ſtood at a ſmall diſtance from her. It being a fine night, we kept her in our ſight, and ſpent the time in prayer.

† How ſtrange is this ? Who can account for it ?

‡ About a quarter of a mile from the *hill*.

prayer. She ſtood there 'till a few minutes after one. When we ſaw her move, we went to meet her. She ſaid, 'Thank God, it is all over and done. I found every thing as he told me. I ſaw many appearances, who called me to them; but I did not anſwer or ſtir. Then he came and called me at a diſtance; but I took no notice. Soon after he came up to me and ſaid, "You are come well fortified." He then gave her the reaſons, why he required her to meet him at that place; and why he could take his leave there, and not in the houſe, without taking ſomething from her. But withal he charged her to tell this to no one; adding, "If you diſcloſe this to any creature, I ſhall be under a neceſſity, of troubling you as long as you live. If you do not, I ſhall never trouble you, nor ſee you any more, either in time or eternity." He then bid her farewell, waved his hand, and diſappeared.

Tueſday 31. I made a little excurſion into Wardale, and found a people ready prepared for the Lord. I had deſigned to preach abroad, but had ſcarce done ſinging, when a ſtorm of rain drove us into the houſe. We had a bleſſed opportunity there; particularly for healing the backſliders.

Wedneſday, June 1. I preached in Teeſdale. The ſun was ſcorching hot when I began, but was ſoon covered with clouds. Many of the militia were preſent at Barnard caſtle, in the evening, and behaved with decency. I was well pleaſ-

ed to lodge at a gentleman's, an old ſchool-fellow half a mile from the town. What a dream are the fifty or ſixty years that have ſlipt away, ſince we were at the charter-houſe!

Thurſday 2. I preached at noon at a farmer's houſe, near Brough in Weſtmoreland. The ſun was hot enough; but ſome ſhady trees covered both me and moſt of the congregation. A little bird perched on one of them, and ſung without intermiſſion, from the beginning of the ſervice unto the end. Many of the people came from far: but I believe none of them regretted their labour.

The evening congregation in *Swaledale* was far larger, and equally attentive. And the ſociety was one of the moſt lively, which I have met with in England. Many of them do rejoice in the pure love of God, and many more are earneſtly ſeeking it.

Friday 3. I rode to Richmond, intending to preach near the houſe of one of our friends. But ſome of the chief of the town ſent to deſire me to preach in the market-place. The Yorkſhire militia were all there, juſt returned from their exerciſe. And a more rude rabble-rout I never ſaw; without ſenſe, decency, or good manners.

In running down one of the mountains yeſterday I had got a ſprain in my thigh: it was rather worſe to-day; but as I rode to Barnard-Caſtle, the ſun ſhone ſo hot upon it, that before I came to the town, it was quite well. In the evening the commanding-

commanding officer gave orders there ſhould be no exerciſe, that all the Durham-militia, (What a contraſt!) might be at liberty to attend the preaching. Accordingly we had a little army of officers as well as ſoldiers: and all behaved well. A large number of them were preſent at five in the morning.——I have not found ſo deep and lively a work, in any other part of the kingdom, as runs thro' the whole circuit: particularly in the vales that wind between theſe horrid mountains. I returned to Newcaſtle in the evening.

Sund. 5. I preached in the morning at Placey to ſome of the moſt lively colliers in England: and about two at Hartley, to a ſtill larger congregation; but to the largeſt of all, in the Caſtle-garth, at Newcaſtle.

Tueſday 7. I went down by water to South-Shields, and preached at noon to far more than could hear. We went after dinner to Tinmouth Caſtle, a magnificent heap of ruins. Within the walls are the remains of a very large church, which ſeems to have been of exquiſite workmanſhip. And the ſtones are joined by ſo ſtrong a cement, as but for Cromwell's cannon they might have ſtood a thouſand years.

Monday 13. I left Newcaſtle, and in the reſidue of the month, viſited moſt of the ſocieties in Yorkſhire. Thurſday, July 14, I croſſed over into Lincolnſhire, and after ſpending about ten days there, returned by Doncaſter, Rotherham

and Sheffield, and thence croſſed over to Madely. On Tueſday, 19. I wrote the following letter:

Rev. and Dear Sir, Swinfleet,
July 19, 1768.

One of Wintringham informed me yeſterday that you ſaid, "No ſenſible and well meaning man could hear, and much leſs join the Methodiſts, becauſe they all *acted under a lie*, profeſſing themſelves members of the church of England, while they licenſed themſelves as diſſenters." You are a little miſinformed. The greater part of the Methodiſt preachers, are not licenſed at all. And ſeveral that are, are not licenſed as Diſſenters: I inſtance particularly in Thomas Adams and Thomas Briſco. When Thomas Adams deſired a licence, one of the juſtices ſaid, "Mr. Adams are not you of the church of England? Why then do you deſire a licence?" He anſwered, "Sir, I am of the church of England: yet I deſire a licence, that I may legally defend myſelf from the illegal violence of oppreſſive men." T. Briſco being aſked the ſame queſtion in London, and the juſtice adding, "We will not grant you a licence," his lawyer replied, "Gentlemen, you cannot refuſe it. The act is a mandatory act. You have no choice." One aſked the chairman, Is this true? He ſhook his head, and ſaid, "He is in the right." The objection therefore does not lie at all againſt the greater part of the methodiſt preachers

preachers; becauſe they are either licenſed in this form, or not licenſed at all.

When others applied for a licence, the Clerk or Juſtice ſaid, "I will not licenſe you, but as Proteſtant diſſenters." They replied, "We are of the church. We are not diſſenters. But if you will *call us* ſo we cannot help it." They did call them ſo in their certificates. But this did not *make* them ſo. They ſtill *call themſelves* members of the church of England: and they believe themſelves ſo to be. Therefore neither do theſe act under a lie. They ſpeak no more than they verily believe. Surely then, unleſs there are ſtronger objections than this, both well-meaning and ſenſible men, may in perfect conſiſtence with their ſenſe and ſincerity, not only hear, but join the Methodiſts.

We are in truth ſo far from being enemies to the church, that we are rather bigots to it. I dare not, like Mr. Venn, leave the pariſh church where I am to go to an independent meeting. I dare not adviſe others, to go thither, rather than to church. I adviſe all, over whom I have any influence, ſteadily to keep to the church. Meantime, I adviſe them, to ſee that the kingdom of God is within them: that their hearts be full of love to God and man: and to look upon all, of whatever opinion, who are like minded, as their *brother, and ſiſter, and mother*.—O Sir, what art of men or

devils is this, which makes you so studiously stand aloof from those who are thus minded? I cannot but say to you, as I did to Mr. Walker, (and I say it the more freely, because Quid mea refert? I am neither better nor worse whether you hear or forbear) "The methodists do not want you: but you want them." You want the life, the spirit, the power which they have: not of themselves: but by the free grace of God. Else how could it be, (Let me speak without reserve) that so good a man and so good a preacher, should have so little fruit of his labour, his unwearied labour, for so many years? Have your parishioners the life of religion in their souls? Have they so much as the form of it? Are the people of Wintringham in general any better than those of Winterton, or Horton? Alas! Sir, what is it that hinders your reaping the fruit of so much pains and so many prayers?

Is it not possible this may be the very thing, your setting yourself against those whom God owns, by the continual conviction and conversion of sinners?

I fear, as long as you in any wise oppose these, your rod will not blossom, neither will you see the desire of your soul, in the prosperity of the souls committed to your charge.

I pray God to give you a right judgment in all things, and am, Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Brother,

JOHN WESLEY.

Sunday

Sunday, 31. I preached for Mr. Fletcher in the morning, and in the evening at Shrewſbury.

Monday, Auguſt 1. I lodged at the Abbey in Cardiganſhire: and on Wedneſday morning reached Haverfordweſt. Here abundance of people flocked together and willingly *ſuffered the word of exhortation.* Indeed a more quiet, humane, courteous people I have ſcarce ever ſeen. But I fear, they were ſurfeited with preaching before we ſet foot in the town.

Saturday 6. I went to Pembroke. We were here ſeveral times before we had any place in Haverford-Weſt. But we have reaſon to fear leſt the firſt become laſt. Sunday 7, I took a good deal of pains to compoſe the little miſunderſtandings which have much obſtructed the work of God. At ten, I read prayers, preached and adminiſtered the ſacrament to a ſerious congregation at St. Daniel's: and the next morning left the people full of good deſires, and in tolerable good humour with each other.

Monday, 8. I rode to Lanelly, and preached to a ſmall earneſt company, on *Ye are ſaved through faith:* Thence we found a kind of a way to Oxwych, where I preſſed the one thing needful, on a plain ſimple people, right willing to hear, with great enlargement of heart.

Tueſday, Auguſt 9. I took a full view of the caſtle, ſituate on the top of a ſteep hill, and commanding a various and extenſive proſpect, both by ſea and land. The building itſelf is far the loftieſt

eſt which I have ſeen in Wales. What a taſte had they, who removed from hence, to bury themſelves in the hole at Margum!

When we came to Neath, I was a little ſurprized, to hear I was to preach in the church: of which the church-wardens had the diſpoſal, the miniſter being juſt dead. I began reading prayers at ſix, but was greatly diſguſted at the manner of ſinging, 1. twelve or fourteen perſons kept it to themſelves, and quite ſhut out the congregation: 2. Theſe repeated the ſame words, contrary to all ſenſe and reaſon, ſix eight or ten times over: 3. According to the ſhocking cuſtom of modern muſic, different perſons ſung different words at one and the ſame moment: an intolerable inſult on common ſenſe, and utterly incompartible with any devotion.

Wedneſday 10. At five I had the pleaſure of hearing the whole congregation at the room, *ſing with the ſpirit and with the underſtanding alſo:* And again, at one in the afternoon at Cowbridge, where I found uncommon liberty of ſpeech, while I was explaining to many of the rich and gay, as well as to the poor *The kingdom of God is within you.*

I did not reach Cardiff till after ſeven: where finding the congregation waiting, I began immediately in the town-hall, ſtrongly exhorting them, Not to *receive the grace of God in vain.*

Friday 12. I preached at that lovely place, Llanbraddock: Saturday, 13. about noon at Chepſtow. Thence I haſtened to the paſſage, though

though every one told me, I had time enough and to ſpare. I had ſo: for I waited ſix hours, the boat being juſt gone when we came. About nine we got over, and reached Briſtol between eleven and twelve.

Sunday 14. Hearing my wife was dangerouſly ill, I took chaiſe immediately, and reached the Foundery before one in the morning. Finding the fever was turned, and the danger over, about two I ſet out again, and in the afternoon came (not at all tired) to Briſtol.

Our conerſence began on Tueſday the 16th, and ended on Friday the 19th. O what can we do for more labourers? We can only cry to *the Lord of the harveſt.*

Sunday 21. Thouſands of hearers, rich and poor, received the word near the new ſquare, with the deepeſt attention. This is the way to ſhake the trembling gates of hell. Still I ſee, nothing can do this ſo effectually as *field-preaching.*

Monday 22. I rode through impetuous rain to Weſton, a village near Bridgwater. A while ago the people here were lions: but now they are become lambs. Tueſday 23. I ſaw a ſerious congregation at Taunton! And ſhall we have fruit here alſo? In the evening I preached to the poor backſliders at Collumpton, on *Will the Lord be no more intreated?*

Wedneſday 24. I rode to Launceſton, where both

both the ſerioufneſs and largeneſs of the congregation, evening and morning, gave us reaſon to hope, that all our labour here will not be in vain.

Friday 26. I came to Camelford, where the ſociety is once more ſhrunk from ſeventy to fourteen. I preached in the market-place, on *O that thou hadſt known, at leaſt in this thy day, the things that make for thy peace!* Many were moved for the preſent: as they were the next day, while I was applying thoſe awful words, *The harveſt is paſt, the ſummer is ended, and we are not ſaved!*

Saturday 27. I went on to Port-Iſaac, now the livelieſt place in the circuit. I preached from a balcony in the middle of the town; a circumſtance I could not but obſerve. Before I came to Port-Iſaac the firſt time, one Richard Scantlebury, invited me to lodge at his houſe: but when I came, ſeeing a large mob at my heels, he fairly ſhut the door upon me. Yet in the very houſe I now lodged: Richard Scantlebury, being gone to his father's, and the preſent proprietor, Richard Wood, counting it all joy to receive the ſervants of God. About this time I wrote to a friend as follows:

Dear Lawrence,

By a various train of providences you have been led to the very place where God intended

you

you ſhould be. And you have reaſon to praiſe him, that he has not ſuffered your labour there to be in vain. In a ſhort time, how little will it ſignify, whether we had lived in the *ſummer iſlands*, or beneath

"The rage of Arctos and eternal froſt:"

How ſoon will this dream of life be at an end! And when we are once landed in eternity, it will be all one, whether we ſpent our time on earth in a palace, or had not where to lay our head.

You never learned either from my converſation, or preaching, or writings, that "Holineſs conſiſted in a flow of joy." I conſtantly told you quite the contrary: I told you, it was love: the love of God and our neighbour: the image of God ſtamped on the heart: the life of God in the ſoul of man: the mind that was in Chriſt, enabling us to walk as Chriſt alſo walked. If Mr. Maxfield, or you took it to be any thing elſe, it was your own fault not mine. And whenever you waked out of that dream, you ought not to have laid the blame of it upon me. It is true that *joy* is one part of *the fruit of the Spirit*, of the kingdom of God within us. But this is firſt *righteouſneſs*, then *peace* and *joy in the Holy Ghoſt*. It is true farther, that if you love God with *all your heart*, you may *rejoice evermore*.

more. Nay, it is true ſtill farther, that many ſerious, humble, ſober-minded believers, who do feel the love of God *ſometimes*, and do *then* rejoice in God their Saviour, cannot be content with this, but pray continually, that he would enable them to love and *rejoice in the Lord always.* And no fact under heaven is more undeniable, than that God does anſwer this prayer; that he does for the ſake of his Son, and through the power of his Spirit, enable another and another ſo to do. It is alſo a plain fact, that this power does commonly over-ſhadow them in *an inſtant:* and that from that time they enjoy that inward and outward holineſs, to which they were utter ſtrangers before. Poſſibly *you* might be miſtaken in this: perhaps *you* thought you had received what you had not. But pray do not meaſure *all men* by yourſelf: do not imagine, you are the *univerſal ſtandard.* If *you* deceived yourſelf, (which yet I do not affirm) you ſhould not infer, that *all others* do. Many think they are juſtified, and are not: but we can't infer, that none are juſtified. So neither, if many think they are *perfected in love* and are not, will it follow, that none are ſo? Bleſſed be God, though we ſet an hundred enthuſiaſts aſide, we are ſtill *encompaſſed with a cloud of witneſſes*, who have teſtified and do teſtify in life and in death, *that perfection*, which I have taught theſe forty years! This perfection cannot be a deluſion, unleſs the bible be a deluſion too: I mean, "Loving God with all

all our heart, and our neighbour as ourſelves." I pin down all its oppoſers to this definition of it. No evaſion! No ſhifting the queſtion! Where is the deluſion of this? Either *you* received *this love* or you did not: if you did, dare you call it a deluſion? You will not call it ſo, for all the world. If you received any thing elſe, it does not at all affect the queſtion. Be it as much a deluſion as you pleaſe, it is nothing to them who have received quite another thing, namely, That deep communion with the Father and the Son, whereby they are enabled to give him their whole heart; to love every man as their own ſoul, and to walk as Chriſt alſo walked.

O Lawrence, if ſiſter Coughlan and you, ever did enjoy this, humble yourſelves before God, for caſting it away: if you did not, God grant you may!——

Monday 29. I rode to St. Columb, intending to preach there, but finding no place that was tolerably convenient, I was going to take horſe, when one offered me the uſe of his meadow, cloſe to the town. A large congregation quickly aſſembled, to whom I explained the nature and pleaſantneſs of religion. I have ſeldom ſeen a people behave ſo well the firſt time I have preached to them.

Tueſday 30. Calling at St. Agnes, I found a large congregation waiting, ſo I preached without

out delay. At Redruth likewiſe I found the people gathered from all parts: and God gave a loud call to the backſliders. Indeed there was need: for T. Rankin left between three and four hundred members in the ſociety, and I found an hundred and ten!

In the evening I preached in the meadow at St. Ives, to a very numerous and deeply ſerious congregation. Wedneſday 31, I met the children, a work which will exerciſe the talents of the moſt able preachers in England. Thurſday, Sept. 1. The graſs being wet we could not ſtand in the meadow, but we found an open ſpace, where I called a liſtning multitude to return to him, who *hath not forgotten to be gracious.*

Friday 2. I preached at noon to an earneſt company at Zennor, and in the evening to a far larger at St. Juſt. Here being informed that one of our ſiſters in the next pariſh, Morva, who entertained the preachers formerly, was now decriped, and had not heard a ſermon for many years, I went on Saturday 3, at noon to Alice Daniel's, and preached near the houſe, on, *They who ſhall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the reſurrection from the dead—are equal unto the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the reſurrection.* I have always thought there is ſomething venerable in perſons worn out with age: eſpecially when they retain their underſtanding, and walk in the ways of God.

Sunday

Sunday 4. I when to St. Creet church, where I heard an excellent ſermon. Between one and two I confirmed it, by explaining that happy religion, which our Lord deſcribes in the eight beatitudes. About five in the evening I preached at Newlin; about nine the next morning at Penzance. Surely God will have a people even in this place, where we have ſo long ſeemed only to beat the air. At noon I preached in St. Hilary's, and at St. John's, this and the next evening, I believe the moſt ſenſeleſs then felt the word of God, ſharp as a two-edged ſword.

Wed. 7. After the early preaching the ſelect ſociety met; ſuch a company of lively believers, full of faith and love, as I never found in this county before. This and the three following days, I preached at as many places as I could, though I was at firſt in doubt, whether I could preach eight days together, moſtly in the open air, three or four times a day. But my ſtrength was as my work; I hardly felt any wearineſs, firſt or laſt.

Sunday 11. About nine I preached at St. Agnes, and again between one and two. At five I took my old ſtand at Gwenap, in the natural amphitheatre. I ſuppoſe no human voice could have commanded ſuch an audience on plain ground. But the ground riſing all round gave me ſuch an advantage, that I believe all could hear diſtinctly.

Monday 12. I preached about noon at Calleſtick,

ſtick, and in the evening at Kerley. It rained all the time; but that did not divert the attention of a large congregation. At noon, Tueſday 13, I preached in Truro, and in the evening, at Mevagizzy. It was a ſeaſon of ſolemn joy; I have not often found the like. Surely God's thoughts are not as our thoughts! Can any good be done at Mevagizzy?

Wedneſday 14. After preaching at St. Awſtle and Medros, I rode over to St. Roach, and ſpent a comfortable evening with my old acquaintance Mr. Furly.

Thurſday 15. We had our quarterly meeting at Medros. But it was not now as the laſt time I was here, when the whole ſociety was in a flame: *The love of many* is now *waxed cold.* Friday 16. I rode through heavy rain to Paulperrow. Here the room over which we were to lodge, being filled with pilchards and conger-eels, the perfume was too potent for me: ſo that I was not ſorry, when one of our friends invited me to lodge at her houſe. Soon after I began to preach heavy rain began: yet none went away till the whole ſervice was ended.

Saturday 17. When we came to Crimble-paſſage, we were at a full ſtop. The boatmen told us, the ſtorm was ſo high, that it was not poſſible to paſs. However at length we perſuaded them to venture out: and we did not ſhip one ſea, till we got over.

Sunday 18. Our room at the The Dock contained

tained the morning congregation tolerably well. Between one and two I began preaching on the Key in Plymouth. Notwithſtanding the rain, abundance of people ſtood to hear. But one ſilly man talked without ceaſing, till I deſired the people to open to the right and left, and let me look him in the face. They did ſo. He pulled off his hat, and quietly went away.

At five I preached in the ſquare at The Dock, to an exceeding large congregation. And the rain, though it prevented ſome from coming, did not cauſe any to go away. Monday 19. in the evening, I preached in what is vulgarly called Mr. Whitefield's room. Afterwards I met the ſociety at our own, and exhorted them to *ſtand faſt in one mind and one judgment.* I ſet out early in the morning; and in the evening preached at Tiverton.

Thurſday 22. I rode to Axminſter. The rain prevented my preaching abroad, though the room would ill contain the congregation. Obſerving many there who ſeemed quite unawakened, I opened and ſtrongly applied, Ezekiel's viſion of the dry bones. Lord, *breathe upon theſe ſlain, that they may live.*

Friday 23. I rode acroſs the country to Charlton, and found the congregation waiting: in the afternoon we went on to Lympſham; but not without ſome difficulty. The waters were out, ſo that it was no eaſy matter either to ride or walk.

walk. My horſe got into a ditch over his back in water. Nor could I get to my lodgings the foot way, till an honeſt man took me on his ſhoulders, and ſo waded through.

Saturday 24. I returned to Briſtol. Tueſday 27. I preached in Pensford at eight, in Shepton-Mallet at one, and at Wincaunton in the evening, with far greater freedom than I uſed to find among that dead people. About one, Wedneſday 28, I preached at Stallbridge, to a large and ſeriouſly attentive congregation. Hence I went on to cold, uncomfortable Shaftſbury, and ſpoke exceeding ſtrong words. All ſeriouſly attended: ſome ſeemed to underſtand, and a few feel what was ſpoken.

Thurſday 29. I rode to Frome. The people here ſeem more alive, than moſt I have ſeen in the circuit. And this is the more ſtrange, becauſe in this town only, there is ſuch a mixture of men of all opinions, Anabaptiſts, Quakers, Preſbyterians, Arians, Antinomians, Moravians, and what not? If any hold to the truth, in the midſt of all theſe, ſurely the power muſt be of God.

Friday 30. We obſerved as a day of faſting and prayer. And it was a good day for many, who no ſooner called, than God anſwered them in the joy of their heart.

Sunday, October 2. I preached at Kingſwood, upon *Quench not the ſpirit.* Poſſibly this people may now have ears to hear, and may *deſpiſe prophe-*

ſyings

phesyings no more. Hereby they have frequently quenched the spirit, and destroyed his work in their hearts.

Wednesday 5. I rode over to Maiden Bradley, and preached at a little distance from the town, to as serious a congregation as I ever saw, many of whom were in tears. It is a wonder, there should be room for the gospel here, among so many lords and gentlemen! But indeed they neither meddle nor make. And this is all we desire of them.

Friday 7. I spent an hour, much to my satisfaction, with the children at Kingswood. There is reason to hope, that the grace of God is still working among them. Some are still alive to God: and all behave in such a manner, that I have seen no other school-boys like them.

Sunday 9. I began examining the society in Kingswood, much increased both in grace and number, chiefly by means of those meetings for prayer, which God still blesses greatly. On Monday and Tuesday I examined the society at Bristol, and found cause to rejoice over these also: although there is still an heaviness of spirit upon many, indeed on all who are not *going on to perfection*.

Wednesday 12. In the evening I preached at Kingswood. I have not seen such a congregation there on a week day, for above these twenty years. Nor have I seen such a congregation at Pill for many years, as was present on Thursday

in the afternoon. It is poſſible, even on this barren ſoil, we may ſee a little fruit of much labour.

Friday 14. I dined with Dr. Wrangel, one of the King of Sweden's chaplains, who has ſpent ſeveral years in Penſylvania. His heart ſeemed to be greatly united to the American Chriſtians: and he ſtrongly pleaded for our ſending ſome of our preachers to help them, multitudes of whom are as ſheep without a ſhepherd. Tueſday 18. He preached at the new room, to a crowded audience, and gave general ſatisfaction by the ſimplicity and life which accompanied his ſound doctrine.

Saturday 22. I was much ſurprized in reading an *Eſſay on muſic*, wrote by one who is a thorough maſter of the ſubject; to find that the muſic of the antients, was as ſimple as that of the Methodiſts: that their muſic wholly conſiſted of *melody*, or the arrangement of ſingle notes: that what is now called *harmony*, ſinging in parts, the whole of *counterpoint and fugues*, is quite *novel*, being never known in the world, till the popedom of Leo the tenth. He farther obſerves, that as the ſinging different words by different perſons at the very ſame time, neceſſarily prevents attention to the ſenſe, ſo it frequently deſtroys melody for the ſake of harmony; meantime it deſtroys the very end of muſic, which is to affect the paſſions.

Monday 24. I left Briſtol, and went by Bath and Bradford,

Bradford, to Salisbury. Wednesday 26. At one I preached in Rumsey, to a very quiet, unaffected audience: and in the evening at Winchester, to a company of as poor people as I have seen for many years. Thursday 27. The scene was changed: at Portsmouth rich and poor flocked together from all parts. Abundance of them came again at five in the morning. In the evening the house ill contained them. And never did I see any receive the word with greater earnestness. The next day I returned to London.

Monday 31. I took horse at five, and just then found that my horse had scarce a shoe on his feet. However I was obliged (not having a minute to spare (to ride as far as Colney. There I procured one to shoe my horse all round, and lame him on both his fore-feet. However he halted on to Hockley; where an honest and skilful smith, so altered and removed the shoes, that he did not halt any more. But by this means we had lost so much time that the sun set before we reached Whittlebury-forest. We had then wonderful road; some of the ridings (so called) being belly deep. However between six and seven we came safe to Whittlebury.

James Glasbrook was so wearied out, that he could scarce stir hand or foot. So I desired him to go to rest. I was weary enough myself, till I began to speak. But weariness then va-

niſhed away, and we all praiſed God with joyful lips.

Tueſday, November 1. I preached at Weedon, and at five in the morning: about eleven at Towceſter, and in the evening, to many more than the houſe would hold at Northampton. Friday 4. James Glaſbrook, (who had a fit of an ague at Whittlebury) undertook to conduct me to Bedford. But he was taken ill on the road: I preached there at ſeven, on, *Awake thou that ſleepeſt*. And never was more need: for a more ſleepy audience I have not often ſeen.

Saturday 5. About noon I preached at Hertford in the new room to a large and ſerious congregation. The mayor's uſage of Mr. Colley for preaching in the market-place, with Mr. Colley's firm and calm behaviour, was the means of convincing Mr. Andrews, who built this room at his own expence.

Monday 7. I ſet out for Oxfordſhire: preached at Wycombe in the evening, and on Tueſday and Wedneſday at Witney. On Thurſday in my return, I was deſired to preach at Oxford. The room was throughly filled, and not with curious but deeply ſerious hearers. Many of theſe deſired, that our travelling preachers would take them in their turn; with which I willingly complied.

In the evening I preached in the chapel at Henley, to a conſiderable number of ſerious people.

ple. One or two of the baſer ſort made ſome noiſe: but I reproved them, and for once, they were aſhamed.

Friday 11. I returned to London. The next week I viſited the claſſes, and at intervals read Mr. Boſwell's account of Corſica. But what a ſcene is opened therein! How little did we know of that brave people? How much leſs were we acquainted with the character of their general Paſchal Paoli? As great a lover of his country as Epaminondas, and as great a general as Hannibal

Saturday 19. I read Dr. Nowell's anſwer to Mr. Hill, concerning the expulſion of the ſtudents at Oxford. He has ſaid all that could be ſaid, for that ſtretch of power, that inſtance of *ſummum Jus*; and he ſays quite enough, to clear the church of England from the charge of predeſtination: a doctrine which he proves to be utterly inconſiſtent, with the common prayer, the communion ſervice, the office of baptiſm, the articles, the homiles, and the other writings of thoſe that compiled them.

Monday 28. In the evening, I preached in the Barracks at Chatham. I ſpoke louder than I have done for years: yet the ſkirts of the congregation could not hear. Few of thoſe that did hear, heard in vain; for God was in the midſt of them. Tueſday 29. at noon, I preached at Sittenburn, to a deeply-attentive audience: and in the evening, at Canterbury, in an houſe half filled: a ſight I do not often ſee.

Wednesday 30. I rode to Dover, and came in just before a violent storm began. It did not hinder the people: many were obliged to go away, after the house was filled. What a desire to hear, runs through all the sea-port towns wherever we come! Surely God is besieging this nation, and attacking it at all the entrances!

Thursday, December 1. The storm was ready to bear away both man and beast. But it abated about noon: so that after preaching at Margate, I had a pleasant ride to Canterbury.

I made an odd observation here, which I recommend to all our preachers. The people of Canterbury have been so often reproved, (and frequently without a cause,) for being dead and cold, that it has utterly discouraged them, and made them cold as stones. How delicate a thing is it, to reprove? To do it well, requires more than human wisdom.

Frid. 2. Those who are called Mr. Whitefield's society, at Chatham, offered me the use of their preaching-house, which I suppose, is nearly four times as large as that at the Barracks. In the morning I walked on, ordering my servant to overtake me with my carriage. And he did so; but not till I had walked seven or eight miles.

Tuesday 13. Having heard an heavy charge brought against W— G—, a member of our society, I desired the parties concerned to meet me together. But this afternoon we could not get half through. At the second hearing I was convinced,

1. That

1. That he had ſpoken unkindly and unjuſtly: 2 That he had done wrong, in leaving Mr. D. at ſo ſhort a warning. But I was equally convinced, 3. That there had been no diſhoneſty on either ſide.

Wedneſday 14. I ſaw the Weſtminſter ſcholars act the Adelphi of Terence: an entertainment not unworthy of a Chriſtian! O how do theſe Heathens ſhame us? Their very comedies contain both excellent ſenſe, the livelieſt pictures of men and manners, and ſo fine ſtrokes of genuine morality, as are ſeldom found in the writings of Chriſtians.

Monday 19. I ſpent an hour with B—a I—n. If the account ſhe gives is true, what bleſſed creatures are both thoſe gentlemen and their wives! That would uſe the moſt ſcurrilous language, yea ſtrike and drive out of their houſe, and that in a rainy night, a young gentlewomen, a ſtranger, far from home, for "joining with the Methodiſts!" Do theſe call themſelves Chriſtians? Nay, and Proteſtants? Call then Turks. Papiſt is too good name!

Tueſday 20. I went to Shoreham. Here I read Mr. Archdeacon Blackburn's "Conſiderations on the penal laws againſt papiſts." In the appendix, p. 198. to my no ſmall ſurprize, I read theſe words, ſaid to be wrote by a gentleman at Paris. "The Popiſh party boaſt much of the increaſe of the Methodiſts, and talk of that ſect with rapture, how far the Methodiſts and Papiſts ſtand

connected in principles I know not: but I believe, it is beyond a doubt, that they are in conſtant correſpondence with each other."

It ſeems, this letter was publiſhed in the St. James's Chronicle. But I never ſaw or heard of it, till theſe words were printed in the Canterbury Journal, as Mr. Blackburn's own.

And he has nearly made them his own by his faint note upon them, "I *would willingly hope, ſome* doubt may be made of this." Indeed he adds, "Mr. Whitefield took timely care, to preclude all ſuſpicions of his having any connexions with popery." Yea, and Mr. Weſley much more: even as early as Aug. 31, 1738. Again in my Journal, Aug. 27, 1739 I publiſhed the only letter which I ever wrote to a popiſh Prieſt. And it is in proof of this propoſition, (an extraordinary proof of my connexions with popery!) "No romaniſt, as ſuch, can expect to be ſaved, according to the terms of the Chriſtian covenant."

Many things to the ſame purpoſe occur in the journals, and the appeals to men of reaſon and religion: over and above thoſe whole treatiſes which I have publiſhed entirely upon the ſubject. A word to a proteſtant," a "Roman Catechiſm." and "The advantages of the members of the "church of England, over the members of the "church of Rome."

What amazing ignorance then, not to ſay impudence, does it imply, for any one at this time of

of day to " tax me with having any connexions with popery !"

In the latter end of the month I took ſome pains in reading over Dr. Young's Night thoughts leaving out the indifferent lines, correcting many of of the reſt, and explaining the hard words ; in order to make that noble work more uſeful to all and more intelligible to ordinary readers.

Sunday, January 1, 1769, we met, as uſual, at Spital-fields chapel, to renew our covenant with God. And we never do this without a bleſſing. Many were comforted, and many ſtrengthened.

Monday 9. I ſpent a comfortable and profitable hour with Mr. Whitefield, in calling to mind the former times, and the manner wherein God prepared us for a work, which it had not then entered into our hearts to conceive.

Tueſday 17. I rode to Cheſham. Our own room being neither ſo large, not ſo convenient, Mr. Spooner the diſſenting miniſter, gave me the uſe of his meeting. There was a great number of hearers. They were very attentive ; and I doubt that was all.

Tueſday 24. I went (by land, and water) to Sheerneſs. Our place here would by no means contain the congregation. A large number of them attended in the morning, and ſeemed juſt ripe for the bleſſing. It is an advantage to the people here that they, are in a little corner of the land, ſhut up, as it were from all the world ; but not from the goſpel or Spirit of Chriſt. Thurſday 26.

I returned to Chatham and preached in the great meeting on, *God forbid that I ſhould glory, ſave in the croſs of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.* Friday 27. I returned to London. The ſame day Elizaheth Vandome went to reſt. A mouth or two ago. when ſhe was firſt taken ill, ſhe dictated the following letter.

" Dear and Rev. Sir,

When I firſt heard the goſpel from you, I was convinced of ſin, and nothing could ſatisfy me, but a ſenſe of pardoning love. For a month the garment of weeping was put upon me night and day : till one day, as I was repeating thoſe words,

I truſt in him that ſtands between
The Father's wrath and me ;
Jeſus, thou great, eternal mean,
I look for all from thee :

I was ſtruck down to the ground, and felt the arm of the Lord revealed in me, I knew that God was reconciled, I felt ſanctification begun. The fight of faith enſued, and for three quarters of a year, I was ſtruggling with my own will. Sometimes I was in an agony : I was ready to weep my life away, fearing the ſins I felt in my heart, would never be done away. Yet I believed there was a reſt for the people of God, a reſt from all ſin. One day converſing with one about the things of God, he ſaid, " You would have all things become

come new, before you believe. But that is not the way. You muſt believe firſt." When he went away, the ſpirit of prayer and ſupplication reſted upon me. Yet I felt " bound down with twice ten thouſand ties." However I wreſtled on, till the Lord broke in upon my ſoul, like the ſun in his glory. He looſed me at once from all my bonds, and I knew I loved him with all my heart. Jeſus appeared with hair as white as wool, and garments down to his feet, and gave me to ſit with him in heavenly places. And from that time (which is ſeven or eight and twenty years ago) I have felt no temper contrary to love. I have no deſire contrary to the will of God. On this bed of ſickneſs, I have communion with the church triumphant. I know that

" Jeſus is my brother now,
" And God is all my own."

When the tempter comes, my ſoul cleaves to Jeſus, and I am kept in perfect peace.

I thought it my duty, to leave this ſhort account of the gracious dealings of God with my ſoul: as you was the inſtrument he was pleaſed to make uſe of, for the beginning and furthering of his work. O may the Lord ſtrengthen you and your brother, and increaſe in you every fruit of his ſpirit. And when you fail on earth, may we meet in heaven and praiſe the great Three-one to all eternity!

" This account was written ſome time paſt, when ſhe was ſick in bed. But ſince then God raiſed her up, and enabled her ſtill to be uſeful to others, though in great weakneſs of body. When ſhe took to her bed again about three weeks ago, ſhe had a remarkable dream. She thought ſhe ſaw Mr. W. labouring with his might, to keep the people from falling into a deep pit, which very few of them perceived. The concern ſhe was in awaked her in great emotion. On Tueſday evening laſt, ſhe deſired us to ſet her up in bed, to meet her claſs. Her voice faultered much. She earneſtly exhorted them all, to live near to God, and to keep cloſe together: adding "I ſhall ſoon join the church above." She ſpoke no more; all was ſilent rapture; till on Friday morning: without ſigh or groan, ſhe reſigned her ſpirit to God."

Lydia Vandome.

Such a living and dying witneſs of the perfect love of God, which ſhe enjoyed for eight and twenty years, one would think ſufficient to ſilence all the doubts and objections of reaſonable and candid men.

Saturday, January 28. I began viſiting the claſſes. In the intervals I looked over the tranſactions of the royal ſociety. Is not that a little too ſevere,

" *Turpe eſt difficiles habere nugas ?*"

If

If this be true, and if it had been well considered would half of these transactions have had a being? nay, were men convinced of this, what would be come of the greater part of all the philosophical experiments in Europe?

Monday Feb. 6. I spent an hour with a venerable woman, near ninety years of age, who retain her health, her senses, her understanding, and even her memory to a good degree. In the last century she belonged to my Grand-father Annesley's congregation at whose house her father and she used to dine every Thursday, and whom she remembers to have frequently seen in his study, at the top of the house with his window open, and without any fire, winter or summer. He lived seventy-seven years, and would probably have lived longer, had he not began water-drinking at seventy.

Friday 10. I went to Deptford on purpose to see honest William Brown, worn out with age and pain, and long confined to his bed, without the use of either hand or foot. But he has the use of his understanding and his tongue, and testifies, that God does all things well. That he has no doubt or fear, but is chearfully waiting till this change shall come.

Monday 13. I rode to Colchester, and had the satisfaction of seeing such a congregation, both this evening and the following as I never saw in that house before. Wednesday 15. I rode to Bury, and found not only an attentive audience, but

but a little ſociety athirſt for God. Thurſday 16. Suppoſing we had but five and forty miles to Yarmouth, I did not ſet out till near ſeven, but proved three-ſcore; likewiſe it rained all day and part of the road was very bad. However God ſtrengthened both man and beaſt; ſo we reached it before ſix in the evening.

As we were both throughly wet, I was a little afraid for my companion, who was much older than me; though he had not lived ſo many years. But neither of us was any worſe. The congregation was the largeſt I ever ſaw at Yarmouth. And I ſpoke far more plainly (if not roughly) than ever I did before. But I doubt, if after all the ſtumbling-blocks laid in their way, any thing will ſink into their hearts.

Friday 17 I abridged Dr. Watts's pretty treatiſe on the paſſions. His 177 Pages will make an uſeful tract of four and twenty. Why do perſons who treat the ſame ſubjects with me write ſo much larger books? Of many reaſons, is not this the chief? We do not write with the ſame view: their *principal end* is to get money: my *only one, to do good.*

Saturday 18. We rode to Norwich: Sunday 19. at ſeven, I adminiſtered the Lord's Supper to about 170 ſerious communicants. One perſon then found peace with God, and many were comforted. In the evening finding the houſe would not contain one third of the congregation I was obliged to ſtand in the open air, a ſight which has

has not been seen at *Norwich* for many years. Yet all the people were still, and deeply attentive, two or three wild antinomians excepted. I preached on the gospel for the day, the woman of Canaan. I believe God spake to many hearts. But who will obey his voice?

Wednesday 22. I rode to Lakenheath, and had more hearers there, than I had had for several years. I spoke exceeding plain in the evening. One fruit of which was, that the house was filled at five in the morning. Thence I returned to Bury, and found the same little lively company, whose spirit seemed to reach the whole congregation. I know not when I have observed such a constraining power, as while I was enforcing, *Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near.*

Friday 24. I rode to Braintree. The sharp frost did not hinder many from attending: and all were serious and well-behaved. Saturday 25. I went on to London.

Monday 27. I had one more agreeable conversation with my old friend and fellow-labourer, George Whitefield. His soul appeared to be vigorous still; but his body was sinking apace. And unless God interposes with his mighty hand, he must soon finish his labours.

Thursday, March 2. I buried the remains of Michael Hayes, a good old soldier of Jesus Christ. He had lived above an hundred and four years, and mostly in vigorous health. His speech

ſpeech and underſtanding continued to the laſt, and as he lived, ſo he died, praiſing God.

Sunday 5. After preaching at Spital-fields in the morning, and at Weſt-ſtreet, in the afternoon I went to Brentford; on Monday to Hungerford, and the next day to Bath. On the road I read over Dr. Campbell's excellent anſwer to David Hume's inſolent book againſt Miracles: and Dr. Brown's keen animadverſions on the Characteriſtics of Lord Shaftſbury, another lively half-thinking writer.

In the evening my brother read prayers, and I preached in the Counteſs of Huntingdon's chapel. The congregation was very large, and very attentive. Let us deſpair of nothing!

Wedneſday 8. I preached at Briſtol, and met the ſociety. The next three days, I examined them as uſual one by one, and found ſome increaſe in number, with much increaſe in peace and love.

Monday 13. I ſet out northward. We had fine weather for a while: then the wind roſe, and the rain came down amain. We were thoroughly wet before we came to Stroud, but took no cold at all. At ſix, the houſe was as uſual, quite filled, though the wind and rain kept many ſtrangers away. The people appeared to be all alive, and ready to devour the word. Afterwards we had a love-feaſt, at which many, both men and women, ſpoke with all ſimplicity what God had done for their ſouls.

Tueſday

Tuesday 14. After preaching to a large congregation at five, we rode toward Tewkſbury: notice having been given of my preaching about noon at an houſe a mile from the town. But we could not get to it; the floods were ſo high: ſo I intended to go ſtrait to Worceſter. But one informing me, a congregation from all parts was waiting, we ſet out another way, and waded through the water. This congregation too ſeemed quite earneſt; ſo that I did not regret my labour. But the going and coming was hard work, ſo that I was a little tired, before we came to Worceſter.

I began preaching about ſix in the riding-houſe. Abundance of people were deeply attentive. But toward the cloſe, a large number of boys made a great noiſe. When we came out, men and boys joined together, in ſhouting and puſhing to and fro. Many were frighted, but none hurt. Hitherto could Satan come, but no farther.

Wedneſday 15. My horſe being lame, and part of the road very bad, I did not reach Mr. Lee's of Cotery till noon. The houſe is delightfully ſituated in his park, at the top of a fruitful hill. His chaplain had juſt begun reading prayers. Afterwards he deſired me to give an exhortation. So I could not take horſe till half hour after one, when I had eight and twenty miles to ride on a lame horſe. I came however to Shrewſbury between

tween five and six, and preached to a large and quiet congregation. As we returned, the rabble was noisy enough: but they used only their tongues. So all was well.

Thursday 16. We rode with a furious wind, full in our face, to Chester. Friday 17, and the next days we had a refreshing season, with a loving people, and in a loving family. The congregations were not small in the mornings; in the evenings exceeding large. And all who attended behaved, as if they not only understood, but relished the good word.

Sunday 19. Elizabeth Oldham called upon me. She told me, "Some time since my mother said," 'Call my son to see me die.' He asked, 'Have you any fear of death?' She said, 'O no. That is gone long since. Perfect love casts out fear. Do not you see him? There he is, waiting to receive my soul.' She then sang with a clear voice,

Praise God from whom all blessings flow:

And ended her song and her life together.

"Every round my husband took lately, being doubtful when he took horse, whether he should not drop by the way; he carried a paper in his pocket, telling who he was, and whether he was going. This day five weeks, being exceeding weak, he feared he should not be able to preach. But

But I ſaid, 'My dear, go into the pulpit, and the Lord will ſtrengthen thee.' And after he had ſpoke a few words, the Lord did ſtrengthen him. Neither did he ſpeak in vain: many were comforted: ſeveral juſtified. One of theſe ſaid, "He is going to reſt ſoon, and I ſhall go with him." He died in full triumph the next Lord's day; and ſhe two hours after."

"But a day or two before he died, I felt a kind of unwillingneſs to give him up. I was mourning before the Lord concerning this, when he ſaid to my inmoſt ſoul, 'Wilt thou not give him back to me, whom I have fitted for myſelf?' I ſaid, 'Lord, I do, I do give him up.' And immediately he changed for death.

"On the Sunday following, I was ſaying to my little maid, (always a ſerious and dutiful child, three years and an half old.) 'Hannah, doſt thou love God?' She eagerly anſwered, "Yes, mammy, I do." She added, "I will go to God, I will go to God;" leaned down and died."

Tueſday 21. I went to Park-gate, and about eleven, embarked on board the King George. We had mild weather and ſmooth water all day. The next day, the weſt wind blew freſh. Yet about five we were in Dublin-bay, where we procured a fiſhing-boat, which brought us to Dunlary.

lary. Here we took a chaiſe, and got to Dublin about eight o'clock.

On Thurſday, Friday and Saturday, I laboured to allay the ferment which ſtill remained in the ſociety. I heard the preachers face to face once and again, and endeavoured to remove their little miſunderſtandings. And they did come a little nearer to each other: but ſtill a jealouſy was left, without an entire removal of which, there can be no cordial agreement.

March 26. Eaſter-day. Many felt the power of the Spirit, which raiſed Jeſus from the dead. On Monday and Tueſday I viſited the claſſes, and the reſult of my cloſeſt obſervation was, 1. That out of five hundred members whom I left here, only four hundred and fifty remained: 2. That near half of the believers had ſuffered loſs, and many quite given up their faith: 3. That the reſt were more eſtabliſhed than ever, and ſome ſwiftly growing in grace. So that conſidering the heavy ſtorms they had gone through, if there was cauſe of humiliation on the one hand, there was on the other, more abundant cauſe of thankfulneſs, to him who had ſaved ſo many when all the waves went over them.

Thurſday 30. I was ſummoned to the court of conſcience by a poor creature who fed my horſes three or four times while I was on board. For this ſervice he demanded ten ſhillings. I gave him half a crown. When I informed the court of

of this, he was ſharply reproved: let all beware of theſe land-ſharks on our ſea-coaſts!—My ſcraps of time this week I employed in reading the account of Commodore Byron. I never before read of any who endured ſuch hardſhips, and ſurvived them. Sure no novel in the world can be more affecting, or more ſurprizing than this hiſtory.

Monday, April 3. I took horſe at four; and notwithſtanding the north-eaſt wind, came to Newry before five in the evening. It was ſo extremely cold, that the congregation in the market-houſe was but ſmall. The next evening it was conſiderably increaſed. Wedneſday 5. I rode to Terryhugan, where the poor people had raiſed a tent (ſo called) to ſcreen me from the north wind. I urged them with much enlargement of heart, *Not to receive the grace of God in vain.* Thence we rode to Liſburn. The wind was ſtill piercing cold: yet it did not hinder a multitude of people from attending at the Linen-hall, an open ſquare ſo termed, as are all the Linen-halls in Ireland.

Thurſday 6. I deſigned to preach at noon in the market-houſe at Belfaſt. But it was pre-engaged by a dancing-maſter: ſo I ſtood in the ſtreet, which doubled the congregation, to whom I ſtrongly declared, *All have ſinned, and are come ſhort of the glory of God.* But this many of them had no ears to hear, being faithful followers of Dr. Taylor.

Coming

Coming to Carrickfergus, I found it was the time of the quarter ſeſſions. This greatly increaſed the congregation. And moſt of them ſeemed to be deeply affected, rich as well as poor. Friday 7. I preached at eleven, and I believe, all the gentlemen in the town were preſent. So were all at Newtown in the evening, while I inforced thoſe ſolemn words, *God now commandeth all men, every where, to repent.*

Saturday 8. I returned to Liſburn, where I was agreeably ſurprized by a viſit from Mr. Higginſon, rector of Ballinderry. He ſaid, "I was prejudiced in favour of the Moravians, ſettled in my pariſh, till the late affair. One of my pariſhoners, Mr. Campbel, died, leaving by will his fortune to his two daughters, and in caſe of their death, a thouſand pounds to the poor of the pariſh. His widow was extremely ill; notwithſtanding which, ſome of *the brethren*, to whom ſhe was quite devoted, came in the depth of winter, and carried her by night ſeveral miles to their houſe. She died in a few days after ſhe had made a will, wherein ſhe made two of them executors, a third guardian to the children; and in caſe of their death, left the whole eſtate to *the brethren*. They concealed her death ſix days. Mean time two of them went to Dublin, and procured letters of adminiſtration, and of guardianſhip. Soon after I was preſſed, to undertake the cauſe of the orphans. I went to Dublin and laid

laid the affair before the Lord Chancellor, who after a full hearing, cancelled the second will, and ordered the first to stand."

At my leisure minutes yesterday and to-day, I read Mr. Glanvil's Sadducismus Triumphatus. But some of his relations I cannot receive; and much less his way of *accounting* for them. All his talk of *Aereal* and *Astral Spirits*, I take to be stark nonsense. Indeed, supposing the facts true, I wonder a man of sense should attempt to *account for* them at all. For who can *explain* the things of the invisible world, but the inhabitants of it?

Tuesday 11. I preached in the market-house in Tandragee to one of the liveliest congregations in the kingdom. Thursday and Friday I preached at Dawson's Grove and Kilmararty; and on Saturday 15, rode to Derry Anvil, a little village, out of all road, surrounded with bogs, just like my old parish of Wroote in Lincolnshire. The congregation however was exceeding large, and exceeding lively. I talked large with several of them who believe they are saved from sin, and found no cause to disbelieve them. And I met with many more in these parts, who witness the same confession.

Sunday 16. At nine I preached in a meadow near Cock-hill to a listning multitude. I suppose we should have had twice the number in the evening; but the rain prevented. The grass being

being wet, I ſtood in the highway, while many ſtood in the neighbouring houſes. And the word of God was as the rain upon the tender herb.

Monday 17, In the evening, and twice on Tueſday I preached to a genteel, yet ſerious audience, in Mr. M'Gough's avenue at Armagh. But God only can reach the heart. Wedneſday 19. As it rained, I chuſe rather to preach in Mr. M'Gough's yard. The rain increaſing, we retired into one of his buildings. This was the firſt time that I preached in a ſtable: and I believe more good was done by this, than all the other ſermons I have preached at Armagh.

We took horſe about ten, being deſired to call at Kinnard (ten or eleven miles out of the way) where a little ſociety had been lately formed, who were much alive to God. At the town end I was met by a meſſenger from Archdeacon C——e, who deſired I would take a bed with him, and ſoon after by another, who told me, "The Archdeacon deſired I would alight at his door." I did ſo, and found an old friend whom I had not ſeen for four or five and thirty years. He received me with the moſt cordial affection, and after a time, ſaid, "We have been building a new church, which my neighbours expected me to open. But if you pleaſe to do it, it will be as well." Hearing the bell, the people flocked together, from all parts of the town, and received the word with all readineſs of mind.

mind. I saw the hand of God was in this, for the strengthning of this loving people: several of whom believe, that the blood of Christ has *cleanseth* them *from all sin.*

Hence we rode through a pleasant country to Charlemount, where I preached to a very large and serious congregation, near the Fort, which has a ditch round it, with some face of a fortification: and probably (according to custom) costs the government a thousand a year, for not three farthings service!

Thursday 20. I went on to Castle-Caulfield, and preached on the green adjoining to the castle, to a plain, serious people, who still retain all their earnestness and simplicity. Thence I rode to Cookstown, a town consisting of one street, about a mile long, running directly through a bog. I preached to most of the inhabitants of the town: and so the next day, morning and evening. Many *received the word with gladness.* Perhaps they will not all be *stony-ground hearers.*

We took the new road to Dungevan. But it was hard work.

"Nigh foundered on we fared,
"Treading the crude consistence."

We were near five hours going fourteen miles, partly on horse-back, partly on foot. We had as usual, a full house at Londonderry in the evening, and again at eight on Sunday morning. In

the afternoon we had a brilliant congregation: but ſuch a ſight gives *me* no great pleaſure; as I have very little hope of doing them good: only *with God all things are poſſible.*

Both this evening and the next I ſpoke exceeding plain to the members of the ſociety. In no other place in Ireland has more pains been taken by the moſt able of our preachers. And to how little purpoſe! Bands they have none: four and forty perſons in the ſociety! The greater part of theſe heartleſs and cold: the audience in general dead as ſtones. However we are to deliver our meſſage. And let our Lord do as ſeemeth him good.

Tueſday 25. I fixt again the meeting of the ſingers and of the children, both which had been diſcontinued. Indeed a general remiſſneſs had prevailed, ſince the morning preaching was given up: no wonder: wherever this is given up, the glory is departed from us.

Wedneſday 26. Being to preach at Brickfield, four or five (Engliſh) miles from Derry, I choſe walking, to ſhew theſe poor indolent creatures, how to uſe their own feet. Finding the bulk of the hearers quite ſenſeleſs, I ſpoke as ſtrongly as I could, on, *Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.* But I did not perceive they were at all affected. God only can raiſe the dead.

Thurſday 27. I went to a village called The New

New Buildings, about three miles from the city, and preached in a field near the town, to a civil, careleſs congregation. In the evening I preached in our room, on, *If thou canſt believe, all things are poſſible to him that believeth.* And now firſt I ſaw a proſpect of doing good here, (I mean ſince I came laſt.) God did ariſe to maintain his own cauſe: and the ſtout-hearted trembled before him.

Friday 28. I preached again at Brickfield; and God made ſome impreſſion on the ſtony hearts. But much more at Derry in the evening. Here he ſpoke with his mighty voice: and I believe many were juſt on the brink of believing in the name of the Son of God.

Sunday 28. I preached to a very large congregation at The New Buildings, who now were all attention. I preached in the evening at Derry, and having taken a ſolemn leave of the ſociety, rode to Brickfield and ſlept in peace.

Monday, May 1. I rode to Augher. It being extremely hot, I came in faint and weary: before I finiſhed my ſermon, my head turned giddy, and I could hardly ſtand. But I had a good night's reſt, and roſe as well as when I left Dublin.

Tueſday 2. I began preaching at Sydare, about half hour after five. And it was a day of God's power. The impreſſion was general, if not univerſal: none appeared to be unmoved. This

conſtrained me to inlarge in prayer, as I have not done for ſome years. So that I did not diſmiſs the congregation, till it was almoſt eight o'clock.

Wedneſday 3. About noon, I preached in the market-place at Inniſkillen, once inhabited only by Proteſtants. But it has loſt its glorying, having now at leaſt five Papiſts to one Proteſtant. There was a large number of hearers, ſome civil, ſome rude, almoſt all totally unaffected. Thence I rode ſix or ſeven miles to Tonny-Lommon, where was a congregation of quite another kind. Great part of them knew in whom they had believed: all were deeply and ſteadily attentive. And many were thoroughly convinced of inbred ſin, and groaning for full redemption.

Thurſday 4. I found near Swadling-Bar, as artleſs, as earneſt, and as loving a people as even at Tonny-Lommon. About ſix I preached at the town's end, the very Papiſts appearing as attentive as the Proteſtants. And I doubt not, thouſands of theſe would ſoon be zealous Chriſtians, were it not for their wretched prieſts, who will not enter into the kingdom of God themſelves, and diligently hinder thoſe that would.

Friday 5. I rode over the Black Mountains, to Mannor-hamilton: ſo called from a poor wretch who ſettled here in the laſt century, and was famous for nothing elſe, but hanging up all the Iriſh who fell into his hands. There was a general

ral love to the gospel here, till simple R. W. preached against the clergy. 'Tis strange every one does not see, 1. The *sinfulness* of railing at the clergy: *if* they are blind leaders of the blind, then (says our Lord) *Let them alone:* 2. The *foolishness* of it. It never can do good; and has frequently done much harm.

At six, I preached to a large congregation in the sessions-house. All behaved well, but one young gentlewoman, who laughed almost incessantly. She knew there was nothing to laugh at: but she thought she *laughed prettily.*

Saturday 6. In the evening, I preached near the market-house in Sligo, to a large and tolerably quiet congregation. But I soon found I was shooting over their heads, in talking of *salvation by faith.* So at eight in the morning, Sunday 7. I suited myself to their capacity, by preaching on, *Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.* The effect was, that the evening congregation was such as I had not seen here for many years.

Monday 8. I rode to Castle-barr, and at seven preached in the court-house. Tuesday 9. I dined at Sir C. B.'s; who asked me if it would be convenient for me to give them a sermon in his hall? We sent to the court-house, and the people who were waiting there, came up without delay. The family were in the parlour, the bulk of the congregation in the hall and the long pas-

ſage. Wedneſday 10. I preached in the court-houſe, on, *Put on the whole armour of God:* and taking horſe early in the morning, Thurſday 11, rode to Galway.

About ſeven I preached in the ſeſſions-houſe, a large commodious place, where were hearers of every ſort. All were ſilent and tolerably civil: ſome appeared to be a little affected. Many officers and a conſiderable number of genteel people attended the next evening. And I am in hopes a few of them will not eaſily forget what they then heard.

Saturday 13. We rode to Limerick. This evening I preached in the room; and at eight in the morning, Whitſunday, but was much ſcandalized at the ſmallneſs of the congregation. In the evening I preached in the Old Camp, where the congregation was larger than it had been for ſeveral years. So it was likewiſe on Monday and Tueſday evening. But ſtill I obſerved none wounded among them; nor any thing more than a calm, dull attention.

Wedneſday 17. I preached in Ballygarane at noon, and in the evening at Newmarket. One gentlewoman, violently prejudiced againſt *this way*, at firſt ſtood at a diſtance. Then ſhe came a little nearer; afterwards ſat down, and in a ſhort time hid her face. She attended again in the morning, being much convinced of ſin, particularly of deſpiſing the real word of God.

We

We obſerved Friday 19, as a day of faſting and prayer, for a revival of his work. Many attended both at five, nine, and one, but abundance more at the watch-night. And then it was that God touched the hearts of the people, even of thoſe that were twice dead.

Sunday 21. I was in hopes of taking the field in the afternoon; but the rain prevented. Yet I did not repent of the diſappointment; ſo great was the power of God in the midſt of us. I believe few were untouched: many were deeply wounded; many rejoiced with joy unſpeakable. The ſame power was preſent the next morning and evening, both to wound and to heal. God employed his two-edged ſword on every ſide, in a manner I had not ſeen here for many years. O how ready is he to anſwer every *prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.*

Tueſday 23. We had an evening congregation at five, and an exceeding ſolemn parting. At ſix in the evening I cried to a company a little above brutes, *Why will ye die, O houſe of Iſrael?* This was at Kilfinnan. I lodged a mile from the town, among ſome that were alive to God.

Thurſday 24. I had a cool pleaſant ride to Cork; where I ſoon heard how cold and careleſs the people were. I aſked, 'But are not the ſociety at leaſt alive?' "No. Theſe are the coldeſt of all." What then? Are *we* to be careleſs too? Nay, ſo much the more let us ſtir up the gift of God that is in us. I began in the evening

to ſpeak exceeding plain: and I preſently ſaw ſome fruit: the congregation at five in the morning was not much leſs than it was in the evening. Many ſaw their loſs: God gave me again very ſharp, though loving words. I truſt this alſo is a token for good, and Satan ſhall not long triumph over us.

Friday 25. I rode to Bandon. Since I was here before, ſeveral have gone home rejoicing. But others are come in their place. So that the ſociety contains juſt as many members as when I left it. And moſt of the believers ſeem much alive; particularly the young men, maidens and children.

In the evening we were obliged to be in the houſe. But the next, Friday 26, I ſtood in the main ſtreet and cried to a numerous congregation, *Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole of man.* Afterwards I viſited one, that a year or two ago was in high life, an eminent beauty, adored by her huſband, admired and careſſed by ſome of the firſt men in the nation. She was now without huſband, without friend, without fortune, confined to her bed, in conſtant pain, and in black deſpair, believing herſelf forſaken of God and poſſeſſed by a legion of devils! Yet I found great liberty in praying for her, and a ſtrong hope, that ſhe will die in peace.

Sunday 28. I returned to Cork. The rain drove us into the houſe, which was once more throughly

throughly filled. I ſcarce ever ſpoke ſo plain as I did both this and the two following days. Yet for many years the congregations have not been ſo large. Wedneſday and Thurſday I viſited the claſſes. Decreaſing ſtill! Seven years ago we had near four hundred members in this city; five years ſince, about three hundred members. Two years ago they were two hundred; now one hundred and ninety. On Thurſday evening, June 1, I preached at Blackpool, to ſuch a congregation as I never ſaw there before. Friday 2. We obſerved as a day of faſting and prayer. At five and at nine we found God was with us; but much more at one, and moſt of all at the watch-night, during the application of thoſe awful words, *Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.*

Saturday 3. I preached at Blackpool again. Again multitudes of *publicans and ſinners drew near*, and gladly heard that *there is joy in heaven over one ſinner that repenteth.* Sunday 4. The rain again prevented my preaching at the Barrack-hill. But God was again preſent at the room, and filled many ſouls with ſtrong conſolation. When I took my leave of the ſociety, many were moved, fearing we ſhould meet no more. If not, is it not enough that we ſhould meet again, at the reſurrection of the juſt?

Monday 5. Having been much importuned, to give them a day or two more, I rode to Lime-

rick. Tuesday 6. I looked over Mr. Turner's *Remarkable Providences*. What pity is it, that the author had not a little judgment as well as piety! What an heap of things has he huddled together, good, bad and indifferent! But how fine a treatise might a man of sense collect out of it? After encouraging as many as I could both in public and private, to *press on toward the mark*, on Thursday 8. I once more took my leave of this loving people, and set out for Waterford. We intended to dine at Tipperary, but were directed wrong. At length we stumbled on a little town, called Golding. And here I found poor Michael Weston, who rambled hither from Westminster, some months since, in quest of an estate. I clearly saw the providence of God, directing me hither, before he was quite starved. Thence we rode to the Garter, near Clonmell, (where we had excellent entertainment:) and the next morning, over exceeding pleasant and well-cultivated mountains, to Waterford.

Never was the prospect more gloomy here than at present. Through the continual neglect of the preachers, the congregation was reduced almost to nothing: and so was the society. Yet I found much liberty of speech in the evening, and a strong hope, that God would revive his work.

I was invited to lodge at Mr. Scot's, a considerable tradesman. I found a young gentlewoman

man there, a visitant, well-bred, sensible, good-humoured; studious to oblige, and *lacking nothing*, but the *one thing*. Saturday 10. The room was quite filled in the morning. In the evening I preached in the court, to thrice as many as the room would contain. And all were not only quiet but attentive.

Sunday 11. The congregation at eight was still larger. But not many seemed to be unaffected. In the evening the court was filled, and I believe God opened both the understanding, and the hearts of many. Afterwards I met the society, and endeavoured to lift up the hands that hung down. Light began to spring up. Misunderstandings vanished away, and the spirits of many revived.

Monday 12. I laboured to re-unite the poor, shattered society, and to remove the numberless offences which had torn them in pieces. Tuesday 13. In the evening God began to answer for himself. I scarce ever saw a more deep and general impression made on a congregation. At the meeting of the society likewise, he refreshed us with *the multitude of peace*.

Wednesday 14. I preached in the market-house at Passage, to as dull a congregation as I have seen. They would have been rude enough too, but that they stood in awe of Mr. Freestone, who gave one and another, when they did not regard his signs, a stroke on the head with his

ſtick. By this means the whole multitude was tolerably quiet, and many ſeemed much affected.

A little before twelve I came to Old Roſs, and preached to a ſmall, ſerious congregation. Thence we went on to Inniſcorthy: but the difficulty was, where I ſhould preach? It rained, but no houſe would contain the people. We made the beſt ſhift we could, by ſtowing as many as poſſible in the houſe: the reſt, as I ſtood near the door, were quiet without. It was an uncommon time, particularly with regard to thoſe who had oppoſed the truth. One dropt down like a ſtone; many trembled and wept exceedingly. All declared, that ſuch a work as this, was never ſeen at Inniſcorthy before.

Thurſday 15. I began to preach a little before five, on *the kingdom of God within us.* The hearts of the hearers, one and all, ſeemed to be as melting wax. Surely it was not for nothing, that Satan fought ſo furiouſly, to keep the goſpel from this place.

Indeed there has not been hotter perſecution of late years any where in the kingdom than here. The mob encouraged by their ſuperiors, beat and abuſed whom they pleaſed, broke open their houſes, and did juſt what they liſted. A wretched clergyman confirmed them therein, and applied to the Methodiſt preachers, 2 *Tim.* iii. 6, 7, (the very text of that unhappy gentleman at Briſtol, which he uttered and dropped down in the pulpit) After he had painted them

as

as black as devils, he added, " I have not time to " finiſh now: next Sun. I will give you the reſt." But the next morning he was ſtruck in a ſtrange manner. He could not bear to be a moment alone. He cried out, " Thoſe hobgoblins, do not you ſee them? There, there! The room is full of them." Having continued thus ſome days, he ſcreamed out, " See that hobgoblin at the bed's feet! O that roll, that roll which he holds up to me! All my ſins are written therein." Not long after, without ſhewing the leaſt ſign of hope, he went to his account.

In the afternoon I came to Kilkenny, and in the evening preached in the Tholſel. A more civil and unawakened audience, I know not when I have ſeen. The bulk of them appeared to be no more affected, than if I had been talking Greek. However many of them attended the next morning, and more than ever in the evening. And all behaved well but one gentleman, who took much pains to divert thoſe that were near him. I fixed my eyes upon him, but he did not regard it. I was then obliged to ſpeak to him; and he was ſilent.

Saturday 17. I finiſhed " Hiſtoric doubts on " the Life and reign of Richard the third." What an amazing monſter both in body and mind have our hiſtorians and poets painted him! And yet I think Mr. Walpole makes it more clear, than one could expect at this diſtance of time, 1. " That he was not only not remarkably deformed, but on the contrary remarkably handſome.

2. That

2. That his Queen, whom he entirely loved, died a natural death. 3. That his nephew, Edward the fifth, did ſo too: there being no ſhadow of proof to the contrary. 4. That his other nephew Richard, was the very perſon whom Henry the ſeventh murdered, after conſtraining him to call himſelf Perkin-Warbeck. 5. That the death of his brother, the Duke of Clarence, was the ſole act, not of him, but Edward the fourth. 6. That he had no hand at all in the murder of Henry the ſixth, any more than of his ſon. And laſtly, That he was clear of all blame, as to the execution of Lord Haſtings: as well as of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan."——What a ſurprizing thing is it then that all our hiſtorians ſhould have ſo readily ſwallowed the account of that wretch who *killed, and alſo took poſſeſſion of* the throne: and blundered on one after another? Only it is to be obſerved, for fifty years, no one could contradict that account, but at the peril of his head.

Sunday 18. As it rained, I preached morning and evening in the Tholſel, to a multitude of people. I ſpoke exceeding plain, and all received it in love. Perhaps ſome may bring forth fruit.

Mond. 19. In the evening I preached at Birr, and removed ſome miſunderſtandings which had crept into the ſociety. Tueſday 20. I went on to Aghrim, and ſpoke as plain as poſſibly I could to a money-loving people, on *God ſaid unto him, Thou fool!* But I am afraid many of them are fermon-

mon-proof. Yet God has all power. And ſometimes he ſends, when and where it pleaſes him,

" O'erwhelming ſhowers of ſaving grace."

But I have never obſerved theſe to laſt long. And in all the intervals of them, he acts by his ſtanding rule, *Unto him, that hath*, and uſes what he hath *ſhall be given: and he ſhall have more abundantly: but from him that hath not*, uſes it not, *ſhall be taken away even that he hath.*

Wedneſday 21. I went on to Athlone. Friday 23. I rode to Abidarrig, to the quarterly meeting. Many of the people came from far: and God gave them a good reward for their labour. Saturd. 24. We returned to Athlone. Sund. 25. In the afternoon I ſtood in Barrack-Street, and cried aloud to a mixt multitude, *Behold I ſtand at the door and knock.* I never before ſaw ſo quiet a congregation on this ſide the water. There was not only no tumult, but no murmur to be heard, no ſmile to be ſeen on any face.

Monday 26. About noon, I preached on the Green, at Clara, to an exceeding ſerious congregation: and in the evening at Tullamore. Tueſ. 27. I found a little increaſe in the ſociety. But there cannot be much without more field-preaching. Wherever this is intermitted, the work of God ſtands ſtill, if it does not go back.

To-day, I wrote to a pious and ſenſible woman as follows:.

Tullamore,

Tullamore, 27th June, 1769.

Dear Madam,

" When I had the pleaſure of converſing with you ſome years ſince, you had a regard both for me, and the people called Methodiſts. If I am rightly informed you are now of another mind. May I aſk, when did that change begin? Was it at your laſt journey to Dublin? Whenever it was, Suffer me to aſk, What were the reaſons of it? I will tell you what I conjecture, and I do it in writing becauſe I may not have an opportunity of talking with you; becauſe I can write more freely than I could ſpeak: becauſe I can now ſay all I have to ſay at once: whereas, if we were talking together, I might probably forget ſome part: and becauſe you may by this means have the better opportunity of calmly conſidering it.

" I conjecture, (to tell you juſt what raiſes in my heart) that this change was owing to ſeveral cauſes. Some admired and commended you as a perſon of uncommon ſenſe and uncommon attainments in religion. Others told you at large from time to time, all the real or ſuppoſed faults of the Methodiſts, In particular, the jarrs which had lately been in Dublin, on account of Mr. Morgan and Olivers. This naturally tended to breed and increaſe pride on the one hand, and *prejudice* on the other. Riches increaſed: which not only led you ſtep by ſtep into more *comformity* to the world, but inſenſibly inſtilled *ſelf-importance*, unwillingneſs

willineſs to be contradicted, and an *over-bearing* temper. And hence you was of courſe diſguſted at thoſe who did *not yield* to this temper, and blamed that conformity. Perhaps ſome of theſe profeſſed or expected to be *perfected in love.* They at leaſt believed *perfection.* Now this you ſeemed to hate with a perfect hatred: and on that account diſliked them the more.

" Permit me to add a few words on each of theſe heads. And firſt would it not be well, if you ſtarted back from every appearance of admiration (which you know is deadly poiſon) whether on account of your ſenſe or piety? And if you utterly diſcountenanced all, who directly or indirectly commended you to your face? Yea, and all who *told you* of the jarrs or faults of the Methodiſts? Or indeed of any abſent perſon?

" Should you not earneſtly ſtrive and pray againſt thinking highly of your own underſtanding, or attainments in religion? Otherwiſe this, by grieving the Holy Spirit, would expoſe you to ſtill more prejudice; eſpecially towards thoſe who might ſeem to vie with you in religion, if not in underſtanding.

" Can you be too ſenſible, how hardly they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven? Yea, or into the kingdom of an inward heaven? Into the whole ſpirit of the goſpel? How hard is it for theſe (whether you do or no) not to *conform too much* to the world! How hard not to be a *little overbearing*, eſpecially to inferiors?

" Is

" Is it right to be *disgusted* at those who fear you conform too far: who do not sink down before you? Nay, perhaps oppose your judgment, or *blame* your practice:

" And with regard to perfection. Have not they that hold it, the same right to be angry with you for denying it, as you with them for affirming it?

" But what is it you are angry at? What is it you object to? Let us understand the question, before we dispute about it.

" By Christian perfection I mean 1. Loving God with *all our heart*. Do you object to this? I mean, 2. A heart and life *all devoted* to God. Do you desire less? I mean, 3. Regaining the *whole image* of God. What objection to this? I mean, 4. Having *all the mind* that was in Christ. Is this going too far? I mean, 5. *Walking uniformly* as Christ walked. And this surely no Christian will object to.—If any one means any thing more, or any thing else by perfection I have no concern with it. But if this is wrong, yet what need of this heat about it, this violence, I had almost said fury of opposition? Carried so far as even not to lay out any thing with this man, or that woman who professes it. " Nay says Mrs.—— I did not refrain from it for this only; but for their espousing Mr. Oliver's cause against Mr. Morgan." Worse and worse! what are people to starve (at least for me) unless they think as I think, or like whom

whom I like? Alas, what religion, what humanity, what common ſenſe is this?

"But I have done. I have once for all taken upon myſelf a moſt unthankful office. I have ſpoken with all plainneſs and ſimplicity, and now leave the event to God. May he open your heart that you may diſcern his holy, and acceptable, and perfect will, that you may have a right judgment in all things and evermore rejoice in his holy comfort.

I am, Dear Madam,

Your affectionate ſervant,

JOHN WESLEY."

Wedneſday 28. I rode to Mountmelick, and for the ſake of ſome tender perſons, preached in the new houſe. It was a ſolemn time; in conſequence of which it was pretty well filled in the morning. A ſerious awe ſpread over the whole congregation: but more remarkably the next evening, while I was opening and applying the ſtory of Dives and Lazarus. Friday 30, I rode over to Montrath, a wild place as moſt in Ireland, and preached in the ſhell of a new houſe to many more than it would contain. All were quiet and attentive. In the middle of the ſermon a young woman *who was a ſinner*, endeavoured for a while to hide her tears, by creeping behind another, till in a few minutes her ſtrength failed, and

ſhe

ſhe ſunk down to the ground, I was ſorry they carried her away; otherwiſe I think ſhe would have ſoon lifted up her head with joy.

In the evening we had a love-feaſt at Mountmelick, and great was our rejoicing in the Lord. Many were filled with conſolation, truſting he would ſoon *make an end of ſin, and bring in everlaſting righteouſneſs.*

Saturday, July 1. I found a far different face of things at Portarlington. The ſociety had once an hundred and thirty members: (an hundred and four I joined in three days.) It had now no more than twenty four; and ſome of theſe had *only a name to live.* In the evening I applied particularly to the backſliders. But almoſt as ſoon as I began, a large company of quality (as they called them) came and embarraſſed me not a little. I knew this was heathen Greek to them. But I could not then change my ſubject. However I diluted my diſcourſe as much as I could, that it might not be quite too ſtrong for their digeſtion.

Sun. 2. I read Mrs. Row's "devout exerciſes of the heart". It is far ſuperior to any thing of her's which I ever read, in ſtile as well as in ſenſe. Her experience is plain, ſound and ſcriptural, no way whimſical or myſtical. And her language, is clear, ſtrong and ſimple without any of that affected floridneſs; which offends all who have a tolerable ear, or any judgment in good writing.

At nine we had a ſerious congregation, to whom

whom I could ſpeak of the deep things of God. And the new houſe held them tolerably well: but in the evening it was far too ſmall. So I ſtood in a little ground adjoining to the houſe. Many tender ones ſat within, but the bulk of the congregation ſtood in the meadow, and the gardens on each ſide. I have not ſeen in all the world a people ſo eaſy to be convinced or perſwaded as the Iriſh. What pity that theſe excellent propenſities ſhould not always be applied to the moſt excellent purpoſes!

Monday 3. I rode to Coolylough (where was the quarterly meeting) and preached at eleven: and in the evening. While we were ſinging, I was ſurprized to ſee the horſes from all parts of the gound gathering about us. Is it true then that horſes, as well as lions and tigers, have an ear for muſic?

Wedneſ. 5. I went on to Tyrrelſpaſs. Thurſday 6. at eleven I preached in the Court-houſe at Molinger, to a very genteel, and yet ſerious audience. In the evening I preached at Tyrrelſpaſs again; and on Friday 7. at Edinderry. Here I received from Joſeph Fry, a particular account of his late wife, an Iſraelite *indeed*. He ſaid "She "was a ſtrict attendant on all the means of grace, and a ſincere lover of the people of God. She had a remarkably good underſtanding, and much knowledge of the things of God. Though ſhe was of an exceeding baſhful temper, yet ſhe was valiant for the truth; not ſparing to ſpeak very plain

plain in defence of it, before perſons of all conditions. Two years ago ſhe began to loſe her health, and grew worſe and worſe till September 29th. On that day ſhe was very reſtleſs. Obſerving her to have an unuſual colour, I judged, ſhe could not continue long. She was ſenſible of it, and ſaid, 'Do not go from me; for my time is ſhort. O! it is an hard thing to die!' After a while ſhe ſaid, Dear Jeſus, ſhall it be ſo with me as with the wicked?' I was deeply affected at ſeeing her in ſuch a ſtate: yet ſomething told me, all will be well. I exhorted her with all my might to lean on Jeſus: and found myſelf unuſually bleſt in ſo doing. But ſtill ſhe did not ſeem to receive it, till I obſerved her jaw was fallen. I was then concerned more than ever, leſt ſhe ſhould die without hope. I ſpoke with more vehemence, while ſhe lay ſpeechleſs, with her eyes up to heaven. But on a ſudden, ſhe got her lips together again, and ſaid with a loud voice, 'Now, my love, I experince what you have ſaid. After all, my Jeſus is mine. The devil is conquered: there, there you may ſee him going with ſhame.' She then praiſed God ſo loud, that one might hear her in the ſtreet; and added. 'Fine ſport, my dear Joe, the devil is caſt.' After rejoicing in God ſome time, ſhe cloſed her eyes: but in a little while ſhe ſaid, 'O was it not very pretty when the wiſe virgins went out in white, to meet their Lord? Yet what would their robes have ſignified,

ſignified, without his righteouſneſs ?' — And died."

The next day I went on to Dublin, and found all things as quiet as I left them. Wedneſday 12. I rode through a lovely country to Ballymore, in the county of Wexford. Near twenty years ago, all this country was moved by the preaching of James Morris. Thouſands flocked to hear: but one falſe ſtep of his quite ſcattered them again. The houſe would not near contain the people: ſo I ſtood abroad, in a fair mild evening. And once more God has given them a loud call, to turn unto him, that they may ſave their ſouls alive.

Thurſday 13. I rode on to Inniſcorthy, and preached on, *Is there no balm in Gilead* ? To day I ſaw one of the moſt lively and ſenſible children that I have met with in the kingdom. What a miracle will it be, if ſhe ſaves her ſoul! If general admiration does not deſtroy her!

Hence I rode to Bunklody, a little, ugly, ſcattered town: but delightfully ſituated. I did not find that five perſons in the town would come a bow-ſhot to hear. So I ordered a table to be ſet in the ſtreet, and a few ſlowly crept together. They were as quiet and ſeemed as much affected as the trees. Thence I rode on to Carlow. The under-ſheriff had promiſed the uſe of the town-hall. But the high-ſheriff coming to town, would not ſuffer it. I thank him: for by this means I was driven to the Barrack-field, where were twice

as

as many as the hall could have contained : over and above many of the poor Papiſts who durſt not have come into it. Afterwards I met the little ſociety. I uſed to wonder they did not increaſe. Now I ſhould wonder if they did : ſo exquiſitely bitter are the chief of them againſt the church. I ſolemnly warned them againſt this evil : and ſome of them had ears to hear.

Friday 14. At noon I preached in Baltinglaſs. to an handful of ſerious people : and in the evening, at Donard, to a much more numerous, but not more ſerious congregation. I could not but obſerve one pretty kind of woman, with a child in her arms. She ſtood awhile : then walked to and fro : then ſtood : then walked again ; and appeared as perfectly unconcerned, as ſome pretty calves, which ſtood behind her. Saturday 15. I croſſed the country to my old pupil, Mr. Morgans, and in the afternoon returned to Dublin.

All the following week we had a remarkable bleſſing both at the morning and evening ſervice. On Wedneſday and Thurſday we had our little conference, at which moſt of the preachers in the kingdom were preſent. We agreed to ſet apart Friday the 21ſt for a day of faſting and prayer. At every meeting, particularly the laſt, our Lord refreſhed us in an uncommon manner. About ten I was a little tired : but before it ſtruck twelve, my wearineſs was all gone. It ſeemed to be the ſame with all the congregation, and prayer was ſwallowed up in praiſe.

Sunday

Sunday 23. At nine I preached in the Royal ſquare at the Barracks, on *The dead, ſmall and great ſtanding before God.* An huge multitude ſoon gathered together and liſtened with deep attention. Many of the ſoldiers were among them. By what but field-preaching could we have reached theſe poor ſouls?

Monday 24. After preaching in the evening, I went on board the pacquet, and the next afternoon, landed at Holyhead. We reached Cheſter on Thurſday morning. Here I finiſhed Dr. Warner's hiſtory of the Iriſh rebellion. I never ſaw before, ſo impartial an account of the tranſactions of thoſe times. He really ſeems to be of no ſide, but to ſpeak the naked truth of all, according to the beſt light he could procure.

Friday 28. I rode to Manchester. As we were pretty well tired, our friends there inſiſted on my going on in a chaiſe. So in the morning, Satur. 29, we ſet out. When we were on the brow of the hill above Rippondale, ſuddenly the ſaddle-horſe fell, with the driver under him, and both lay without motion. The ſhaft-horſe then boggled and turned ſhort, toward the edge of the precipice. But preſently the driver and horſe roſe up unhurt, and we went on ſafe to Leeds.

Sunday 30. Mr. Crook being out of order, I read prayers and preached in Hunſlet church, both morning and afternoon. At five I preached at Leeds, and on Monday 31, prepared all things for the enſuing conference. Tueſday, Auguſt 1.

It began, and a more loving one we never had. On Thurſday I mentioned the caſe of our brethren at New York, who had built the firſt Methodiſt preaching-houſe in America, and were in great want of money, but much more of preachers. Two of our preachers, Richard Boardman, and Joſeph Pillmoor, willingly offered themſelves for the ſervice: by whom we determined to ſend them fifty pounds, as a token of our brotherly love.

Saturday 5. In the evening I preached at Bradford to an extremely crowded audience. The heat was hardly ſupportable. Such a day I had ſeldom, if ever, known in England. It was nearly as hot at four in the morning, Sunday 6. But the rain began before five, and in three or four hours quite cooled the air. At One we had the uſual congregation on the ſide of Birſtal-hill. But it was nearly doubled at Leeds in the evening. Monday 7. I returned to Mancheſter; and on Tueſday 8. Went on to Shrewſbury. I preached at five; and ſoon after, receiving an invitation from Mr. Powis, at Berwick. I went over directly, gave a ſhort exhortation, and returned to Salop.

Wedneſday 9. We reached Welchpool before nine, where notice had been given of my preaching, the bailiff having granted the uſe of the Town-hall. But he had now changed his mind. So rode on to New Town, and at one we went to the market-houſe. But in a few minutes a poor wretch exceeding drunk, came in curſing and blaſpheming, and ſtriking all that ſtood in his way.

His

His ſtick was ſoon taken from him: but the noiſe increaſing, I removed to the Brynn, and quietly finiſhed my diſcourſe.

At ſix in the evening I preached at the Tuffin, the next morning, at Lanidlos, and in the evening, at the Abbey. Friday 11. I reached Carmarthen; The rain continuing, Mr. Peter Williams offered me his preaching-houſe, in which I inforced, *God forbid that I ſhould glory, ſave in the croſs of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.* Saturday 12. I preached at Haverford-Weſt. Sunday 13. I went to St. Daniel's and after reading prayers, preached on thoſe words in the ſecond leſſon, *What God hath cleanſed, that call not thou common.* The bigots of all ſides ſeemed aſhamed before God, and I truſt will not ſoon forget this day. In the afternoon I read prayers and preached again. I then met the ſociety in Pembroke. Once more their little jars are laid aſleep: God grant they may riſe no more.

Monday 14. I preached in the town-hall, to almoſt all the gentry in Pembroke. And I think whatever they had before, they had then a clear call from God. Tueſday 15. In the evening altho' the wind was high, yet the largeneſs of the congregation obliged me to ſtand on the outſide of the houſe at Haverford-Weſt. Wedneſday 16. I examined the members of the ſociety, now the moſt lively one in Wales. Many of them are rejoicing in the love of God: and many groaning for full redemption.

To-day I gave a second reading to that lively book, Mr. Newton's account of his own experience. There is something very extraordinary therein: but one may account for it without a jot of predestination. I doubt not but his (as well as Col. Gardiner's conversion) was an answer to his mother's prayers.

Thursday 17. At twelve I preached in the Castle at Carmarthen, in the evening at Lanelly. The behaviour of Sir Thomas's servants here (four or five of whom belong to the society has removed all prejudice from him, as well as from most of the town. Indeed they are a pattern to all of their rank, truly *adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour.*

Friday 18. I preached at eleven in Oxwych, and thence hastened to Swansey, where an effectual door is opened once more. The rain drove us into the room, which was hot as an oven, being much crowded both within and without. Saturday 19. About eight, I preached at Neath; about three, in the church at Bridge-End, (where the rain doubled the congregation, by stopping the harvest-work) And at seven in the assembly room at Cowbridge, on *Lord, Are there few that be saved?* I was enabled to make a close and pointed application: I believe, not without effect.

Sunday 20. I preached there again at eight, to a congregation who seemed to feel what was spoken. At eleven the vicar read prayers, and I preached on those words in the lesson, *Gallio cared*

cared for none of these things. Most of the hearers seemed more awake than I expected, and a few appeared to be affected. In the evening I took my old stand, on the steps of the Castle at Cardiff. Abundance of people were gathered together, it being a fair mild evening: on whom I inforced, *I saw the dead, small and great stand before God.*

Tuesday 22. Mr. Davies read prayers, and I preached in Carphilly church, and in the evening at Llanbraddoach. Wednes. 23. I went on to Trevecka. Here we found a concourse of people from all parts, come to celebrate the Countess of Huntingdon's birth-day, and the anniversary of her school, which was opened on the 24th of August last year. I preached in the evening, to as many as her chapel could well contain, which is extremely neat, or rather elegant as is the dining room, the school, and all the house. About nine Howel Harris desired me to give a short exhortation to his family. I did so and then went back to my Lady's, and laid me down in peace.

Thursday 24. I administred the Lord's supper to the family. At ten the public service began. Mr. Fletcher preached an exceeding lively sermon in the court, the chapel being far too small. After him Mr. William Williams preached in Welsh, till between one and two o'clock. At two we dined: mean time a large number of people had baskets of bread and meat carried to them in the court. At three I took my turn

there, then Mr. Fletcher, and about five, the congregation was dismissed. Between seven and eight the love-feast began, at which I believe many were comforted. In the evening several of us retired into the neighbouring wood, which is exceeding pleasantly laid out in walks, one of which leads to a little mount, raised in the midst of a meadow, that commands a delightful prospect: this is Howell Harris's work: who has likewise greatly inlarged and beautified his house. So that with the gardens, orchards, walks and pieces of water that surround it, it is a kind of little paradise.

Friday 25. We rode thro' a lovely country to Chepstow. I had designed to go strait on: but yielded to the importunity of our friends, to stay and preach in the evening. Meantime I took a walk thro' Mr. Morris's woods. There is scarce any thing like them in the kingdom. They stand on the top and down the side of a steep mountain, hanging in a semicircular from over the river. Thro' these woods abundance of serpentine walks are cut, wherein many seats and alcoves are placed; most of which command a surprizing prospect of rocks and fields on the other side of the river. And must all these be burnt up? What will become of us then, if we set our hearts upon them?

Saturday 26. Resolving not to be too late now as I was last year I took horse at four. But being earnestly engaged in coversation, we missed our way,

way and came to the paſſage juſt as the boat was gone. About three in the afternoon, it paſſed again: and ſoon after ſix we reached Briſtol.

Sunday 27. After preaching at Kingſwood and Briſtol, I rode to Croſs, to leſſen the next day's journey. Monday 28. I rode to Tiverton; on Tueſday to Lanceſton, where I ſtrongly applied, *Hath God forgotten to be gracious?* And I believe, he anſwered for himſelf, in the hearts of ſeveral backſliders.

Being informed, it was between ſixty and ſeventy miles to St. John's, I ſent my horſe a few miles forward to night. Wedneſday 30. I purpoſed taking horſe at four: but the horſe was not brought from the field. So I borrowed another, and rode on without delay to the houſe where my own waited for me. We had inceſſant rain, driven upon us by a furious wind. However I reached Bodmin about eight: where at the requeſt of one of our friends, I preached to a ſmall, ſerious company in the Townhall. The rain accompanied us moſt of the way to Truro. I knew not where to call, till a friend met me and told me, "Mr. Painter had been very ill." So I rode directly to his houſe. While I was there, one of Redruth came in, who lent me a freſh horſe, with which I reached St. John's about five o'clock. I preached at ſix, and was much comforted among a loving, earneſt people.

Thurſday 31. I rode over to St. Juſt, but could not preach abroad, becauſe of the violent

wind. However God spoke to many hearts, both this evening and in the morning. Sept. 1. I now considered Dr. Erskine's account of saving faith. He asserts (if I comprehend him right) " it is in general, an assent to the word of God, in which there is a light, a glory, a brightness, which believers, and they only perceive. In particular it is an assent of the understanding, to the gospel method of salvation; in which there is an excellency and glory, which only believers see. A supernatural conviction of this is faith." But if this be his judgment, why does he quarrel with me? For how marvelously small is the difference between us? Only change the word assent for conviction; (which certainly better answers St. Paul's word ἐλεγχος) And do we not come within an hair's breadth of each other? I do not quarrel with the definition of faith in general, " A *supernatural assent* to the word of God:" though I think, " A *supernatural conviction* of the truths contained in the word of God," is clearer. I allow too, that the holy spirit enables us to perceive a peculiar light and glory in the word of God, and particularly in the gospel-method of salvation. But I doubt, whether saving faith be properly, " An assent to this light and glory." Is it not rather, an assent (if we retain the word) to *the truths* which God has revealed?" Or more particularly, a divine conviction, that *God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself?*

The congregation at St. Ives' in the evening was

was the largeſt I have ſeen ſince I came to Cornwall. And it was a ſolemn aſſembly. We had another happy opportunity at the meeting of the ſociety. Saturday 2. Our quarterly meeting was at Redruth. In the evening I preached to eleven or twelve hundred people. But there was no triſler, much leſs mocker among them. They heard, as for eternity.

Sunday 3. We had a very large congregation, and an uſeful ſermon at church. Between one and two I preached to ſome thouſands in the main-ſtreet: but to abundantly more at five in our amphitheatre at Gwenap: and they were ſo commodiouſly placed, row above row, that I believe all could hear.

Monday 4. About noon I preached in the Lower-ſtreet at St. Awſtle, to a very numerous and very ſerious congregation. But at Medros, where was once the livelieſt ſociety in Cornwall, I found but a few and moſt of thoſe faint and weary. Tueſday 5. I rode on to Plymouth-dock, and preached on, *Love is the bond of perfectneſs.* What pity that any thing ſhort of this, ſhould uſurp the name of religion!

Laſt week I read over, as I rode, great part of Homer's Odyſſey. I always imagined, it was like Milton's paradiſe regained,

"The faint effort of an expiring muſe."

But how was I miſtaken? How far has Homer's latter poem the pre-eminence over the former? It is not indeed without its blemiſhes, among which perhaps one might reckon his making Ulyſſes ſwim nine days and nine nights without ſuſtenance; the incredible manner of his eſcape from Polyphemus, (unleſs the goat was as ſtrong as an ox:) and the introducing Minerva at every turn, without any *dignus vindice nodus*. But his numerous beauties make large amends for theſe. Was ever man ſo happy in his deſcriptions, ſo exact and conſiſtent in his characters, and ſo natural in telling a ſtory? He likewiſe continually inſerts the fineſt ſtrokes of morality, (which I cannot find in Virgil) on all occaſions recommending the fear of God, with juſtice, mercy and truth. In this only he is inconſiſtent with himſelf. He makes his hero ſay,

"Wiſdom never lies." And

"Him, on whate'er pretence, that lies can tell
"My ſoul abhors him as the gates of hell."

Meantime he himſelf, on the ſlighteſt pretence, tells deliberately lies over and over: nay, and is highly commended for ſo doing, even by the goddeſs of wiſdom!

Wedneſday 6. I rode to Collumpton; and on Thurſday reſted at Tiverton. Friday 8. I preached

ed about nine at Taunton, and then rode on to Bridgwater, where the preaching had been discontinued for some years. It was supposed there would be much disturbance. But there was none at all. The very gentry (all but two or three young women) behaved with good sense and decency.

This afternoon I went to the top of Brent hill: I know not, I ever before saw such a prospect. Westward, one may see to the mouth of the Bristol channel, and the three other ways, as far as the eye can reach. And most of the land which you see is well cultivated, well wooded, and well watered: so that the globe of earth, in its present condition can hardly afford a more pleasing scene. Saturday 9, I returned to Bristol.

Tuesday 12. I enquired into the state of Kingswood-school. The grievance now is the number of children. Instead of thirty (as I desired) we have near fifty, whereby our masters are burdened. And it is scarce possible to keep them in so exact order, as we might do a smaller number. However this still comes nearer a Christian school, than any I know in the kingdom.

Sunday 17. I preached to a serious congregation, in Prince's-street, many of whom came from the ships on the river, and gaped and stared as if they had never heard a sermon before. In the afternoon I preached near the New-square, on,

What God hath cleanſed, that call not thou common. I was in hopes, this would remove rather than increaſe prejudice: but I was much miſtaken. One of the hearers ſoon after told his friend, "Mr. W. is as dark and blind as ever."

Tueſday 19. Between twelve and one I preached at Freſhford; and on White's-hill, near Bradford in the evening. By this means many had an opportunity of hearing, who would not have come to the room. I had deſigned to preach there again the next evening: but a gentleman in the town deſired me to preach at his door. The beaſts of the people were tolerably quiet, till I had nearly finiſhed my ſermon. They then liſted up their voice, eſpecially one, *called a gentleman*, who had filled his pocket with rotten eggs. But a young man coming unawares, clapt his hands on each ſide, and maſhed them all at once. In an inſtant he was perfume all over; though it was not ſo ſweet as balſam!

Friday 22. I ſaw poor Mrs. —— at Briſtol, on the very brink of deſpair. I prayed for her in faith, and not many days after, found her ſweetly rejoicing in God her Saviour. Thurſday 23. I rode to Pill, and preached in the ſtreet (the only way to do much good there,) to a more numerous and more attentive congregation than I have ſeen there for many years.

Thurſday, October 5. I had the ſatisfaction to find, that two of our brethren, with whom I had taken

taken much pains, had at length put an end to their Chancery ſuit, and cloſed their debate by a reference.

Sunday 8. I permitted all of Mr. Whitefield's ſociety that deſired it, to be preſent at our love-feaſt. I ſuppoſe, there were a thouſand of us in all. And we were not ſent empty away.

Monday 9. I preached at Briſtol, Penſford, Shepton-Mallet; and in the evening at Wincaunton. The people here had juſt as much feeling as the benches on which they ſat. Tueſday 10. I preached in Shafteſbury at noon; and in the evening at Saliſbury. Here I was as in a new world. The congregation was alive, and much more the ſociety. How pleaſing would it be to be always with ſuch! But that is not our calling.

Wedneſday 11. I preached in Rumſey at noon: in the evening at Wincheſter. Thurſday 12. I preached at Fareham about one; and at Portſmouth-common in the evening. Friday 13. I very narrowly miſſed meeting the great Paſcal Paoli. He landed in the dock but a very few minutes after I left the water-ſide. Surely HE who hath been with him from his youth up, hath not ſent him into England for nothing. Lord ſhew him what is thy will concerning him! And give him a kingdom that cannot be moved!

Saturday 14. Setting out at two in the morning,

ing, I came to London in the afternoon. Sunday 15. My brother and I had such a congregation at Spitalfields, as has not been there since the covenant-night. The Foundery was equally crowded in the evening: is God about to work here, as he did some years ago? If so, having *learnt* experience *by the things we have suffered*, I trust we shall not *quench the spirit*, as we did before.

Monday 16. I began my journey into Oxfordshire, and in the evening preached at Henley. A great part of the congregation was perfectly void both of sense and modesty. But at this time they were unusually quiet, as I did not take them out of their depth, in opening and applying those words, *It is appointed unto men once to die.*

Tuesday 17. We went to Wallingford, a town I never saw before, though I lived so many years at Oxford. How white are the fields here unto the harvest? The whole town seemed flocking together, rich and poor, in the evening, and received the word with joy. But who will endure to the end? Abundance of people came again at five in the morning, and were ready to devour the word. How pleasant it is, to see the dawn of a work of grace! But we must not lay too much stress upon it. Abundance of blossoms! But when the sun is up, how many of these will wither away!

Having

Having appointed to preach in Oxford at ten, I was under ſome difficulty. I did not like to preach in the diſſenting meeting-houſe: and I did not ſee how to avoid it. But the proprietors cut the knot for me, by locking up the doors. So I preached in James Mears' garden: and to ſuch a congregation as I had not had in Oxford ſince I preached in St. Mary's church.

Thence we went on to Witney, where we have now a large and commodious houſe. It was well filled in the evening: and (whoever elſe did) I found it good to be there: eſpecially at the meeting of the ſociety: the Spirit of glory and of Chriſt was among them.

I had deſigned to ſpend another day here. But two of our friends, who were come on purpoſe from Broadmarſton, importuned me much to go thither. So I ſet out with them on Thurſday, and came to Broadmarſton in the afternoon. The lovely family, and the congregation from all parts, made me full amends for my labour. Great was our glorying in the Lord. Many felt the two-edged ſword, and many were filled with conſolation.

Friday 20. I had appointed to be in Oxford at eight. So I took horſe at two, and took chaiſes from Shipſton, which brought me thither at my time. After ſpending an hour quite agreeably with a few young, ſerious ſtudents, I ſet out for Ipſtone, near Stoken-church. But I was obliged, when

when we came to the bye-road, to quit my chaise and go as I could, part on horse-back, part on foot. The congregation had waited for me some time. So I began immediately, on, *Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole of man.* In the evening I preached to a lively congregation at High-Wycombe, and on Saturday reached London.

Monday 23. I rode to Towcester, and preached to an heavy, unawakened people, on what they did not seem at all to think of, namely, that they were *to die.* I believe it suited them: they appeared to be more affected than with any discourse I had ever preached. Tuesday 24. I preached at Alston, in a large malt-room, where one side of my head was very warm, through the crowd of people, the other very cold, having an open window to my ear. Between six and seven I preached at Northampton, and it was an awful season.

This evening there was such an *Aurora Borealis*, as I never saw before: the colours, both the white, the flame-colour, and the scarlet, were so exceeding strong and beautiful. But they were awful too: so that abundance of people were frighted into many good resolutions.

Wednesday 25. At ten, I was forced to preach abroad at Brighton, by reason of the great concourse of people: and at Haddon, about one. I believe at both places, God applied his word to their hearts. Thursday 26. About nine I preached

at

at Harpole, to a thirſty multitude: at one, to near the ſame number at Weedon; in the evening at Wittlebury. Friday 27, about noon, we had a ſerious congregation at Cranfield, and at Bedford in the evening. Saturday 28. I preached about one at Hertford, and at Snowfields in the evening: and after preaching three times a day for three days, and four times a day for two more, I found no more hoarſeneſs or wearineſs than when I ſet out from London.

Monday 30. I ſet out with a little company of our friends, and the next day came to Norwich. At ſix I preached in the ſhell of the new houſe, crowded enough both within and without.

Thurſday, November 2. We went to Yarmouth, a cold, dead, uncomfortable place. Friday 3. I laboured to gather up the fragments of the poor ſociety, ſhattered to pieces by Preſbyterians, Anabaptiſts, and diſputers of all kinds: eſpecially by one unhappy man, who had ariſen among ourſelves. In the evening I ſtrongly exhorted them, to *repent and do the firſt works.*

Saturday 4. We returned to Norwich. In coming to Yarmouth, I had called upon a young woman, alive to God, but exceeding ill. She died before I came back. This afternoon I was deſired to bury her. I took the opportunity of preaching at five in the burying-ground, to a multitude of people, who were all attention, as though they

they had already ſeen *the dead ſtanding before God.*

Monday 6. And the following days, I viſited as many of the people, ſick and well, as I poſſibly could. And on Friday 9, leaving them more united than they had been for many years, I took coach again, and the next afternoon came to London.

In the coach going and coming, I read ſeveral volumes of Mr. Guthrie's ingenious hiſtory of Scotland, I ſuppoſe, as impartial an one as any to be found, and as much to be depended upon. I never read any writer before, who gave me ſo much light into the real character of that odd mixture, King James the firſt: nor into that of Mary Queen of Scots, ſo totally miſrepreſented by Buchanan, Queen Elizabeth's penſioner, and her other hireling writers: and not much leſs, by Dr. Robertſon. Them he effectually expoſes, ſhewing how groſly they contradict matter of fact, and one another. He likewiſe points out the many and great miſtakes of Dr. R. ſuch as ſeem to imply either great inattention or great partiality. Upon the whole, that much injured Queen appears to have been far the greateſt woman of that age, exquiſitely beautiful in her perſon, of a fine addreſs, of a deep, unaffected piety, and of a ſtronger underſtanding even in youth, than Queen Elizabeth had at three-ſcore. And probably the deſpair wherein Queen Elizabeth died,

was

was owing to *her* death rather than that of Lord Eſſex.

Friday 17. I preached at a chapel near St. John-ſtreet, built on the very ſpot of ground, whereon many hundred years ago Pardon church ſtood. In this and the following week I viſited the ſociety in London, containing now ſcarce nineteen hundred members. So has God cut us ſhort ſince the wound received by a falſe friend, from which we are now ſlowly recovering.

Saturday 25. I went down to Mr. Perronet's juſt recovering from a long illneſs. In the evening I preached in the houſe, and at ſeven in the morning. On Sunday 26. Mr. P. deſigned to read prayers at ten; but we thought it not ſafe for him to go out. So I read prayers, and then applied, *What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do juſtly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?* Many who had conſtantly appealed to this text, found themſelves ſhort in every particular.

I read prayers in the afternoon, having been informed, that it was not uſual to preach. But obſerving a numerous congregation, quite unwilling to go away, I went into the pulpit, and ſhewed them the nature and the pleaſantneſs of true religion. At five I preached in the room: I truſt our Lord has touched many hearts this day.

Thurſday

Thurſday 30. I preached at Wandſworth. For many years the people here were the moſt dead, but are now the moſt alive of any about London. Friday, December the 1ſt, I preached at Barnet, which was laſt year what Wandſworth is now. Monday 4. I went to Chatham: Mr. Whitefield's people (ſo called) refuſing me the uſe of their room, I preached in the barracks to a liſtening multitude, and our hearts were ſweetly enlarged and knit together. One of their ſociety, grieved at the bigotry of his brethren, invited me to preach in his houſe in the morning; which I did (the barracks not being open) to as many as it could well contain. Tueſday 5. I went to Sheerneſs, and preached in the old play-houſe, filled from end to end. So it was the next night. Our own room contained us in the mornings. I was much comforted among the poor people, which in the midſt of diſputers, keep ſtrait on following after peace and holineſs.

Thurſday 7. I returned to Chatham, and the next day to London, leaving an earneſt people at peace with each other, and with all the world.

Monday 11. Riding an uneaſy horſe, I was much tired before I reached Staplehurſt. But the ſerious, earneſt congregation ſoon made me forget my wearineſs, and I was not a little helped by the ſpirit of Mr. C. breathing nothing but faith and love. I was again heartily tired, when I came to Mr.

Mr. Holman near Rye. Judging moſt of the congregation here to be unawakened, I preached on the ſtory of Dives and Lazarus. God gave me to ſpeak ſtrong words, ſo that I truſt ſome were pricked to the heart. Wedneſday 13. I preached at Ewhuſt, (it being the quarterly meeting) both at noon and in the evening. Thurſday 14. We rode through heavy rain to New-bounds, where Mr. I'Anſon and his family gladly received us: and I never ſaw the houſe ſo filled before, as it was in the evening. Friday 17. I preached at Seven-Oaks, and on Saturday returned to London.

Being deſirous to finiſh my winter journies before Chriſtmas: on Monday 18. I ſet out for Canterbury. Friday 22. I preached at Sittenburn and Chatham, and on Saturday came to London.

Monday, being Chriſtmas-day, we had ſuch a congregation at four, as I have not ſeen for many years. And from morning to evening we had abundant proof, that God is viſiting and redeeming his people.

Tueſday 16. I read the letters from our preachers in America, informing us that God had begun a glorious work there: that both in New-York and Philadelphia multitudes flock to hear, and behave with the deepeſt ſerioufneſs: and that the ſociety in each place already contains above an hundred members.

Friday

Friday 29, we obſerved as a day of faſting and prayer, partly on account of the confuſed ſtate of public affairs, partly as preparatory to the ſolemn engagement, which we were about to renew.

Monday, January the 1ſt, 1770, about eighteen hundred of us met together: it was a moſt ſolemn ſeaſon. As we did openly *avouch the Lord to be our God, ſo did he avouch us to be his people.*

Wedneſday 17. In a little journey, which I took into Bedfordſhire, I finiſhed Dr. Burnet's Theory of the Earth. He is doubtleſs one of the firſt-rate writers, both as to ſenſe and ſtile; his language is remarkably clear, unaffected, nervous, and elegant. And as to his theory, none can deny that it is ingenious, and conſiſtent with itſelf. And it is highly probable, 1. That the earth aroſe out of the chaos in ſome ſuch manner as he deſcribes: 2. That the antediluvian earth was without high or abrupt mountains, and without ſea, being one uniform cruſt, incloſing the great abyſs. 3. That the flood was cauſed by the breaking of this cruſt, and its ſinking into the abyſs of waters: and 4. That the preſent ſtate of the earth, both internal and external, ſhews it to be the ruins of the former earth. This is the ſubſtance of his two former books, and thus far I can go with him.

I have no objection to the ſubſtance of his third

third book upon the general conflagration, but think it is one of the nobleſt tracts, which is extant in our language. And I do not much object to the fourth, concerning the new heavens, and the new earth. The ſubſtance of it is highly probable.

Tueſday 30. One informed me, that Mrs. Kitely at Lambeth, not expected to live many hours, had a great deſire to ſee me before ſhe died. I went as quick as poſſible: but when I came, ſhe ſeemed ſenſeleſs, as well as ſpeechleſs. I regarded not this, but ſpoke to her immediately; and immediately both her underſtanding and her ſpeech returned, to teſtify an hope full of immortality. Having had her deſire, ſhe fell aſleep, two days before her huſband:

"A perfect pattern of true woman-hood!"

A good wife, a good parent, a good miſtreſs. And *her works ſhall praiſe her in the gates.* How ſuitable was her death to her life! After many years ſpent in doing good, ſhe redeemed a poor, friendleſs youth out of priſon, took the goal-diſtemper and died.

Saturday, February 3, and at my leiſure moments on ſeveral of the following days, I read with much expectation, a celebrated book, Rouſſeau upon Education. But how was I diſappointed!

pointed! Sure a more conſummate coxcomb never ſaw the ſun! How amazing full of himſelf? Whatever he ſpeaks, he pronounces as an oracle. But many of his oracles are as palpably falſe, as that "young children never love old people." No! Do they never love grandfathers and grandmothers? Frequently more than they do their own parents. Indeed they love all that love them, and that with more warmth and ſincerity, than when they come to riper years.

But I object to his temper, more than to his judgment: he is a mere miſanthrope, a cynic all over. So indeed is his brother infidel, Voltaire: And well nigh as great a coxcomb. But he hides both his doggedneſs and vanity a little better: whereas here it ſtares us in the face continually.

As to his book, it is whimſical to the laſt degree, grounded neither upon reaſon, nor experience. To cite particular paſſages would be endleſs: but any one may obſerve concerning the whole, the advices which are good, are trite and common, only diſguiſed under new expreſſions. And thoſe which are new, which are really his own, are lighter than vanity itſelf. Such diſcoveries I always expect from thoſe, who are too wiſe to believe their bibles.

Thurſday 8. I went to Wandſworth. What a proof have we here, that God's *thoughts are not as our thoughts?* Every one thought no good could

ould be done here: we had tried for above twenty years. Very few would even give us the hearing; and the few that did, ſeemed little the better for it. But all on a ſudden, crowds flock to hear: many are cut to the heart: many filled with peace and joy in believing: many long for the whole image of God. In the evening, though it was a ſharp froſt, the room was as hot as a ſtove. And they drank in the word with all greedineſs, as alſo at five in the morning, while I applied, *Jeſus put forth his hand and touched him, ſaying, I will: Be thou clean!*

Tueſday 13. I read with all the attention I was maſter of, Mr. Hutchinſon's Life, and Mr. Spearman's Index to his works. And I was more convinced than ever, 1. That he had not the leaſt conception, much leſs experience, of inward religion: 2. That an ingenious man may prove juſt what he pleaſes, by well-deviſed ſcriptural etymologies: eſpecially if he be in the faſhion, if he affects to read the Hebrew without vowels: and 3. That his whole hypotheſis, philoſophical and theological, is unſupported by any ſolid proof.

Friday 23. I was deſired to hear Mr. Leoni ſing, at the Jewiſh ſynagogue. I never before ſaw a Jewiſh congregation behave ſo decently. Indeed the place itſelf is ſo ſolemn, that it might ſtrike an awe upon thoſe who have any thought of God.

Wedneſday 28. I ſat down to read and ſeri-

ouſly conſider ſome of the writings of Baron Swedenborg. I began, with huge prejudice in his favour, knowing him to be a pious man, one of a ſtrong underſtanding, of much learning, and one who throughly believed himſelf. But I could not hold out long. Any one of his viſions puts his real character out of doubt. He is one of the moſt ingenious, lively, entertaining madmen, that ever ſet pen to paper. But his waking dreams are ſo wild, ſo far remote both from ſcripture and common ſenſe, that one might as eaſily ſwallow the ſtories of Tom Thumb, or Jack the Giant-killer.

Monday, March 5. I came to Newbury, where I had been much importuned to preach. But where? The diſſenters would not permit me to preach in their meeting-houſe. Some then were deſirous to hire the old play-houſe: but the good mayor would not ſuffer it to be ſo profaned! So I made uſe of a work-ſhop, a large, commodious place. But it would by no means contain the congregation. All that could hear, behaved well; and I was in hopes God would have a people in this place alſo. The next evening I preached at Briſtol, and ſpent the reſt of the week there. Monday 12. I went to Stroud, where the houſe was filled as uſual. Tueſday 13. I went by Painſwick and Gloceſter to Tewkeſbury. Wedneſday 14. I preached in the new room, which is juſt finiſhed at Upton, and thence rode on to Worceſter, where I preached in a large, old, awkward place,

place, to a crouded and much affected audience. Afterwards I met the ſociety of about an hundred members, all of one heart and one mind, ſo lovingly and cloſely united together, that I have ſcarce ſeen the like in the kingdom.

Thurſday 15. I met the ſelect ſociety. How ſwiftly has God deepened his work in theſe! I have ſeen very few either in Briſtol or London, who are more clear in their experience. The account all whom I had time to examine gave, was ſcriptural and rational. And ſuppoſe they ſpoke true, they are witneſſes of the perfection which I preach. Yet that they *may* fall therefrom, I know; but that they *muſt*, I utterly deny.

After preaching at Eveſham about noon, we rode through a furious ſhower of ſnow, driven full in our faces to Broadmarſton. The very uncommon ſeverity of the weather, ſomewhat leſſened the congregation in the evening. All who were there ſeemed prepared for that awful ſubject, *I ſaw the dead, ſmall and great, ſtand before God.*

Saturday 17. We rode, in another bitter day, with the wind and ſnow juſt in our face, to Birmingham. In the evening the people were wedged in as cloſe as poſſible: yet many were obliged to go away. We had juſt the ſame congregation in the morning, Sunday 18. At half hour after one I was to preach at Bromwich-heath; but the houſe would ſcarce contain a fourth part

of the congregation. So I made a virtue of neceſſity, and preached in a ground, where there was room for all that came. And I believe God kindled a fire in many frozen hearts.

In the evening I preached in the houſe at Wedneſbury a funeral ſermon for Elizabeth Longmore, I think, the firſt witneſs of Chriſtian Perfection, whom God raiſed up in theſe parts. I gave ſome account of her experience many years ago. From that time her whole life was anſwerable to her profeſſion, every way holy and unblameable. Frequently ſhe had not bread to eat; but that did not hinder her *rejoicing evermore*. She had cloſe trials from her poor, apoſtate huſband, in the midſt of ſharp pain and pining ſickneſs. But ſhe was ſuperior to all, ſtill ſeeing her Father's hand, and *in every thing giving thanks*. Her death was ſuitable to her life.

" No cloud cou'd ariſe
" To darken the ſkies,
" Or hide for a moment her Lord from her eyes."

All was noon day. She praiſed God with every breath till he took her to himſelf.

Monday 19. I rode to Craidly. Here alſo the multitude of people obliged me to ſtand abroad, although the north wind whiſtled round my head. About one I took the field again at Stourbridge.

Many

Many of the hearers were wild as colts untamed. But the bridle was in their mouths. At ſix I began at Dudley. The air was as cold as I had almoſt ever felt. But I truſt God warmed many hearts.

Wedneſday 21. I took my leave of Wedneſbury at five; preached about ten at Billſtone; about one at Bilbrook, and about five in the evening at Wolverhampton. Many here were wild and ſtupid enough; however the greater part were deeply attentive.

I now procured an account of two remarkable children, which, I think, ought not to be buried in oblivion.

"About three weeks before Chriſtmas, 1768, William Cooper, at Walſal in Staffordſhire, then nine years old, was convinced of ſin, and would frequently ſay, he ſhould go to hell, and the devil would fetch him. Sometimes he cried out, "I hate him." Being aſked, "whom?" He anſwered with great vehemence, "God." This terrified his mother, who not knowing what was the matter with the child, ſtrove to keep it ſecret.

"But in about a fortnight, it pleaſed God to reveal to him his pardoning love. His mouth was then filled with praiſe, declaring to all what God had done for his ſoul.

"A few days after Billy was awakened, God was pleaſed to convince his ſiſter Lucy, then ele-

ven years old. He ſoon put a ſong of praiſe into her mouth alſo, ſo that they mightily rejoiced together in God their Saviour. At the ſame time they were both heavily afflicted in their bodies. But ſo much the more was the power of God manifeſted, cauſing them to continue in the triumph of faith, throughout their ſharpeſt pains.

"On December 30, one of their ſiſters coming to ſee them, Billy told her, he had been very ill; but, ſaid he, "I do not mean in my body, but in my ſoul: I felt my ſins ſo heavy, that I thought I ſhould go to hell, and I ſaw the devil ready to drag me away. Nay, for a week, I thought myſelf juſt in the flames of hell. The ſins that troubled me moſt were, telling lies and quarrelling with my ſiſter. I ſaw, if God did not forgive me I was loſt. And I knew, quarreling was as great a ſin in Lucy as in me, and if ſhe did not get a pardon, and feel the love of Jeſus, ſhe could not go to heaven."

"Lucy ſaid, "When I heard Mr. A. deſcribe two ſorts of people, one ſort waſhed in the blood of Chriſt, and the other not, I found I was not, and therefore if I died ſo, muſt go to hell." Being aſked what ſin lay moſt on her conſcience, ſhe replied, "Taking his name in vain, by repeating my prayers, when I did not think of God."

"When Billy was confeſſing, that he had loved money,

money, Lucy said, "And so did I; and was angry if I had not as much as Billy. I loved money more than God, and he might justly have sent me to hell for it."

"When Billy was asked, 'How he knew his sins were forgiven?' He answered, "Christ told me so. I had a great struggle in my heart with the devil and sin, till it pleased Jesus to come into my soul. I now feel his love in my heart, and he tells me, he has forgiven my sins."

"Being asked, How he did? He replied, "Happy in Jesus: Jesus is sweet to my soul." 'Do you chuse to live or die?' He answered, "Neither. I hope, if I live I shall praise God: and if I die, I am sure I shall go to him. For he has forgiven my sins, and given me his love."

"One asked Lucy, how long she had been in the triumph of faith? She answered, "Only this week; before I had much to do with Satan: but now Jesus has conquered him for me." While she was speaking, feeling great pain of body, she said, "O I want more of these pains, more of these pains, to bring me nearer to Jesus."

"One speaking of knowing the voice of Christ, she said, "The voice of Christ is a strange voice to them who do not know their sins forgiven. But I know it. For he has pardoned all my sins, and given me his love. And O what a

mercy, that such a hell-deserving wretch as me, as me, should be made to taste of his love!"

"Billy had frequent fits. When he found one coming, he with a smile laid down his head, saying, "O sweet love!" or "O sweet Jesus!" And as soon as he came to himself, being asked, How he did? He would reply, "I am happy in the love of Christ."

"When a gentleman said, 'My dear, you could praise God more, if it were not for those ugly fits:' he replied, "Sir, They are not ugly; for my dear Jesus sent them. And he has given me patience to bear them. And he bore more for my sins."

"One night a gentleman and his wife came to see them: and the gentlewoman looking on Lucy, said, 'She looks as if nothing was the matter with her: she is so pleasant with her eyes.' She replied, "I have enough to make me look so; for I am full of the love of God." While she spoke, her eyes sparkled exceedingly, and the tears flowed down her cheeks. At this Billy smiled but could not speak; having been speechless for more than an hour. It seemed he was just going into eternity: but the Lord revived him a little; and as soon as he could speak, he desired to be held up in bed, and looked at the gentleman, who asked him, How he did? He answered, "I am happy in Christ: and I hope you are." He said, 'I hope I can say I am.' Billy replied, "Has Christ pardoned your sins?"

ſins?" He ſaid, 'I hope he has.' "Sir," ſaid Billy, "Hope will not do. For I had this hope, and yet if I had died then, I ſhould ſurely have gone to hell. But he has forgiven me all my ſins and given me a taſte of his love. If you have this love you will know it and be ſure of it: but you cannot know it without the power of God. You may read as many books about Chriſt as you pleaſe, (He was a great reader) "But if you read all your life, this will only be in your head, and that head will periſh. So that if you have not the love of God in your heart, you will go to hell. But I hope you will not: I will pray to God for you, that he may give you his love."

"Another coming to ſee them enquired, how they were? Billy ſaid, "Happier and happier in Chriſt; Are you ſo?" He ſaid, 'No: I am not ſo happy as you.' "Why," ſaid Billy, what is the matter? I am afraid you don't pray to Chriſt, for I am ſure he is willing to make you happy."

"One who ſat by, ſeemed ſtruck with the diſcourſe, but did not ſpeak. Billy obſerving her ſaid, "And you do not pray as you ought. For if you had the love of Chrſt in your heart, you would not look down ſo. I wiſh you and every one had it" One ſaid, 'My dear would not you give it them if you might? He anſwered, "No: for that would be, to take Chriſt's work out of his hands."

"Many who heard what great things

God had done for them, faid, ' It will not be fo with you always. If you fhould live to come into the world again, he would leave you in the dark.' They anfwered, " We do not think fo: for our Jefus has promifed, that he will never leave us."

" A young woman, who had told them fo before, fpeaking in this manner a fecond time, Billy faid to her, " Mifs, are you affured of your intereft in Chrift?" She anfwered, ' I hope I am in Chrift: but affurance is no way eflential.' He replied, "But if you have his love, you will be fure you have it. You will know it in your heart. I am afraid your hope is only in your head. Do you never quarrel with any body?" She faid, ' No.' But, fays he, " You quarrel with God's word. For he has promifed me, None fhall pluck me out of his hand. And you fay, the world will: fo you make God a ftory-teller." At this fhe went away difpleafed.

" There were few came to fee them, when either of them was able to fpeak, but they enquired into the ftate of their fouls, and without fear told them the danger of dying without an affurance of the love of God.

" One coming to fee them, was talked to very clofely by Billy, till fhe could bear no more. She turned to Lucy, and faid. 'You were always good children and never told ftories.' " Yes, madam, faid Lucy, " but I did, when I was afraid of being beat: and when I faid my prayers; for I did not think

think of God. And I called him, My Father, when I was a child of wrath. And as to praying, I could not pray, 'till it pleaſed him by his ſpirit to ſhew me my ſins. And he ſhewed me, we might ſay as many prayers as we would, and go to church or meeting. Yet all this, if we had not Chriſt for our foundation, would not do."

" When they were aſked, if they were afraid to die, they always anſwered, " No, For what can death do? He can only lay his cold hand upon our bodies."

" One told Lucy, ' Now you may live as you pleaſe, ſince you are ſure of going to heaven.' She replied, " No, I would not ſin againſt my dear Saviour, if you would give me this room full of gold."

" On the Monday before he died, Billy repeated that hymn, with the moſt triumphant joy,

" Come let us join our chearful ſongs
" With angels round the throne!"

Afterwards he repeated the Lord's prayer. The laſt words he ſpoke intelligibly were, " How pleaſant is it to be with Chriſt, for ever, and ever —for ever and ever! Amen! Amen! Amen!"

" While he lay ſpeechleſs, there came into the room, ſome who he feared knew not God. He ſeemed much affected, wept and moaned much, waved his hand, and put it on his ſiſter's mouth; intimating, as ſhe ſuppoſed, that ſhe

ſhould ſpeak to them, On Wedneſday evening, February 1. his happy ſpirit returned to God." She died not long after.

In the following days I went on ſlowly, through Staffordſhire and Cheſhire, to Mancheſter. In this journey, as well as in many others, I obſerved a miſtake that almoſt univerſally prevails. And I deſire all travellers to take good notice of it, which may ſave them both from trouble and danger. Near thirty years ago I was thinking, "How is it, that no horſe ever ſtumbles while I am reading?" (Hiſtory, poetry, and philoſophy I commonly read on horſe-back, having other employment at other times.) "No account can poſſibly be given but this, becauſe then I throw the reins on his neck. I then ſet myſelf to obſerve. And I aver, that in riding above an hundred thouſand miles, I ſcarce ever remember any horſe, (except two, that would fall head over heels any way) to fall, or make a conſiderable ſtumble, while I rode *with a ſlack rein.* To fancy therefore that a *tight rein* prevents ſtumbling, is a capital blunder. I have repeated the trial more frequently, than moſt men in the kingdom can do. A *ſlack rein*, will prevent ſtumbling, if any thing will: but in ſome horſes; nothing can.

Thurſday 29. I preached in the new preaching-houſe at Rochdale, and on Saturday 31, at Cheſter. Tueſday, April 3. I went on to Liverpool;

verpool: on Wednesday and Thursday, I read Mr. Sellon's answer to Elisha Cole's book on God's sovereignty, so plausibly written, that it is no wonder so many are deceived thereby.

Friday 6. I preached in Wigan at noon, and in the evening at Bolton. Sunday 8. after preaching at eight and one, I hastened on to James Edmundson's, preached to a few serious people, and gave directions to his poor sick daughter, which it is possible, may save her life. Monday 9. I rode on to Ambleside, on Tuesday, to Whiteheaven.

Here I found a faintness had spread through all. No wonder since there had been no morning preaching for some months. Yet every morning I was here, the congregations were as large as they had been for many years. Thursday 12. I met such a company of children, as I have not found within an hundred miles. Several of them appeared to be convinced of sin; five, rejoicing in God their Saviour. And upon enquiry, I found their whole behaviour was suitable to their profession.

Good-Friday, 13. Notice having been given thro' mistake of my preaching at Carlisle, I was obliged to set out from Whitehaven, immediately after the morning preaching. I preached in Cockermouth at one and then rode on to Carlisle. It was here the day of small things; the society consisting but of fifteen members. I preached

ed at ſix, and as many as could hear, behaved with the utmoſt ſerioufneſs. Afterwards I walked to Houghton, a village two miles from Carliſle, and on an hard, clean bed, ſlept in peace.

Saturday 14. I preached at five to moſt of the village, though on ſo ſhort a warning: and at night in Carliſle. Leaving Mr. Rankin to preach in the evening, I rode on to Longtown: where finding no better place to ſcreen us from the wind, I ſtood in a large, broad entry, with a room on either hand. Many crouded in here: the reſt ſtood at the door. Eaſter-day 15, Joſeph Guilford preached at five. At eight I preached in a little ſquare. But at one I was deſired to preach in the market-place, where was a far more numerous congregation. Afterwards we took horſe, and before eight, reached an admirable inn at Dumfries.

Monday 16. We had a fair morning till we began to climb up Enterkine, one of the higheſt mountains in the weſt of Scotland. We then got into a Scotch miſt, and were dropping wet, before we came to the Lead-hills. In the evening we reached Leſmahagow, and Glaſgow on Tueſ. where I ſpent two days with much ſatisfaction. I had deſigned to go ſtrait from hence to Perth: but being deſired to take Edinburgh in my way, I rode thither on Friday and endeavoured to confirm thoſe whom many had ſtrove to turn out of the way. What pity is it that the children of God, ſhould ſo zealouſly do the devil's work!

How

How is it, that they are ſtill ignorant of Satan's devices? Lord what is man?

Saturday 21. Puſhing through violent wind and rain we came to Perth in the afternoon. This evening the Tolbouth contained the congregation; and at eight in the morning. The ſtormy wind would not ſuffer me to preach abroad in the evening. So we retired into the court-houſe, as many as could, and had a ſolemn and comfortable hour. Monday 23, I walked over to Scone, and took another view of that palace of antient men of renown, long ſince mouldered into common duſt. The buildings too are now decaying apace. So paſſes the dream of human greatneſs!

Tueſday 24. I ſpent a few agreeable hours with Dr. O. an upright, friendly, ſenſible man. Such likewiſe I found Mr. Black, the ſenior miniſter at Perth, who ſoon after went to Abraham's boſom.

Wedneſday 25. Taking horſe at five, we rode to Dunkeld, the firſt conſiderable town in the Highlands. We were agreeably ſuprized; a pleaſanter ſituation cannot be eaſily imagined. Afterwards we went ſome miles on a ſmooth delightful road, hanging over the river Tay, and then went on, winding through the mountains, to the caſtle of Blair. The mountains for the next twenty miles, were much higher and covered with ſnow. In the evening we came to Dalwhinny, the deareſt inn I have met with in North-Britain. In the morning, we were

were informed ſo much ſnow had fallan in the night, that we could get no farther. And indeed three young women, attempting to croſs the mountain to Blair, were ſwallowed up in the ſnow. However we reſolved, with God's help, to go as far as we could. But about noon we were at a full ſtop: the ſnow driving together on the top of the mountain, had quite blocked up the road. We diſmounted, and ſtriking out of the road warily, ſometimes to the left, with many ſtumbles, but no hurt, we got on to Dalmagarry, and before ſunſet, to Inverneſs.

Benjamin and William Chappel, who had been here three months, were waiting for a veſſel, to return to London. They had met a few people every night, to ſing and pray together. And their behaviour, ſuitable to their profeſſion, had removed much prejudice.

Frid. 27. I breakfaſted with the ſenior miniſter Mr. M'Kenzie, a pious and friendly man. At ſix in the evening, I began preaching in the church, and with very uncommon liberty of ſpirit. At ſeven in the morning I preached in the library, a large commodious room. But it would not contain the congregation: many were conſtrained to go away. Afterwards I rode over to Fort George, a very regular fortification, capable of containing four thouſand men. As I was juſt taking horſe, the commanding officer ſent word, "I was welcome to preach." But it was a little too late, I had

had then but juſt time to ride back to Inverneſs.

Sun. 29. At ſeven, the benches being removed, the library contained us tolerably well. And I am perſuaded, God ſhook the hearts, of many outſide Chriſtians. I preached in the church at five in the afternoon. Mr. Helton deſigned to preach abroad at ſeven; but the miniſters deſired he would preach in the church which he did, to a large and attentive congregation. Many followed us from the church to our lodgings, with whom I ſpent ſome time in prayer, and then adviſed them, as many as could, to meet together, and ſpend an hour every evening in prayer and uſeful converſation.

Monday 30. We ſet out in a fine morning. A little before we reached Nairn, we were met by a meſſenger from the miniſter Mr. Dunbar; who deſired, I would breakfaſt with him, and give them a ſermon in his church. Afterwards we haſtened to Elgin through a pleaſant and well cultivated country. When we ſet out from hence the rain began, and poured down till we came to the Spey, the moſt impetuous river I ever ſaw. Finding the large boat, was in no haſte to move, I ſtepped into a ſmall one juſt going off. It whirled us over the ſtream almoſt in a minute. I waited at the inn at Fochaber, (dark and dirty enough in all reaſon) till our friends overtook me with the horſes. The outſide of the inn at Keith was of the ſame hue, and promiſed us no

great

great things. But we were agreeably disappointed. We found plenty of every thing, and so dried ourselves at leisure.

Tuesday, May 1. I rode on to Aberdeen, and spent the rest of the week there. It fell out well; for the weather was uncommon; we had storms of snow or rain every day. And it seems the weather was the same as far as London. So general a storm has scarce been in the memory of man.

Sunday 6. I preached in the College-kirk at Old-Aberdeen, to a very serious (though mostly genteel) congregation. In the evening I preached at our own room, and early in the morning took my leave of this loving people. We came to Montrose about noon. I had designed to preach there; but found no notice had been given. However I went down to the green, and sung an hymn. People presently flocked from all parts. And God gave me great freedom of speech, so that I hope we did not meet in vain.

At seven in the evening I preached at Arbroth, (properly Aberbrothwick.) The whole town seems moved: the congregation was the largest I have seen since we left Inverness. And the society, though but of nine months standing, is the largest in the kingdom next that of Aberdeen.

Tuesday 8. I took a view of the small remains of the abbey. I know nothing like it in all North-

North-Britain. I paced it, and found it an hundred yards long. The breadth is proportionable. Part of the weſt end, which is ſtill ſtanding, ſhews it was full as high as Weſtminſter-abbey. The ſouth end of the croſs iſle likewiſe is ſtanding, near the top of which is a large circular window. The zealous reformers, they told us, burnt this down. God deliver us from reforming mobs!

I have ſeen no town in Scotland which increaſes ſo faſt, or which is built with ſo much common ſenſe as this. Two entire new ſtreets, and part of a third have been built within theſe two years. They run parallel with each other, and have a row of gardens between them. So that every houſe has a garden: and thus both health and convenience are conſulted.

Wedneſday 9. I rode on to Dundee. The miniſters here, particularly Mr. Small, are bitter enough: notwithſtanding which, the ſociety is well eſtabliſhed, and the congregations exceeding large. I dealt very plainly with them at ſix, and ſtill more ſo, the next evening. Yet none appeared to be offended. Friday 11. I went forward to Edinburgh. Saturday 12. I received but a melancholy account of the ſtate of things here. The congregations were nearly as uſual: but the ſociety, which when I was here before, conſiſted of above an hundred and ſixty members, was now ſhrunk to about fifty. Such is the fruit of a ſingle preacher's ſtaying a whole year

year in once place! Together with the labours of good Mr. Townſhend.

Sunday 13. At ſeven I preached in the chapel taken by Lady Glenorchy, which ſtands at a great diſtance from ours, in the moſt honourable part of the city. Between twelve and one I preached in the High School-yard, it being too ſtormy to preach on the Caſtle-hill. A little before ſix I preached in our chapel, crowded above and below. But I doubt, with little effect: exceeding few ſeemed to feel what they heard.

Monday 14. After ten years enquiry, I have learned, what are the Highlands of Scotland! Some told me, "The highlands begin, when you croſs the Tay:" others, "when you croſs the North-Eſk:" and others, "when you croſs the river Spey:" but all of them miſſed the mark. For the truth of the matter is, the highlands are bounded by no river at all, but by Carns, or heaps of ſtones laid in a row, ſouth-weſt and north-eaſt, from ſea to ſea. Theſe formerly divided the kingdom of the Picts, from that of the Caledonians, which included all the country, north of the Carns, ſeveral whereof are ſtill remaining. It takes in Argyleſhire, moſt of Perthſhire, Murrayſhire, with all the north-weſt counties. This is called the Highlands, becauſe a conſiderable part of it (though not the whole) is mountainous. But it is not more mountainous than North-Wales, nor than many parts

parts of England and Ireland: nor do I believe it has any mountain higher than Snowdon hill, or the Skidder in Cumberland. Talking Erſe therefore, is not the thing that diſtinguiſhes theſe from the Low-lands. Neither is this or that river; both the Tay, the Eſk, and the Spey running through the highlands, not ſouth of them.

Thurſday 17. At five in the moning I took a ſolemn leave of our friends at Edinburgh. About eight I preached at Muſſelborough, and found ſome hope, there will be a bleſſing in the remnant. In the evening I preached in the new houſe at Dumbar, the chearfulleſt in the kingdom. Friday 18. We rode over to the Earl of Haddington's ſeat, finely ſituated between two woods. The houſe is exceeding large and pleaſant, commanding a wide proſpect both ways. And the earl is cutting walks through the woods, ſmoothing the ground, and much inlarging and beautifying his garden. Yet he is to die! In the evening, I truſt God broke ſome of the ſtony hearts of Dunbar. A little increaſe here is in the ſociety likewiſe: and all the members walk unblameably.

Satur. 19. At noon I preached in the Townhall at Berwick. Coming to Alnwick in the afternoon, I found that wife and good man, William Coward, had been buried two or three days before. I judged it right to do honour to his memory, by preaching a kind of funeral ſermon

on

on, *There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wiſdom in the grave whither thou goeſt.*

Sunday 20. At ſeven I preached in the houſe; at four and at ſeven in the market-place. But the multitude was ſo great, that I doubt many could not hear. I then met the ſociety, and we ſeemed to breath the ſame ſpirit with him that was juſt entered into the joy of his Lord.

Monday 21. I preached at Morpeth and at Newcaſtle. On Wedneſday 23. I went over to Sunderland. Saturday 26. We went by water to North-Biddick. The preaching here had been diſcontinued for many years, as it ſeemed to be ſowing upon the ſand. But at length we found the fruit of our labour. Many are both convinced and converted to God. In returning, as we were four large boats in company, we made

"The mountains and vales his praiſes rebound."

So is even the *water-language* now changed!

Sunday 27. At eight I preached near the croſs in Sunderland, to ſuch an aſſembly as was never ſeen there before. But I believe that at Gateſhead-fell was ſtill larger: as was that at the Caſtle-garth in Newcaſtle. Monday 28. I began again the meeting of the children, which had been neglected for ſome months. And we had

had a token for good: two or three were cut to the heart: and many ſeemed much affected.

On Tueſday the 29th, and the following days, I took a little circuit through Weardale, Teeſdale, and Swaledale. The ten days following I ſpent in and near Newcaſtle. Monday, June 11. I took a chearful leave of that loving people; about noon preached at Durham, and in the evening, before Mr. Watſon's door to a numerous congregation at Stockton. Tueſday 12. At five I preached in the new houſe, ſtrangely raiſed, when the caſe appeared quite deſperate, by God's touching the heart of a man of ſubſtance, who bought the ground and built it without delay. I preached at Norton at noon, and afterwards met thoſe, who can *rejoice evermore and pray without ceaſing*. We had another comfortable opportunity at Yarm in the evening, where I found a greater number of thoſe who believe God has enabled them to love him with all their heart and ſoul.

Wedneſday 13. I preached at Halſey, ten miles from Yarm, and in the evening at Thirſk. Thurſday 14, about two at Potto, and in the evening at Hutton. Here, as well as elſewhere, thoſe who believe they are ſaved from ſin, undergo many trials from their brethren. But ſo much the more will *the God of all grace, after they*

they have ſuffered a while, eſtabliſh, ſtrengthen and ſettle them.

Friday 15. I was agreeably ſurprized, to find the whole road from Thirſk to Stokeſley, which uſed to be extremely bad, better than moſt turnpikes. The gentlemen had exerted themſelves, and raiſed money enough to mend it effectually. So they have done for ſeveral hundred miles in Scotland, and throughout all Connaught in Ireland. And ſo they undoubtedly might do, throughout all England, without ſadling the poor people with the vile impoſition of turnpikes for ever.

In the afternoon we came to Whitby. Having preached thrice a day for five days, I was willing to preach in the houſe. But notice had been given of my preaching in the market-place. So I began at ſix, to a large congregation, moſt of them deeply attentive.

Saturday 16. I found our preacher, James Brownfield, had juſt ſet up for himſelf. The reaſons he gave for leaving the Methodiſts were, 1. That they went to church; 2. That they held Perfection. I earneſtly deſired our ſociety, to leave him to God, and ſay nothing about him, good or bad. In the afternoon I looked over Dr. Prieſtly's Engliſh Grammar. I wonder he would publiſh it *after* Biſhop Lowth's.

Sunday 17. I met the ſelect ſociety, conſiſting of ſixty-five members. I believe, all of theſe *were* ſaved

ſaved from ſin: moſt of them are ſtill in glorious liberty. Many of them ſpake with admirable ſimplicity. And their words were like fire. Immediately the flame kindled, and ſpread from heart to heart. At eight I preached; at nine, met the children, moſt of whom *had* known the love of God. And ſeveral of them were able ſtill, to rejoice in God their Saviour. Almoſt as ſoon as I began to ſpeak, God ſpoke to their hearts, and they were ill able to contain themſelves. I obſerved one little maid in particular, who heaved and ſtrove for ſome time, till at length ſhe was conſtrained to yield, and break out into ſtrong cries and tears.

We had a poor ſermon at church. However I went again in the afternoon, remembering the words of Mr. Philip Henry, "If the preacher does not know his duty, I bleſs God that I know *mine*."

Between one and two I met the bands, being near two thirds of the ſociety. Their openneſs was quite ſurprizing, as well as the ſpirit with which they ſpoke. One plain woman cried and ſpoke and cried again, ſo that they were in tears on every ſide. I ſuppoſe, if I could have ſtayed ſo long, ſome or other would have ſpoke till night.

At five I preached in the market-place again, to a far larger congregation than before. Our love-feaſt took up the next two hours, at which many were filled with ſolemn joy. Afterwards I

met a few of the children again, all of whom had tafted that the Lord is gracious. I afked her that cried fo violently in the morning, what was the matter with her? She faid, "I was fo overwhelmed with the power and love of God, that I could not hide it." When I queftioned her farther, fhe faid, "A quarter of a year ago, one Saturday night, I was quite convinced I was a finner, and afraid of dropping into hell; but on Sunday I felt the pardoning love of God. Yet I had many doubts till Monday evening, when they were all taken away in a moment. After this I faw and felt the wickednefs of my heart, and longed to be delivered from it. And on Sunday I *was* delivered, and had as clear a witnefs of this, as of my juftification. But I was fometimes off my watch; then it was not fo clear; and people commended me, till by little and little I loft it. Indeed I ftill feel the love of God; but not as I did before."

Monday 18. I preached at Robinhood's-bay, about noon; at Scarborough in the evening. Wednefday 20. I rode to Burlington and preached on the Key, to many plain, and many genteel people. I preached at Hull in the evening, and the next at Beverley. Friday 22. I went on to York, where there is now more life among the people, than has been for feveral years. We found much of the prefence of God this evening, and much more the next. One young man was

in

in a violent agony, and could not refrain from crying aloud. Several continued with him in prayer till ten o'clock. He was then filled with joy unſpeakable.

Sunday 24. I met the ſelect ſociety at ſix, and had the pleaſure to find, that ſome who had loſt the great bleſſing for months or years, had recovered it with large increaſe. At eight I preached to a people ready prepared for the Lord. At nine I met the children. At five, by taking out the benches, we made room for the greateſt part of the congregation. Afterwards I ſpent an hour with the ſociety, and ſo concluded the buſy, happy day.

Monday 25. I preached in Tadcaſter at noon, and at Pateley-bridge in the evening. It rained, as uſual all the time: but the congregation ſtood as ſtill as the trees. And God did ſatisfy the hungry with good things, many of whom have given him *all their heart.*

Tueſday 26. It rained all the time I was preaching at Otley, to a numerous congregation. And they drank in the words of life, juſt as the thirſting earth the ſhowers. The next evening I preached in houſe at Yeadon, the rain not ſuffering us to ſtand abroad.

Thurſday 28. I rode to Mr. Sutcliffe's at Hoohole, a lovely valley, incompaſt with high mountains. I ſtood on the ſmooth graſs before his houſe, (which ſtands on a gently riſing ground,) and all the people on the ſlope before me. It

was a glorious opportunity. I truſt, many *came boldly to the throne*, and found *grace to help in time of need.*

I can hardly believe that I am this day entered into the ſixty-eighth year of my age! How marvellous are the ways of God! How has he kept me, even from a child! From ten to thirteen or fourteen, I had little but bread to eat, and not great plenty of that. I believe this was ſo far from hurting me, that it laid the foundation of laſting health. When I grew up, in conſequence of reading Dr. Cheyne, I choſe to eat ſparingly and drink water. This was another great means of continuing my health, till I was about ſeven and twenty. I then began ſpitting of blood, which continued ſeveral years. A warm climate cured this. I was afterwards brought to the brink of death by a fever: but it left me healthier than before. Eleven years after, I was in the third ſtage of a conſumption: in three months it pleaſed God to remove this alſo. Since that time I have known neither pain nor ſickneſs, and am now healthier than I was forty years ago! This hath God wrought!

On Friday and Saturday I preached at Heptonſtall, Coln, and Kighley. Sunday, July 1. Being much concerned for the poor pariſhioners of Haworth, who hear and hear, and are no more affected than ſtones, I ſpoke to them in the moſt cutting manner I could. May God apply it to their hearts!

On

On Monday and Tuesday I preached at Bingley and Bradford, and Wednesday 4, rode to Halifax. Here I had an opportunity of enquiring throughly into a very extraordinary case. On January 26, 1760, a young woman of two and twenty, felt in the evening an uncommon coldness at her feet. Presently after, she was seized with convulsions. The disorder from that time attended her, more or less every day, in spite of all the medicines, which were administered by the most skilful physicians. One of her fits began a little before we went in. At first she fell back in her chair, seemingly senseless, and wrought (like one strangled) in her breast and throat. In two or three minutes, she sprung up, turned round many times, then dropped down and began beating her head against the stone-floor. Quickly she started up, leaped right upwards many times, then ran to and fro with an hundred odd gesticulations. She beat herself on the head, tore her hair, and attempted to run into the fire. Being put into a chair, she spoke a good deal, but not articulately. She was convulsed again from head to foot; and afterwards said wildly, "Where am I? Who are these? I want my father. I *will* go to my Father." In about an hour she came to her senses.

I should have imagined, the physicians would have supposed all this to be counterfeit. But it seems one and all thought that could not be; as she

could have no motive to feign, ſince ſhe gained nothing thereby, living upon the fruit of her own and her father's labour. And many of the circumſtances could not be accounted for, upon that ſuppoſition. Such were her tears, her foaming at the mouth, her tearing her hair, ſtriking herſelf, and beating her head againſt the ſtones: her ſtrong convulſions, and what none can well conceive unleſs he ſaw it, the change of her countenance, which was horrid and dreadful, yea diabolical, as long as the fits were upon her, but was remarkably pretty and agreeable, as ſoon as ſhe came to herſelf.

When old Dr. A———r was aſked, what her diſorder was? He anſwered, "It is what formerly they would have called *being bewitched.*" And why ſhould they not call it ſo now? Becauſe the infidels have hooted witchcraft out of the world: and the complaiſant Chriſtians in large numbers, have joined with them in the cry. I do not ſo much wonder at this; that many of theſe ſhould herein talk like infidels. But I have ſometimes been inclined to wonder, at the pert, ſaucy, indecent manner, wherein ſome of thoſe trample upon men far wiſer than themſelves: at their ſpeaking ſo dogmatically againſt what not only the whole world, Heathen and Chriſtian, believed in all paſt ages, but thouſands, learned as well as unlearned, firmly believe at this day. I inſtance in Dr. Smollet and Mr.

Mr. Guthrie, whoſe manner of ſpeaking concerning witchcraft, muſt be extremely offenſive to every ſenſible man, who cannot give up his bible.

Thurſday 5. I preached at ſix at Daw-green, near Dewſbury. All things contributed to make it a refreſhing ſeaſon: the gently-declining ſun, the ſtillneſs of the evening, the beauty of the meadows and fields, through which

The ſmooth clear "river drew its ſinuous train:"

The oppoſite hills and woods, and the earneſtneſs of the people, covering the top of the hill on which we ſtood: and above all, the day-ſpring from on high, the conſolation of the Holy One!

Saturday 7. I rode to Miſs Boſanquet's. Her family is ſtill a pattern, and a general bleſſing to the country. Sunday 8. I preached at Whitechapel, Birſtal and Leeds; at each to as many as my voice could reach. Monday 9, about noon, I preached at Woodhouſe, a village near Leeds, where a flame is ſuddenly broke out. Few days paſs without freſh diſplays of the grace of God, converting ſinners to himſelf: and a ſpirit of childlike, ſimple love runs through the whole body of the people. Tueſday 10. I rode to Harwood, and preached to a large congregation of the ſame ſpirit with that at Woodhouſe.

houſe. Here too the word of God runs ſwiftly; many are convinced, and many converted to God.

Wedneſday 11. I rode to Doncaſter, and preached at noon at the new houſe; one of the neateſt in England. It was ſufficiently crowded, and (what is more ſtrange) with ſerious and attentive hearers. What was more unlikely, ſome years ſince, than that ſuch an houſe or ſuch a congregation ſhould be ſeen here! In the evening I preached at Finningly. The church was filled; but I fear few *felt* the word.

Thurſday 12. I preached at Epworth. Friday 13. We rode through heavy rain to Newton-upon-Trent. The weather clearing up, I preached before the houſe to an earneſt congregation. A people more loving, more artleſs, or more athirſt for God, I have ſeldom ſeen. Taking horſe about eleven, we rode broiling in the ſun through Lincoln to Horncaſtle. Our brethren deſiring me to preach in the market-place, I cried to an unbroken multitude, *What is a man profited, if he ſhall gain the whole world, and loſe his own ſoul?* The power of God was upon them, and they all calmly attended, till I commended them to God.

This was the firſt day that I have been weary (the violent heat drinking up my ſpirits) ſince I ſet out from London. Saturday 14. In another ſultry day we rode to Lowth, formerly another

den

den of lions. At firſt great part of the congregation ſeemed to *care for none of theſe things.* But God made them care; the Lord looked down from heaven, and *his arrows went abroad.* I have ſeldom ſeen perſons more ſenſibly ſtruck. They gathered cloſer and cloſer together, till there was not one inattentive hearer, and hardly one unaffected. In riding hence the heat was as intenſe as ever: ſo that I was again tired, before we reached Grimſby. But I ſoon recovered, and preached to a congregation of good, old Methodiſts, on, *Daniel in the den of lions.*

Sunday 15. I preached at eight and again at two, and then haſtened away to Barrow. The people here much reſembled thoſe at Horncaſtle. So I would not take them out of their depth, but explained and inforced theſe ſolemn words, *It is appointed unto men once to die.* Monday 16. At nine I preached in Awkborough, to a people of quite another kind. So I ſpoke to them directly of Chriſt crucified; and the ſalvation which is through him. About noon I preached to a people of the ſame ſpirit at Amcoats. In the evening, the houſe at Swinfleet not being able to contain a third of the congregation, I preached on a ſmooth, green place, ſheltered from the wind, on Heb. vii. 25. Many rejoiced to hear of being *ſaved to the uttermoſt*, the very thing which their ſouls longed after.

Tueſday 17. I preached in the market-place

at

at Thorn: all were quiet and tolerably attentive.

Wednesday 18. About noon I preached at Crowle. This is the place, the former rector of which, cotemporary with my father, ordered those words to be inscribed upon his tombstone.

" Here lies the body of Solomon Ashburn,
Forty years rector of this parish.
All the day long have I stretched out my hands,
Unto a disobedient and gainsaying people.
So I gave them up unto their own hearts lusts,
And let them follow their own imaginations."

They *did* follow them for many years. But at length God hath visited them.

Friday and Saturday I spent at Epworth. Sunday 22, about eight, I preached at Misterton: at one about half a mile from Haxey church: and at five on Epworth-cross to the largest congregation in Lincolnshire, on, *I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.*

Monday 23. I preached at Doncaster and Rotherham: on Tuesday and Wenesday at Sheffield. On Wednesday evening my heart was so inlarged, that I knew not how to leave off. Do some say, " I preach longer than usual, when I am barren?" It is quite the contrary with *me.* I never exceed, but when I am full of matter.

And

And ſtill I conſider, it may not be with my audience as with *me*. So that it is ſtrange, if I exceed my time, above a quarter of an hour.

On Thurſday and Friday I preached at Creitch, Derby, Burton-upon-Trent and Aſhby. Saturday 28. I rode to Caſtle-Donnington; but hay-making had emptied the town, till a violent ſhower brought all the hay-makers home, who received the good word with gladneſs.

At ſeven I preached in Nottingham. Sunday 29, at Sanjaker, where God was eminently preſent. At five in the evening I went to the market-place in Nottingham. Thouſands upon thouſands flocked together: and all were ſtill as night, while I opened and applied, *I am not aſhamed of the goſpel of Chriſt*. We cloſed the day with a love-feaſt, during which four mourners found peace with God; two of them could not avoid declaring it, in the preſence of all their brethren.

Monday 30. I preached at Bingham, ten miles from Nottingham. I really admired the exquiſite ſtupidity of the people. They gaped and ſtared, while I was ſpeaking of death and judgment, as if they had never heard of ſuch things before. And they were not helped by two ſurly, ill-mannered clergymen, who ſeemed to be juſt as wiſe as themſelves. The congregation at Hooton in the evening was more noble, behaving with the utmoſt decency.

Tueſday 31. At nine I preached in the Mar-

ket-

ket-place at Loughborough, to almoſt as large a congregation as at Nottingham; and equally attentive. Thence I rode to Markfield. Notwithſtanding the harveſt, the church was quickly filled. And great was our rejoicing in our great high-prieſt, through whom we *came boldly to the throne of grace.* In the evening I preached in the Caſtle-yard at Leiceſter, to a multitude of awakened and unawakened. One feeble attempt was made to diſturb them: a man was ſent to cry freſh ſalmon at a little diſtance. But he might as well have ſpared the pains; for none took the leaſt notice of him.

Monday, Auguſt 1. I rode to Northampton. It being ſtill extremely hot. I determined not to be cooped up, but took my ſtand on the ſide of the common, and cried aloud to a large multitude of rich and poor, *Acquaint thyſelf now with him, and be at peace.*

Tueſday 2. Some friends from London met us at St. Alban's. Before dinner we took a walk in the abbey, one of the moſt ancient buildings in the kingdom, near a thouſand years old: and one of the largeſt, being five hundred and ſixty feet in length (conſiderably more than Weſtminſter abbey) and broad and high in proportion. Near the eaſt-end is the tomb and vault of good Duke Humphrey. Some now living remember ſince his body was intire. But after the coffin was opened, ſo many were curious to taſte the liquor in which it was preſerv-

ed,

ed, that in a little time the corpſe was left bare, and then ſoon mouldered away. A few bones are now all that remain. How little is the ſpirit concerned at this!

Sunday 5. And for five or ſix days this week, the heat was as great, as I remember in Georgia. Tueſday 7. Our conference began, and ended on Friday 10. On Sunday evening I ſet out in the machine, and the next evening preached at Briſtol. Saturday 18. I gave a ſolemn warning to a large congregation on Redcliff-hill, from thoſe awful words, *The time is come, that judgment muſt begin at the houſe of God.* Surely it will; unleſs a general repentance prevent a general viſitation.

Monday 20. I rode to Charlton. The violent heat continuing, I preached in the evening under a tree, to a congregation who were all attention. Tueſday 21. I rode on to Tiverton and thence through Launceſton, Camelford, Port Iſaac, St. Cuthbert, St. Agnes, and Redruth to St. Ives. Here God has made all our enemies to be at peace with us, ſo that I might have preached in any part of the town. But I rather choſe a meadow, where ſuch as would might ſit down, either on the graſs or on the hedges, (So the Corniſh term their broad ſtone-walls, which are uſually covered with graſs.) Here I inforced, *Fear God* and *keep his commandments*; *for this is the whole of man.*

Sunday 26. Being desired to preach in the town, for the sake of some who could not come up the hill, I began near the market-place at eight, on *Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.* We had an useful sermon at church, and another in the afternoon, delivered in a strong and earnest manner. At five I preached again. Well nigh all the town were present, and thousands from all parts of the country. To whom I explained, *The Son of God was manifested to destroy the works of the devil.*

Monday 27 I was surprized to find, that the select society had been wholly neglected. I got a few of them together; but did not find so much as one, who had not *given up his confidence.* At nine I renewed the meeting of the children, which had also been given up for a long season. But so dead a company have I seldom seen. I found scarce one spark of even the fear of God among them.

In the evening I preached before the house at St. Just, on *I saw the dead small and great, stand before God.* It was a glorious hour. The same spirit breathed upon us, at the meeting of the society. At such a season, who does not feel, that nothing is too hard for God?

On Tuesday and Wednesday I preached at Newlin, Gulzinny and St. John's. Thursday 30. I rode to Falmouth, and preached at two in the afternoon near the church, to a greater number

of

of people than I ever ſaw there before, except the mob, five and twenty years ago. I preached at Penryn in the evening: Friday noon, in Crowan: in the evening at Trevorga near Redruth.

Here I met with an ingenious book, the late Lord Lyttleton's *dialogues of the dead.* A great part of it I could heartily ſubſcribe to, though not to every word. I believe madam Guion was in ſeveral miſtakes, ſpeculative and practical too: Yet I would no more dare to call her than her friend, archbiſhop Fenelon, "a diſtracted Enthuſiaſt." She was undoubtedly a woman of a very uncommon underſtanding, and of excellent piety. Nor was ſhe any more "a Lunatic," than ſhe was an Heretic.

Another of this lively writer's aſſertions is, "Martin has ſpawned a ſtrange brood of fellows, called Methodiſts, Moravians, Hutchinſonians, who are madder than Jack was in his worſt days." I would aſk any one who knows what good breeding means, is this language for a nobleman or a porter? But let the language be as it may, is the ſentiment juſt? To ſay nothing of the Methodiſts, (although ſome of them too are not quite out of their ſenſes) Could his Lordſhip ſhew me in England many more ſenſible men than Mr. Gambold and Mr. Okely? And yet both of theſe were called Moravians. Or could he point out many men of ſtronger and deeper

underſtanding, than Dr. Horne and Mr. William Jones? (If he could pardon them for believing the trinity!) And yet both of thoſe are Hutchinſonians. What pity is it, that ſo ingenious a man like many others gone before him, ſhould paſs ſo peremptory a ſentence in a cauſe which he does not underſtand! Indeed how could he underſtand it? How much has he read upon the queſtion? What ſenſible Methodiſt, Moravian or Hutchinſonian did he ever calmly converſe with? What does he know of them, but from the Caricature's drawn by biſhop Lavington, or biſhop Warburton? And did he ever give himſelf the trouble of reading the anſwers to thoſe warm, lively men? Why ſhould a good natured and a thinking man, thus condemn whole bodies of men by the lump? In this I can neither read the gentleman, the ſcholar, nor the Chriſtian.

Since the writing of this, Lord Lyttleton is no more; he is mingled with common duſt. But as his book ſurvives, there ſtill needs an anſwer to the unjuſt reflections contained therein.

Saturday, September the 1ſt, I took a walk to the top of that celebrated hill, Carn-brae. Here are many monuments of remote antiquity, ſcarce to be found in any other part of Europe: Druid altars of enormous ſize, being only huge rocks, ſtrangely ſuſpended one upon the other: and Rock-baſons, hollowed on the ſurface of the rock, it is ſuppoſed, to contain the holy water.

It

It is probable, theſe are at leaſt coeval with Pompey's Theatre, if not with the pyramids of Egypt. And what are they the better for this? Of what conſequence is it either to the dead or the living, whether they have withſtood the waſtes of time for three thouſand, or three hundred years?

The end of the *Thirty-Second* Volume.

THE CONTENTS

Of the THIRTY-SECOND Volume.

Page

An Extract of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley's *Journal, from* May 27, 1765, *to* May 18, 1768. — — 3

An Extract of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley's *Journal, from* May 14, 1768, *to* Sept. 1, 1770. — — 178

An EXPLANATION

OF THE

LATIN SENTENCES.

Vol. i. P. 306.

HÆC Rhadamanthus habet duriſſima regna,
Caſtigatque, auditque dolos, ſubigitque fateri
Quæ quis apud ſuperos, furto lætatus inani,
Diſtulit in ſeram commiſſa piacula mortem.

O'er theſe drear realms ſtern Rhadamanthus reigns,
Detects each artful villain, and conſtrains
To own the crimes, long veil'd from human ſight:
In vain! Now all ſtand forth in hated light.

Vol. ii. P. 295.

Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ, fomenta podagrum.

Such help as pictures to ſore eyes afford,
As heap'd up tables to their gouty Lord.

Vol. iv. P. 42.

Effodiuntur opes, irritamenta malorum.

Wealth is dug up, incentive to all ill.

Vol. x. P. 18. *Aſſore tempus*

Quum mare, quum tellus, excelſaque regia cœli
Ardeat, & mundi moles operoſa laboret.

The Sea, the earth, the palace of the ſkies,
And all the well-wrought fabrick of the world,
Shall periſh in the all-conſuming flame.

P. 22.

Maneat mentis gratiſſimus error.

Let the pleaſing dream remain.

Vol. xiv. P. 13.

The *Anima mundi*, the Soul of the world, the
Vaſtam
Mens agitans molem & magna ſe corpore miſcens.

The all-informing ſoul
Which ſpreads thro' the vaſt maſs and moves the whole.

Vol. xv. P. 26.

Idcirco ſolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam Jupiter?

Thinkeſt thou, that God is mocked?

P. 10.

Occidit miſeros crambe repetita.

They are ſurfeited with the dull repetition.

Æſtuat infelix angusto limite mundi,
Ut brevibus clauſus Gyaris, parvaque Scripho.

Frets at the narrow limits of the world,
As in a priſon pent.

P. 27.

Jove ſpake, and nodded with his ſable brow,
And huge Olympus to his center ſhook.

P. 114.

Aliæ tenduntur inanes
Suſpenſæ ad ventos: aliis ſub gurgite vaſto
Infectum eluitur ſcelus, aut exuritur igni;

Donec

Donec longa dies, exacto temporis orbe
Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit
Æthereum sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem.

Some to the piercing winds are stretch'd abroad;
Some plunged beneath the watry gulph: The fire
In some burns out the deep imprinted stain:
Till the long course of slowly-rolling years
Has purg'd out every spot, and pure remains
Th' ethereal Spirit, and simple heavenly Fire.

P. 116.

Tantum hæc *Religio potuit suadere malorum.*

So much mischief *this* Religion does!

P. 141.

Scire velim, verbo *pretium quotus arroget annus?*

How old must a book be, before it is good for any thing?

P. 158.

Facitum Sylvas inter reptare salubres,
Quærentem quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque.

Creeping silent thro' the silvan shades
Exploring what is wise and good in man.

Vol. 16. P. 103.

Qualem commendes etiam atque etiam aspice, ne mox
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.

Beware whom you commend, lest *You* should be blamed for the faults of *another* man.

P. 305. *Solutos*

Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis.

One that affects the Droll, and loves to raise a Horse-laugh.

P. 314.

Quaſi re bene geſta.
As if you had carried your point.

Vol. xvii. P. 35.

Tanquam intus & in cute noſſes.

As if you knew us inſide and out.

P. 53.

Tibi parvula res eſt,
Metiri ſe quemque ſuo modulo ac pede verum eſt.

You are not upon a level with Biſhop W——n: Let every man know his own ſize.

P. 66. & 89.

Quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

Such as eſcaped my notice; or ſuch as may be placed to the account of human infirmity.

P. 85.

Eccleſiæ Scoticæ direptæ ac gementis Preſbyter.

A Preſbyter of the plundered and groaning Church of Scotland.

Vol. 18. P. 129.

Gloria quantalibet, quid erit ſi gloria tantum?

What is glory, without Profit too?

P. 130.

Virgilii in tumulo, divini præmia vatis,
Explicat en viridem laurea læta comam.

Quid

Quid te defunctum juvat hæc? Felicior olim
Sub paulæ fagi tegmine vivus eras!

See, the green Laurel rears her grateful head
O'er Virgil's tomb! But can this chear the Dead?
Happier by far thou wäſt of old, when laid
Beneath thy ſpreading Beech's ample ſhade.

P. 268.

Labitur & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

It flows on, and will for ever flow.

Vol. xx. P. 267.

Oh patriam pugnando vulnera paſſi,
Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluêre per artes:

Thoſe who died in fighting for their Country, thoſe who conſecrated themſelves to the Muſes, and thoſe who invented uſeful Arts.

P. 287.

Mirum!
Ut neque calce lupus quenquam, neque dente petit bos!

Strange!
Wolves do not uſe their heels, nor Bulls their teeth!

Vol. xxii. P. 27.

In ſtipulam veluti cum flamma furentibus auſtris
Incidit, aut rapidus montano flumine torrens
Exiit, oppoſitaſque evicit gurgite moles.

As flames thro' crackling ſtubble pour along
Driven by impetuous winds, as rivers ſwoln
By mountain torrents, burſt o'er all their banks.

P. 130.

Cuivis facilis rigidi cenſura cachinni.

It is eaſy to laugh at our neighbours.

P. 223.

Si non insaniunt satis, instiga.

If they are not mad enough already, push them on.

P. 224.

Ne puerum coram populo Medea trucidet.

Let not Medea be introduced as killing her son, in the sight of the people.

P. 233.

Sed nunc non erat his locus.

There was no place for them here.

Quo teneam vultum mutantem Protea nodo?

How shall I hold one that is continually changing his shape?

Vol. xxvi. P. 10.

Hei mihi, quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis!

Ah me! not all my drugs this love can cure!

P. 90.

Miles emeritus. A Soldier past service.

P. 228.

Quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

The same Desires which they cherished on earth remain in the world of spirits.

Vol. xxvii, P. 55.

Agitur de vita et sanguine Turni. Life is at stake.
Vestigia nulla retrorsum There is no going back.

P. 58.

Imponere Pelio Oſſam
Scilicet, atque Oſſæ frondoſum involvere Olympum.

To heap Mountain upon Mountain, like the antient Giants, in order to ſcale heaven.

P. 254.

Sirenum cantus et Circes pocula noſti?

Know'ſt thou th' enchanted cup, and Siren's Song?

P. 255.

Ibi omnis effuſus labor! So all the labour's loſt!

P. 307.

Sinere mundum vadere ut vult, nam vult vadere.

To let the world go as it will: for it *will* go.

Vol. xxviii, P. 27.

Cui Pudor et Juſtitiæ ſoror
Incorrupta Fides, Nudaque Veritas
Quando ullum inveniet parem?

When will his like be found, for Modeſty
Unblemiſh'd Faithfulneſs, and naked Truth?

P. 62.

Improviſum aſpris veluti qui ſentibus anguem Preſſit.

As one that has unawares trodden upon a ſnake.

P. 216.

Fortunati ambo! Si quid mea pagina poſſit
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.

Long as my Writings ſhall your fame remain.

Vol. xxix, P.

Cum frigida parvas
Præberet ſpelunca domos, igneumque, laremque
Et pecus et dominos communi clauderet umbra.

The narrow cave a cold retreat affords,
And beaſts and men ſcreens with one common ſhade

Vol. xxx. P.

Te, Deus: intonſi montes, te ſaxa loquentur
Summa Deum, dum montis amat juga pendulus hircus,
Saxorumque colit latebroſa cuniculus antra.

This is a beautiful Phraſe on that verſe in the 104th Pſalm, "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats and ſo are the ſtony rocks for the conies."

P. 54.

Scit te, Proſerpina, canum:
Perſonam capiti detrahet illa tuo.

Death will deprive thee of thy borrow'd Hair.

Vol. xxxii, P. 86.

O fortunati nimium, bona ſi ſua norint!

Too happy, if their happineſs they knew!

P. 155.

Projicere ampullas et ſeſquipedalia verba.

To lay aſide big words that have no determinate meaning.

P. 204.

Quid mea refert? What is it to *me?*

P. 228.

Turpe eſt difficiles habere nugas,

It is a ſhame to take much pains about trifles.

INDEX.

INDEX.

Vol. I.

	Page.
GENERAL Preface	3
Preface to the Sermons	9
Sermon on Salvation by Faith	15
——— The Almoſt Chriſtian	32
——— "Awake thou that ſleepeſt"	46
——— Scriptural Chriſtianity	67
——— Juſtification by Faith	94
——— The Righteouſneſs of Faith	115
——— "Repent and believe the Goſpel"	135
——— The Firſt fruits of the Spirit	153
——— The Spirit of Bondage & of Adoption	172
——— The Witneſs of the Spirit	195
——— The Witneſs of our own Spirit	236
——— On Sin in Believers	257
——— The Repentance of Believers	273
——— The Great Aſſize	298
——— The Means of Grace	333

Vol. II.

Sermon on The Circumciſion of the heart	3
——— The Great Priviledge of thoſe that are born of GOD	40
——— The Lord our Righteouſneſs	58
Diſcourſes upon our Lords Sermon on the Mount	
MATT, v. 1—4	80
——— 5—9	106
——— 10—12	134
——— 13—16	162
——— 17—20	190

Discourses, &c. Page.
MATT. Chap. vi. 1—15 —— 220
——— 16—18 —— 248
——— 19—23 —— 278
——— 24—34 —— 308
Chap. vii. 1—12 —— 335

Vol. III.

MATT. Chap. vii. 13—14 —— 3
——— 15—20 —— 18
——— 21—27 —— 35
Sermon on The Origin, Nature, Properties and Use of the Law 53
——— The Law established thro' Faith 77
——— The Nature of Enthusiasm 112
——— On Bigotry —— 133
——— Catholic Spirit —— 156
——— Christian Perfection —— 178
——— Wandring Thoughts —— 215
——— Satan's Devices —— 232
——— The Scripture Way of Salvation 252
——— Original Sin —— 271
——— The New Birth —— 290
——— The Wilderness State —— 311
——— Heaviness thro' temptation 337

Vol. IV.

Sermon on Self-denial —— —— 3
——— The Cure of Evil-speaking 22
——— The Use of Money —— 40
——— The Good Steward —— 61
——— Preached before the Reformation Society 84
——— on the Death of Mr. Whitefield 116
Advice to the Methodists, with regard to Dress 144
The Duties of Husbands and Wives — 164
Directions to Children —— —— 218
Directions to Servants —— 224

Page.
An Extract from Mr. Law's Treatise on Christian Perfection
CHAP. I.
Several important considerations and directions 241
Chap. II.
Christianity requires a renouncing of the world, and all worldly tempers —— 264
Chap. III.
Christianity calleth all men to a state of self-denial and mortification. —— 287
Chap. IV.
The necessity of divine grace, another general ground of self-denial. —— 315
Chap. V.
The necessity of divine grace, obligeth all Christians to a constant purity and holiness of conversation: wherein is shewn the great danger and impiety of reading vain and impertinent books. —— —— 335

Vol. V.

Chap. VI.
Christians are called to a constant state of prayer and devotion —— —— 3
Chap. VII.
All Christians are required to imitate the life and example of Jesus Christ —— 19
Chap. VIII.
An exhortation to Christian Perfection 59
An Extract from Mr. Law's Serious Call to a Holy Life
CHAP. I.
Concerning the nature and extent of Christian devotion —— —— 62
Chap. II.
An enquiry into the reason why the generality of Christians fall so short of the holiness and devotion of Christianity —— 72

Page.

Chap. III.

Of the great danger and folly of not intending to be as eminent as we can, in the practice of all Chriſtian virtues —— 81

Chap. IV.

We can pleaſe God in no ſtate or employment, but by intending and devoting it all to his glory —— —— 94

Chap. V.

Perſons that are free from the neceſſity of labour and employments, are to conſider themſelves as devoted to God in a higher degree. 111

Chap VI.

How the imprudent uſe of an eſtate corrupts all the tempers, and fills the heart with poor and ridiculous paſſions; repreſented in the character of Flavia. —— —— 131

Chap. VII.

How the wiſe and pious uſe of an eſtate carrieth us to all the virtues of the Chriſtian life; repreſented in the character of Miranda —— —— 140

Chap. VIII.

Shewing all orders of men and women, of all ages, are obliged to devote themſelves to God —— —— 157

Chap. IX.

Shewing that great devotion fills our lives with the greateſt peace and happineſs that can be enjoyed in this world —— 175

Chap. X.

The happineſs of a life wholly devoted unto God, farther proved, from the vanity, and ridiculous, poor enjoyments which they are forced to take up with, who live according to their own humours. This repreſented in various characters —— 196

Chap.

Page.

Chap. XI.

That not only a life of vanity, or ſenſuality, but even the moſt regular kind of life, that is not governed by great devotion, ſufficiently ſhews its miſeries, its wants and emptineſs to the eyes of all the world. This repreſented in various characters — 213

Chap. XII.

Concerning that part of devotion which relates to times and hours of prayer. Of daily early prayer in the morning. How we may improve our forms of prayer, and increaſe the ſpirit of devotion —— 230

Chap. XIII.

Recommending devotion at nine o'clock in the morning, called in ſcripture, the third hour of the day. The ſubject of theſe prayers may be humility —— —— 257

Chap. XIV.

Shewing how the education which men generally receive, makes the doctrines of humility difficult to be practiſed. The ſpirit of a better education repreſented in the character of Paternus —— —— 278

Chap. XV.

Shewing how the method of educating daughters, makes it difficult for them to enter into the ſpirit of Chriſtian humility. How miſerably they are injured and abuſed by ſuch an education. The ſpirit of a better education, repreſented in the character of Euſebia. 297

Chap. XVI.

Recommending devotion at twelve o'clock, called, in ſcripture, the ſixth hour of the day: This frequency of devotion, equally deſirable by all orders of people. Univerſal love is recommended to be the ſubject of prayer at this hour. Of interceſſion, as an act of univerſal love —— —— 319

Page.

Chap. XVII.

Of the neceſſity and benefit of interceſſion, conſidered as an exerciſe of univerſal love. How all orders of men are to interceed with God for one another: how ſuch interceſſion amends and reforms the heart — 339

Vol. VI.

An Extract of Mr. Law's later Works.

The caſe of Reaſon fairly ſtated,

The Introduction, ſhewing the ſtate of controverſy 30

Chap. I.

Enquiring, whether there be any thing in the nature and condition of man, to oblige him to think, that he is not to admit of any doctrines or inſtitutions, as revealed from God, but ſuch as his own reaſon can prove to be neceſſary from the nature of things. — 32

Chap. II.

Shewing from the relation between God and man, that human reaſon cannot be a competent judge of the fitneſs and reaſonableneſs of God's proceedings with mankind, either as to the time, or matter, or manner of an external revelation. —— —— 82

Chap. III.

Shewing how far human reaſon is able to judge of the reaſonableneſs, truth, and certainty of divine revelation. — — 93

Chap. IV.

Of the ſtate and nature of reaſon, as it is in man; and how its perfection in matters of religion is to be known. —— —— 107

Chap. V. Page

Shewing that all the mutability of our tempers, the diſorders of our paſſions, the corruption of our hearts, all the reveries of the imagination, all the contradictions and abſurdities that are to be found in human life, and human opinions, are in effect the mutability, diſorders, corruption, and abſurdities of human reaſon. —— —— 123

A ſerious Anſwer to Dr. Trap —— 138

Animadverſions on his Reply —— 206

A Confutation of Biſhop Warburton's Divine Legation —— —— 259

Vol. VII.

An Extract from Mr. Law's Spirit of Prayer.

Part I. Chap. I.

Treating of ſome matters preparatory to the Spirit of Prayer —— —— 3

Chap. II.

Diſcovering the true way of turning to God, and of finding the kingdom of heaven, the riches of eternity, in our ſouls. — 7

PART II.

The firſt Dialogue —— —— 37

The ſecond Dialogue —— 55

The third Dialogue — — 66

—— Spirit of Love — — 100

—— Mr. Law's Letters — 163

—— Addreſs to the Clergy — 229

—— The Chriſtian Pattern — 307

Vol. VIII.

A Treatiſe on Chriſtian Prudence.

Chap. I.

Of the end propoſed by Chriſtian Prudence, and the general means of obtaining it. 139

Page.

Chap. II.
How far Christian Prudence is concerned in the manner of keeping God's commandments 154
Chap. III.
Of the subordinate means that serve to assist us in keeping the commandments of God 165
Chap. IV.
The conduct of a prudent Christian, with regard to the government of himself. 169
Chap. V.
A persuasive to the study of Christian Prudence, with some advices relating to the practice of it. —— —— —— 176
Nicodemus: Or a Treatise on the Fear of Man. 194
Reflections on the conduct of Life, with a reference to Learning. —— 241
The Life of God in the soul of Man — 291

Vol. IX.

The manners of the ancient Christians.

Chap. I.
Of the life of Christ. — — 3
Chap. II.
Of the church at Jerusalem. —— 9
Chap. III.
The state of the Heathens before their conversion 13
Chap. IV.
Of their prayer and study of the scripture 17
Chap. V.
Of their fasts, meals, modesty, and seriousness. 20
Chap. VI.
Of their marriages, their union, and public assemblies. — — — 25
Chap. VII.
Of their persecutions — — 28
Chap. VIII.
Of their care of the poor sick, their hospitality, and patience. — — 32

Page.
The doctrine of Salvation, Faith, and Good Works; extracted from the homilies of the church of England. —— 37
An Abridgement of the Pilgrim's Progress 54
A Word of Advice to Saints and Sinners 130
Christian Letters by Joseph Alleine. 148
A Word to a Sabbath-Breaker — 276
——— a Swearer — — 281
——— a Drunkard — — 285
——— an unhappy Woman — 290
——— a Smuggler — — 295
——— a condemned Malefactor — 304
——— in Season: Or Advice to an Englishman — — 310
——— a Protestant — — 319
——— a Freeholder — 334
Advice to a Soldier — — 338

Vol. X.

Serious thoughts occasioned by the late Earthat Lisbon —— —— 3
A Collection of Forms of Prayer for every Day in the week. —— —— 26
A Collection of Prayers for Families — 83
An Address to the Clergy —— 124
A short account of the Death of Tho. Hitchens 158
A short Account of the Death of Sam. Hitchens 169
A short Account of the Life and Death of Nathanael Othen. — — 182
Some Account of the Life and Death of Matthew Lee. — — 198
Extract of the Life and Death of Mr. John Janeway —— —— 219
Chap. I.
An account of him from his childhood, to the seventeenth year of his age. ——219

Page.

Chap. II.

Of his converſion and carriage when fellow of the college. —— —— 222

Chap. III.

His great love to prayer — — 228

Chap. IV.

His return to King's-college after his father's death and his temptations. — 232

Chap. V.

An account of the later part of his life. 237

Chap. VI.

His laſt ſickneſs and death — — 240

Extract of the Life and Death of Mr. Thomas Haliburton —— —— 256

Part I. Chap. I.

A ſhort account of his birth and life, till ten years of age. —— —— 260

Chap. II.

An account of the next two years of his life. 264

Chap. III.

Of the revival of his convictions, and their effects till 1690. —— —— 267

Chap. IV.

Of the increaſe of his convictions, from Autumn 1690, till May 1693. —— 272

Chap. V.

Of the ſtraits he was in, and the courſe he took for relief, from May 1693, to Auguſt 1696. 275

Part II. Chap. I.

Of the progreſs of his convictions and temptations. —— —— 285

Chap. II.

Of his deliverance from theſe temptations. 295

Part III. Chap. I.

Of the pleaſure of this ſtate: the miſtakes attending it, and the way of their diſcovery. 903

Chap. II.

Of his freſh ſtrugglings with ſin; its victories; and the cauſe of them, and God's goodneſs with reſpect to this trial. —— 939

Page.
An extract of the life and death of Mr. Thomas Haliburton.
Part IV. Chap. I.
Of his entrance upon the miniſtry, and behaviour at Ceres. — — 333
Chap. II.
Of his marriage, and conduct in his family, 341
Chap. III.
Of his removal to St. Andrews. — 348

Vol. XI.

Part IV. Chap. IV.
Of his death — — — 3

An extract of the life of Monſieur *de Renty*
Chap. I. Of his marriage, birth, and general way of life — — 56
—— II. His humility — — 43
—— III. His ſelf-denial and mortification 55
—— IV. His patience — 63
—— V. His faith — — 71
—— VI. His hope — — 75
—— VII. His love of God — 77
—— VIII. Sect. I. His love of man in general 84
Sect. II. His charity to the poor 90
—— III. His charity to the ſick 95
—— IV. His zeal for the ſalvation of his neighbour — — 97
Chap. IX. His outward behaviour and conduct of buſineſs. — — 112
Chap. X. His death — — 120

An extract from the life and death of Tho. Walſh.
The introduction — — 129
Chap. I. Of his birth and education 132
—— II. Of his religion, and the ſtruggle which he found between nature and grace, till the ſixteenth year of his age. — 133

Page.
Chap. III. Giving a farther account of him; the corruptions he ſtruggled againſt, and the means he uſed to ſubdue them. — 140
Chap. IV. Of his forſaking the church of Rome 148
—— V. Some further account of his progreſs in the way of life, with other reaſons of his conduct, in regard of the church of Rome. 157
Chap. VI. Of ſome particulars previous to his Converſion — — 161
Chap. VII. Giving a farther account of his ſoul particularly of his deep convictions 166
Chap. VIII. Of his finding reſt to his ſoul 174
—— IX. Of the confirmation of his ſoul in the grace of God, and the happy effects which it produced in him — — 179
Chap. X. His employment among his chriſtian brethren, and the treatment he met with from the world — — 183
Chap. XI. His providential appointment to labour for the good of his neighbour, by preaching the goſpel. —— 189
Chap. XII. He begins to preach. 195

PART II.

Chap. I. Of his entire application to the preaching the goſpel — — 200
—— II. He goes into the provinces of Leinſter & Connought, and preaches the word there 205
—— III. Some further account of the troubles he met with, on account of preaching the goſpel. — — — 208
—— IV. A ſhort account of the endeavours of the Romiſh clergy, to prevent his uſefulneſs among their people — — 214
—— V. He goes to England and labours there 223
—— VI. His love to ſouls, and zeal for promoting the glory of God. —— 229
—— VII. His application to ſtudy, love to the holy ſcriptures, improvement which he made thereof — — 235

Page.
Chap. VIII. His manner of preaching 246
—— IX. Of his frequent ſickneſs, the exerciſes of his mind therein, and the improvement which he made thereof —— 261
—— X. Of his temptations, conflicts, and exerciſes of ſoul — — 272
—— XI. His communion with God 281
—— XII. Some further particulars, relating to the head of his communion with God. 295

PART III.

Chap. I. An extract from Mr. Thomas Walſh's diary, relating chiefly, to the experience of his own ſoul, in his courſe of walking with God —— —— 307
—— II. The extract from his diary continued 325
—— III. The ſame continued — 342

Vol. XII.

An extract of the life and death of Tho. Walſh.

PART III.

Chap. IV. Of his laſt ſickneſs — 3

An extract of the life of the Rev. David Brainerd.
Part I. From his birth to the time when he began to devote himſelf to the ſtudy of divinity 27
Part II. From the time that he began to devote himſelf to the ſtudy of divinity, till he was examined and licenſed to preach. 45
Part III. From the time of his being licenſed to preach, till he was appointed miſſionary to the Indians. — — 59
Part IV. From the time of his being appointed miſſionary, to his entrance on his miſſion among the Indians at Kaunaumeck. 70

Page.

Part V. From his first beginning to instruct the Indians at Kaunaumeck, to his ordination. 79
Part VI. From his ordination, till he began to preach to the Indians at Crosweeksung 120
Part VII. From his first beginning to preach to the Indians at Crosweeksung, till he returned from his last journey to Susquahannah 157
Part VIII. After his return from his last journey to Susquahannah, untill his death 309

Vol. XIII.

Letters written by Mr. Brainerd — 3
Some Reflections and Observations on the preceding Memoirs of Mr. Brainerd 20
An Extract from Mary Gilbert's Journal 37
An Extract from Elizabeth Harper's Journal 129
A short Account of Ann Johnson — 188
A short Account of Ann Rogers — 199
A short Account of Mary Langson — 212
A short Account of Hannah Richardson 213
A Letter to the Rev. Mr. John Wesley, by a Gentlewoman — — 234
An Extract of Mrs. L * * *'s Letters 254

Vol. XIV.

Extract of Mrs. L***'s Letters (continued) 3
Meditations upon some texts of Scripture 18
Letters written by JaneCooper — 38
Some account of her life and death 41
Some account of the experience of E. J. 93
An earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion —— —— 104
A farther Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion. Part I. — — 107

Vol. XV.

Page.
A farther appeal to men of reaſon and religion Part II. — — — 3
A plain account of the people called Methodiſts 194
The nature, deſign, and general rules of the United Societies — — 231
Minutes of ſome late converſations between the Rev. Mr. Weſleys and others 237
Minutes of ſome late converſations, between the Rev. Meſſieurs John and Charles Weſley, and others — — 277
The character of a Methodiſt — 359
A ſhort hiſtory of Methodiſm. — 374

Vol. XVI.

Advice to the people called Methodiſts — 3
The Principles of a Methodiſt — — 17
An Anſwer to the Rev. Mr. Church's remarks on the Rev. Mr. John Weſley's laſt journal, in a letter to that gentleman — 41
The principles of a Methodiſt farther explained: occaſioned by the Rev. Mr. Church's ſecond letter to Mr. Weſley: in a ſecond letter to that gentleman — — 202
A letter to the Right Rev. the Lord Biſhop of London: occaſioned by his Lordſhip's late charge to the clergy — 222
A letter to a Clergyman — 247
A letter to the Author of The enthuſiaſm of the Methodiſts and Papiſts compared 254
A ſecond letter to the author of the enthuſiaſm of the Methodiſts and Papiſts compared 277

Vol. XVII.

Page.
A second Letter to the Lord Bishop of Exeter. 3
A letter to the Rev. Mr. Potter — 10
A letter to the Rev. Dr. Free — 23
A letter to the Rev. Mr. Downes, occasioned by a late tract intitled, *Methodism explained and exposed.* — — — 31
A letter to the Rev. Dr. Horne, — 55
A letter to the Rev. Dr. Rutherford. 87
A narrative of the late work of God, at and near Northampton, in New-England. 110
The distinguishing marks of a work of the Spirit of God. — — — 183
Thoughts concerning the revival of religion in New-England. — — 247

Vol. XVIII.

A brief account of the trial at Gloceſter. — 3
Modern Chriſtianity; exemplified at Wedneſbury, and other adjacent places in Staffordſhire. — — — — — 16
The caſe of John Nelſon. — — 52
A letter to the Rev. Mr. Baily of Corke 99
A letter to the Rev. Dr. Conyers Middleton, occaſioned by his Free Enquiry. 140
A letter to the Right Rev. the Lord Biſhop of Gloceſter: occaſioned by his tract on the office and operations of the Holy Spirit. 276

Vol. XIX.

A letter to a Roman Catholic — — 3
A Roman Catechiſm; with a Reply thereto 15
A Preſervative againſt unſettled Notions in Religion — — — 110

Page.
An extract of a short and easy Method, with the Deists. — — — 111
A treatise concerning the Godhead of Jesus Christ. — — — 126
The advantage of the members of the church of England, over those of the church of Rome 169
An extract of a letter to the Rev. Mr. Law, occasioned by his late writings — 182
A letter to a person lately joined with the Quakers, in answer to a letter wrote by him 256
A treatise on baptism — — 275
A letter to the Rev. Mr. Toogood of Exeter, occasioned by his dissent from the church of England, fully justified —— 298
Thoughts upon Infant Baptism — 307
Serious Thoughts concerning Godfathers and Godmothers — — 335

Vol. XX.

The scripture doctrine of predestination, election, and reprobation — — 3
An extract from a short view of the difference between the Moravian Brethren (so called) and the Rev Mr. John and Charles Wesley 24
An extract from a dialogue between an Antinomian and his Friend. — — 29
A dialogue between a Predestinarian and his Friend — — — 43
Free-Grace: a sermon —— 56
Serious considerations concerning the doctrines of election and reprobation — 83
Serious considerations on absolute predestination 97
Serious thoughts upon the perseverance of the saints — — 129
Predestination calmly considered. 154
The consequence proved —— 251
Thoughts on the imputed righteousness of Christ 259
A blow at the root: or, Christ stabbed in the house of his friends — — 265

Page.
A ſufficient anſwer to letters to the author of Theron and Aſpaſio. — — 276
An extract of two diſcourſes on the conflagration and renovation of the world — 290

Vol. XXI.

The doctrine of original ſin Part I. — 3
Part II. — — — 81
Part III. An anſwer to Dr. Taylor's ſupplement 212
Of imputed guilt — — *ib.*
Sect. II. Of the nature and deſign of our afflictions and mortality —— 217
Sect. III. The arguments taken from the calamities and ſinfulneſs of mankind conſidered 221
Sect. IV. The conſequences of the doctrine of original ſin —— —— 233
Sect. V. A general argument taken from what God has declared concerning mankind, at the reſtoration of the world after the deluge 236
Sect. VI. The notion of Adam's being a federal head, or repreſentative of mankind, conſidered —— —— 242
Sect. VII. Of the formation of our nature in the womb —— —— 247
Sect. VIII. Of original Righteouſneſs 254
Part IV. Extract from Dr. Watts and Mr. Hebden. —— —— 277
Part V. —— —— 354
The doctrine of imputed ſin and righteouſneſs. 374
Part VI. The doctrine of original ſin explained and vindicated — — 385
Part VII. An Extract from Mr. Boſtan. 417

Vol. XXII.

Free thoughts on the preſent ſtate of public affairs 3
Thoughts upon liberty —— 38
Thoughts concerning the origin of power 59

Page.
Some remarks on Mr. Hill's review of all the doctrines taught by Mr. John Wesley 72
Extract of Mr. Baxter's aphorisms of justification 141
A treatise on justification; extracted from Mr. John Goodwin — — 195

Vol. XXIII.

A treatise on justification. Part II. — 3
Reasons against a separation from the Church of England — — — 116
The Christian sacrament and sacrifice — 141
Extract from a treatise concerning religious affections — — — 177
Some Remarks on Mr. Hill's Farrago Double-distilled — — — 280
A short account of John Dillon — 334

Vol. XXIV.

A plain account of Christian Perfection — 3
Instructions for Christians — — 123
Christian Reflections, translated from the French — — — 172
Instructions for members of religious societies, translated from the French — 233
Thoughts on a single Life — — 252
A letter to a friend concerning Tea 264
The Desideratum; or Electricity made easy 283

Vol. XXV.

Primitive Physic; or, an easy and natural way of curing most diseases — 3
Advices with respect to health, extracted from a late author —— —— 150
Chap. I. Of the usual causes of popular maladies 157

Page.
Chap. II. Of the causes which aggravate diseases —— —— 162
—— III. Of the means that ought to be used at the beginning of diseases; and of the diet in acute diseases — — 170
Chap. IV. Of an inflammation of the lungs 180
—— V. Of the pleurisy —— 198
—— VI. Of the diseases of the throat 202
—— VII. Of colds — — 209
—— VIII. Of the diseases of the teeth 214
—— IX. Of the apoplexy — 218
—— X. Of the violent influence, or stroke of the sun —— —— 225
—— XI. Of the rheumatism — 230
—— XII. Of the bite of a mad dog 240
—— XIII. Of the small-pox 247
—— XIV. Of the measles —— 260
—— XV. Of the burning fever — 265
—— XVI. Of putrid fevers — 270
—— XVII. Of malignant fevers 277
—— XVIII. Of intermitting fevers 283
—— XIX. Of the Erisipelas, and bites of animals —— —— 292
—— XX. Of inflammations of the breast, and of false and bilious pleurisies — 298
—— XXI. Of colics —— 303
—— XXII. Of the iliac passion, and the cholera morbus —— —— 315
—— XXIII. Of the diarrhœa — 320
—— XXIV. Of the dysentery — 322
—— XXV. The treatment of diseases peculiar to women —— —— 328
—— XXVI. Directions concerning children 343
—— XXVII. Directions with respect to drowned persons —— —— 357
—— XXVIII. Of substances stopt between the mouth and the stomach — 362
—— XXIX. Of external disorders, and such as require chirurgical applications. — 371
—— XXX. Of swoonings — 399

Page.
—— XXXI. Of remedies by way of prevention 427
Table of the prescriptions and remedies referred to in this treatise. — — 436

Vol. XXVI.

An extract from Dr. Cadogan's dissertation on the gout, and all chronic diseases — 3
A short English grammar — — 53
Directions concerning pronunciation and gesture 67

Journal I.—An extract of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley's Journal from his embarking for Georgia, Oct. 14, 1735, to his return to London, Feb. 1, 1737-8. — 83
Journal II.—An extract of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley's Journal, from Feb. 1, 1737-8, to his return from Germany — 242

Vol. XXVII.

An extract of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley's journal, from Aug. 12, 1738, to Nov. 1, 1739. 3
An extract of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley's journal, from Nov. 1, 1739, to Sept. 3, 1741. 162

Vol. XXVIII.

An extract of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley's journal, from Sept. 3, 1741. to Oct. 27, 1743. 3
An extract of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley's journal, from Oct. 27, 1743, to Nov. 17, 1746. 189

Vol. XXIX.

Extract of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley's Journal, from Nov. 25, 1746, to July 20, 1749. 3
Extract of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley's Journal, from July 20, 1751, to October 28, 1754. 184

Vol. XXX.

Page.
Extract of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley's Journal, from Feb. 16, 1755, to June 16, 1758. 3
Extract of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley's Journal, from June 17, 1758, to May 5, 1760. 222

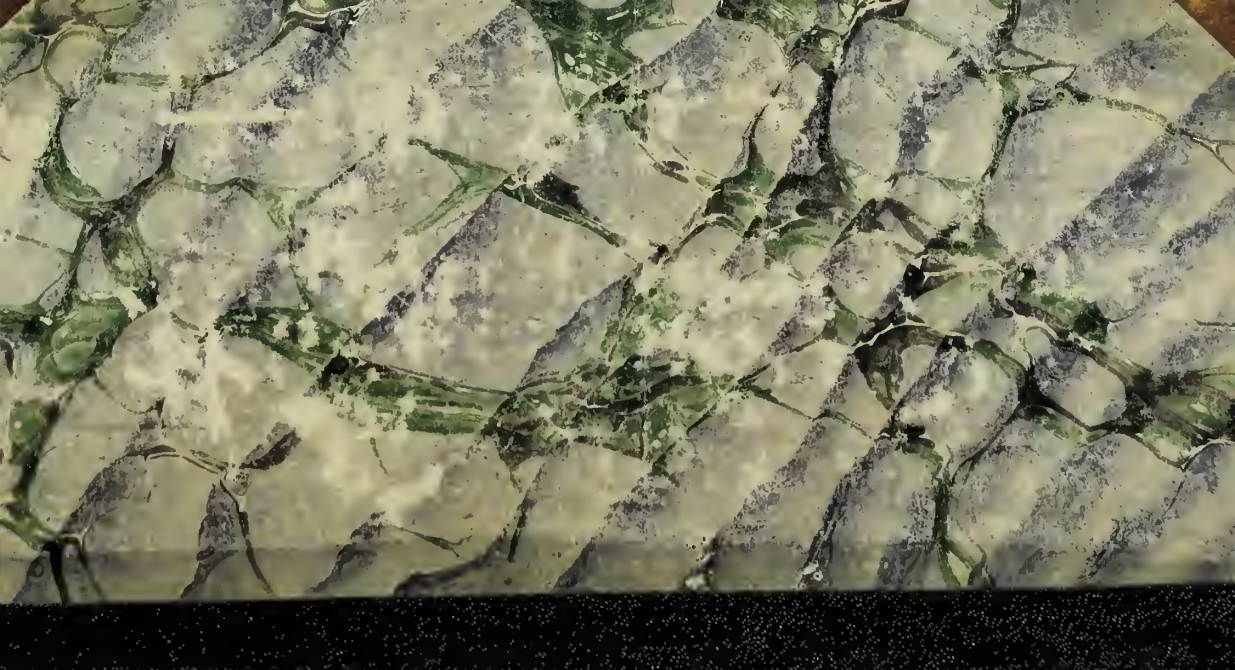
Vol. XXXI.

Extract of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley's Journal, from May 6. 1760, to Oct. 28, 1762. 3
Extract of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley's Journal, from Oct. 29, 1762, to May 25, 1765. 203

Vol. XXXII.

Extract of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley's Journal, from May 27, 1765, to May 18, 1768. 3
Extract of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley's Journal, from May 18, 1768, to Sept. 1, 1770. 178

FINIS.

DATE DUE

DEMCO 38-297